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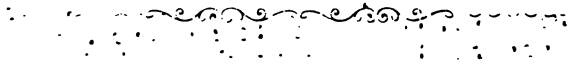
THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1876.

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One Hundred and Forty-sixth Year of  
Publication.



LONDON:  
GRANT & CO., 72 TO 78, TURNMILL STREET, E.C.  
1876.

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## PREFACE.

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**M**ORE than once, and I think more than twice, in the one hundred and forty-six years of the life of the *Gentleman's Magazine* has a new point of departure been taken by its editor, and the phrase "New Series," or some variation of it, has been set upon the title-page. When the magazine was modernised in the year 1868, the words "Entirely New Series" were adopted, and the monthly parts were numbered from May, 1868. There were, unquestionably, good reasons on each occasion for making an apparent break in the continuity of the periodical; but after all the *Gentleman's Magazine* from January, 1731, to December, 1876, is one magazine, of absolutely unbroken succession, and if marked changes have been introduced from time to time which have been thought to demand some recognition on the title-page, still greater changes have come over the character of the publication by slow and insensible natural processes, and from time to time the question must arise whether any fresh variation can be played upon the term "New Series." The words "Entirely New Series" which were printed across the top of each monthly part from May, 1868, until June in the present year have led to misinterpretation since the literary management has been in the hands of the present editor; for, notwithstanding the roman figures which accompanied the phrase, when it became known, some three years ago, that the magazine had passed out of the hands of one editor and into those of another, some readers and reviewers, without comparing new numbers with old, jumped to the conclusion that "Entirely New Series" was then for the first time introduced. By way, therefore, of avoiding all possible ambiguity, and in token of respect for the ripe old age and honourable history of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I have ventured to set aside these various signs of epochs and to return to the old, simple, consecutive numbering of the parts. This restoration of the original line of figures was begun in the July number with which the present volume commenced, so that while the part for June presented itself to the public as "No. 97, Entirely New Series, June, 1876," the July number



was stamped on the back thus: "No. 1747, July, 1876." This change has been continued throughout the half-year, and not a word has reached me, in print or otherwise, to indicate that any reader has observed the little alteration thus quietly introduced, by which the magazine has been brought back to its true career of succession. The part for December, concluding this volume, is numbered 1752, being the one thousand seven hundred and fifty-second appearance of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, counting from the first number which was produced by Edward Cave in January, 1731: "Printed for the Author; and sold at St. John's Gate; by Edward F. Jefferies in Ludgate Street; and all other Booksellers, and by the Persons who serve Gentlemen with the Newspapers."\*

It is a matter of odd coincidence that as the first volume of the first "New Series" was that which was published next after a great and calamitous fire at the printing office of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the year 1808, so the first volume in which all recognition of any change of series is abandoned appears in the half-year of a great fire at the printing office of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1876. In 1808, however, the fire was the cause of the change; for the real meaning of the words "New Series" on the title-page in 1808 was that almost the entire stock of back numbers from 1783 to 1807 was destroyed in the flames; and as Mr. Nichols relates, "So fiercely did the Fire rage that many hundred copper-plates (and amongst them those of the magazine) were totally destroyed and some actually melted." After stating, in the year 1821, when his long Prefatory Introduction to the index was written, that the numbers of the New Series from 1807 might be obtained at Messrs. Harris & Son's, in St. Paul's Churchyard, Mr. Nichols added in a footnote: "Earlier volumes, or single numbers, are occasionally to be had from various booksellers, by whom they are treasured whenever they are found in libraries." There are many complete sets of the magazine, from 1731 to the present date, in the country, but the volumes most difficult to obtain in order to complete broken sets are always those between the years 1783 and 1807.

So far as record goes in the files of the magazine, the great fire in Turnmill Street on the 10th of August last was

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\* I have never seen full particulars of the remarkable success of the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but Mr. John Nichols, in his preface to the "General Index to the *Gentleman's Magazine* from the year 1787 to 1818," says: "So rapid was the sale of the First Volume that it was frequently reprinted; I have now before me a copy of the *Fifth Edition*."

the third in which in these hundred and forty-six years the *Gentleman's Magazine* has severely suffered. I find in the February number for 1808 a long account of the "Dreadful Fire in Red Lion Passage" which broke out "on the fatal night of Monday, the 8th of February," in which "the Printing offices and extensive Warehouses of John Nichols & Son, Printers of this Magazine, with an immense stock of books, the accumulation of nearly 50 years, were overwhelmed in one calamitous ruin by a most awful fire, which commenced about a quarter before ten in the ground floor of a large warehouse situated near the centre of the building." "All attempts to save either the Warehouse or the Printing office or any part of the property they contained were soon found ineffectual," notwithstanding that the Firemen with their "powerful engines," and "those of St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's and the surrounding parishes, were rapidly on duty." Even at this distance of time there is some consolation in knowing that the editor's dwelling-house was saved, as well as the Red Lion, in the occupation of Mr. Smith, the premises of Mr. Edwards, printer, and those of the Scottish Corporation. In his account of this disastrous conflagration, Mr. Nichols gives a catalogue of the more valuable of the books that were destroyed, and at the end of those which might "still be elsewhere purchased," he describes more particularly those which could not be thenceforward obtained at any price; and book-lovers will even now find an interest in reading the list; this is how it ran:—

The unsold copies of the Introduction to the second volume of the *Sepulchral Monuments*; Hutchins's *Dorsetshire*; Bigland's *Gloucestershire*; Hutchinson's *Durham*; the few numbers which remained of the *Bibliotheca Topographica*; the third volume of *Elizabethan Progresses*; the *Illustrations of Antient Manners*; Mr. Gough's *History of Pleshy*, and his valuable account of the *Coins of the Seleucidæ*, engraved by Bartolozzi; Colonel De la Motte's *Allusive Arms*; Bishop Atterbury's *Epistolary Correspondence*; and last, not least, the whole of six portions of Mr. Nichols's *Leicestershire* and the *Entire Stock* of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from 1782 to 1807, are irrecoverably lost.

This event had a very painful effect on the mind of Mr. Nichols, who then, and for many years before and after, occupied the chair of SYLVANUS URBAN. Writing on the subject thirteen years later, he spoke of the event as one "at which the present writer still trembles while recording it," and in a note to the account of the fire itself he said:—

Who that has ever experienced this infliction of Providence has not felt at the same time that the produce of an industrious life has been almost annihilated; that the chain of useful labour and painful research has been broken; and that he has to begin the world without the vigour of youth or the prospects of accomplishment?



At that time the magazine was "Printed by John Nichols & Son, at Cicero's Head, Red Lion Passage, Fleet St."

In 1786, twenty-two years earlier, "a considerable number of the volumes of the magazine, from 1781 inclusive, were unfortunately consumed by a fire which began in Ludgate Street and extended its ravages to Mrs. Newbery's dwelling-house and warehouse in St. Paul's Churchyard"; for in 1786 the magazine was "Printed by John Nichols, for David Henry, late of St. John's Gate, and sold by Elizabeth Newbery, the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Street." Of this fire it is further recorded that "the flames were so rapid that the maidservant of Mr. Gullebrand fell a sacrifice to their fury; and Mr. Gould, [late Lyon, St. Paul's Churchyard] with great difficulty saved his two daughters at the imminent danger of his own life."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* withstood the brunt of these disasters and has yet, to all appearance, a long life before it. More than twelve months ago, when Mr. Justin McCarthy's last novel, "Dear Lady Disdain," had become one of the greatest successes of the season, I consulted him with regard to the early publication of another work of fiction from his pen in the pages of this periodical. He declined to challenge the reading public with another novel in less than twelve months from the conclusion of the last; but in the number for January, 1877, will appear the opening chapters of his new work, under the name of "Miss Misanthrope." Among the other contributions will be an unpublished posthumous story by Mrs. Shelley, the author of "Frankenstein"; a paper on "Prince Bismarck's Position in Literature," by Dr. Franz Hueffer; "A Dream of Sappho," a poem by Miss M. Mackay, &c.

In justice to Mr. Francillon I feel bound to confess that "Rare Good Luck," the extra Christmas number of this magazine for 1876, which is published anonymously, is his exclusive workmanship.

THE EDITOR.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1876.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "DEAR LADY DISDAIN," &c.



NE day Mr. Stephen Acton, a literary man and a bachelor, living in lodgings in the Piccadilly neighbourhood, found it forced upon his attention that he could not sleep any longer at the right time and was terribly tempted to fall asleep at the wrong time. When he went to bed at some advanced hour of the morning he became remorselessly wakeful and tossed and tumbled, and once or twice when sitting at dinner in very pleasant society his eyes closed and he became for a moment or two—only that much—positively unconscious. Nobody noticed the fact but himself. He did not like it. He seemed to receive for the first time a hint that he too was mortal. Never before had sleep appeared to him in any other light than as a condition which a man accepted when he had nothing better to do and which he came out of when the occupations of life began again. It was to him like his cold bath, which he got in and out of when he pleased and thought no more about. Or it was, according to Sancho Panza's illustration, like the garment which he put off and on at his convenience. Many a time had Mr. Stephen Acton said of himself, in the words of Dr. Johnson, that he went to bed in order that his friends might sleep.

Among his friends was an eminent physician. Mr. Acton consulted him and received a decisive answer; "You must give up work and play alike and go out of town to the quietest place that can be found, and stay there at least two or three months."

"My dear fellow, there's nothing the matter with me," Stephen

VOL. XVII., N. 5. 1876.

said. "Look at that chest!" He smote his broad breast defiantly.

"Nothing much the matter with you now; but there will be if you don't do as I tell you. It's only a matter of time. If you don't believe me ask Dr. Lawrence."

Mr. Acton did ask Dr. Lawrence, and got the same advice. These medical men are all in a tale.

For many years Mr. Stephen Acton had been London's faithful lover. He had taken to town life as other men take to gambling or drinking. All the loves, the hopes, the ambitions, the follies of youth had been swallowed, buried alive for him in London. He came up to town to make a name, to find a career, to become a great author or politician, or Lord Chancellor, or something of that sort: and in London all he found was London. He studied for the bar, but never was called. He had written, but with only moderate success. He had a little property—just enough to live on and get gloves and white ties, pay his club subscription, and have a hansom when he wanted one. That little patrimony was perhaps as fatal to him as her face was to poor Francesca. Still even that might not have proved fatal but for his passion for London. To dine out, to sit up until late at his club, to be the associate of eminent authors, artists, and politicians, to lounge in the parks, to "assist" at all first performances—to feel that he was a part of London as it of him—this contented his natural desire: he asked no angel's wing, no seraph's fire. Everybody who knew him thought him a wonderfully clever fellow. Being much with men of distinction he came to pass for a man of distinction himself. Much more celebrated authors than he were not in society as he was. Much bigger persons in society had not written clever things as he had. Moreover, he was a handsome fellow, tall, strong, genial, who could do almost everything and could talk to anybody. He had started with a splendid constitution, and therefore of course was careless of what he did, and especially likely to overdraw his natural resources. He was still much under forty years of age.

For years he had not left London, in season or out of it. Why should he go out of town, he reasonably asked, if he preferred to stay in town? He had done all his travelling long ago, he said, and his mind was at rest on that score. London dull out of season? Comparatively perhaps, but far less dull out of, than any other place in, season. Besides, somebody was always there. Besides, even if nobody was there London itself was always to him the best of company. A clever woman once said to him "You are in love with



London, as a schoolgirl is with her doll, only because the chance of being in love with anything else has not come yet. Wait awhile!" But that was several years ago, and he had waited very contentedly and still found himself faithful to his London.

Now he must leave her: for a little; and she would not care! He thought of many places of exile and put them mentally away. He hated the idea of breaking up the dear routine of his life; and the season was not even yet over. He did not care to return to his native county. He had no kith or kin there any more; but people would know him and bore him. They would either make too much of his literary repute, which to him who knew would be only ridiculous and humiliating; or they would regard him as a failure—and a failure should never return to his birthplace.

He remembered with pleasure a little out-of-the-way fishing village where he had often gone in vacation times with an old companion of his: where they used to go for quiet reading, and where the reading chiefly consisted of French novels (the works of George Sand were thought terrible things to read in those mild days, and they were the fearful joy of reckless youth); and the quiet was made up of hare-brained adventures in fishing boats, tremendously long walks, and exhausting swims. There used to be a clean, pleasant, and orderly place to lodge in there. If that place were alive still it would suit our friend well enough, he thought, for his exile. At any rate he could think of no other place that promised so well. He tore himself up by the roots from his London settlement, and felt as he took his place in the train to seek his country retreat as if he were being whirled vaguely into infinite space and had nothing to do any more with the regular world and the order of things. The impression perhaps grew stronger when he came to the station at which he was to get out—where the railway dropped him—and he found that he had twenty miles yet to go in order to reach his place of rest. "It is idle," our friend thought, with a sigh, "to form any idea of returning. I never could do all this over again. My tomb must be made among the rude forefathers of this hamlet—if ever I get there. Why did I leave London? What matter if I couldn't sleep? Better to lie awake for ever in London than to sleep away one's existence in a wretched hole like this, which is clearly ordained to be my grave."

Yet when he did reach the place some kindlier and more gracious feelings awoke in him. It was a quiet, sunny, sleepy little hamlet, blinking on the slope of a hill. The hill descended so quickly to the sea that it seemed a wonder the houses did not run down the steep

place and plunge into the waves. There were two parallel rows of houses, and the lower windows of the row behind were about on a level with the chimneys of the row in front. Seen from the water, an honest man cultivating the kitchen garden behind his house seemed as if he were walking on the roof of his own dwelling.

Stephen was made particularly happy by finding that his former landlady was alive and blooming, and that she remembered him and could give him a pretty room looking on the water, with a bedroom attached. She was a young woman, recently married to a gardener, when he knew her. Now she was the mother of two pretty brown-skinned and shy damsels, who had lovers looking after them. The husband was a steady-going man, who smoked and said nothing, was proud of having never been in London, and was understood to have a good deal of money in the bank.

If ever there was a place with absolutely nothing to do it was this place. When you looked out on the sea and back on the hill and the trees, you had seen the whole of it. Two long lanes wound and straggled up the hill, and you might climb them and wander in a little wood there if you liked. There was a rather fine demesne not far off which the owner hardly ever visited, and Stephen was told that a new and very handsome house had been built since his time by some rich person on some property near at hand, and that there were pictures there, and that his host, who did gardening there, could procure him admission to see the pictures if he liked. But Stephen had come for health and the country, not pictures, and he was resolved to throw himself into the very heart of the country and to imbibe new sources of strength from the fresh breast of Nature herself. He spent a whole evening in the open air, and went to bed feeling as if he had been months away from London; and could not sleep.

Next morning he rose nearly as late as if he were in London, and lounged down to the beach. No man or mouse was there; only a crazy little boat moored to a stone.

He jumped into the boat, and worked its old oars pretty vigorously until he had got far out from the shore. Then he undressed, and took a sensation-header into the water, and enjoyed a splendid swim. After he had had enough of this he scrambled into the boat, put on some of his clothes, made again a few strokes of the oars, and then lay down flat along the seats of the little old tub, and let her stagger about whither she would, while he looked up at the sky and the few white clouds that crossed it, and was lazy, motionless, and happy. This was delicious. The boat rocked and turned this way and that,



with a listless, unsteady, and purposeless motion, corresponding with his own dreamy sense of flickering happiness. He felt as if he were a very child of Nature. His life was near its youthful sources again. "Why, this is living!" our gentleman of the pavement exclaimed to himself, in rapture over his new freedom and his strange unconventional hour.

A little wave made the boat suddenly tilt and dip and reel, and the momentary effect created a new picture for idle Stephen. Before he had only been looking up into the summer sky: the world for him was all sky. But now for one moment he had a glimpse of part of the shore, with the hill and trees, and a path losing itself among the trees. All in an instant a memory sprang up within him: a sweet, strange, piteous, ecstatic memory of youth, and summer, and trees, and love-making beneath the trees. Why, those trees ought to be sacred to him as a consecrated grove to the worshipper of a Pallas or a Diana—for there under those very trees he had heard the laugh of his first love! To be sure—he remembered all about it now—how did he ever come to forget it? It was up that path among the trees *they* used to walk: and *She* had been with him in a boat on this very water—and once when he was tired of rowing they made a sort of sail of her pocket-handkerchief, which they both held outspread with their hands—and they were so happy! "I wonder how old I was then?" our exile from London began to ask himself. "Was I ten, or fifteen, or twenty, or what? I could hardly have been twenty, for I came to London in—let me see: what year?—and I was hardly more than twenty then. It seems a century ago. I wonder where *She* is now?" Through the dense, heavy, rather stifling mists of the social valley in which all the mid years had been spent; through nights of work and play; through vain literary ambitions and futile successes and disappointments, and half-contented, half-cynical settlings-down; through dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, club smoking-rooms, green-rooms, Greenwich dinners, Richmond dinners; through billiards, beer, champagne, brandy-and-soda, political contests, the lobby of the House of Commons, the opening day of the Academy, and an almost endless succession of first nights at play and opera, his soul mounted up again for a moment the bright clear hill of youth, and stood in the pure sunlight and the fresh breeze.

All this was delightful in the boat, away from the houses and under the open sky. But when he was back again in his lodgings and had eaten his dinner—with uncommon appetite too—and had smoked a little, and evening came on, *he found his own companionship a little*



oppressive. Acton could talk to anybody, and was at home with everybody. He heard sounds of conversation and laughter below stairs; and he had indeed already divined that his hostess's little parlour on the ground-floor was a sort of evening rendezvous or club for several of the neighbours. Any company would be pleasant to him just then: so he went downstairs, determined to throw himself in the way of being asked into the parlour, and likewise determined, if need should be, to go in unasked. One flight of stairs made the easy descent, and Stephen at once saw that there was no obvious reason why he or anybody else might not join the little company. The front door of the house stood broadly and innocently open to the road and the evening and the inhabitants of the place generally. The little parlour opened on the right of our Londoner as he came down the stairs, and the hall below was so small that it would not have been easy to say without consideration whether a person at the bottom of the stairs belonged to the company in the parlour or to the outer world. Mr. Acton had only to stand where he was, in fact, to become one of the company, but as his standing there evidenced an inclination to join in with the rest, he soon found himself cordially invited, and even installed in a sort of place of honour—a chair near a little table which had waxen flowers on it under a glass shade. He had then the window on his right, and the piano on his left, and could look straight through the parlour door. He was evidently in the chair of this social gathering. He was king of the evening, and he felt inspired by the very dignity of his position to demean himself like a king.

For a moment the awe of his presence seemed in danger of breaking the good mirth. An alarming tendency showed itself to start fragmentary remarks about the weather. One undecided moment, one instant's quailing before the difficulties of his situation on the part of Stephen Acton, and all would have been lost. The talk and merriment and music would have been broken into formal observation and timid shrinking from overt acts of mirth, and the company would presently have begun to dissolve. But Stephen Acton was one of those rarely-constituted beings in whom sudden emergencies always develop unexpected resources. He had heard some singing just as he came down, and he promptly volunteered a song. He wisely chose a comic song, to throw the company out of their momentary chill. All was right then, and he began to study his companions a little, keeping up, however, his talk with everybody the while. There were the two daughters of the hostess, pretty, round-faced, sheepish, and giggling girls, at once proud of having lovers and

shy of being seen with them, each occasionally heard to interrupt some overture from her suitor by a whispered "Don't."

One of the young men was the son of the owner of the only place in the neighbourhood where horses and vehicles could be hired. It was understood that he went up to the Derby and to Ascot every year, and had even been to Punchestown, but that he was determined to give up all that and settle down as soon as he married. Another was the son of the housekeeper who took care of the house and demesne already mentioned. A third of the company was the skipper of a collier which brought coals from a neighbouring port. A fourth kept a general shop, to which the post office was attached. He always left his wife to settle up things and close the shop, and when she was ready she put on her bonnet and shawl and joined him. But she never came with him, for she said men were always in such a hurry and put one about so that it was better to let them go by themselves.

This lady came in while Stephen was singing his second song. It was a sentimental song this time. One of the daughters of the hostess, Miss Mary Good, liked a sentimental song of all things, and being spirited on by her sister and others of the company, even ventured to ask if Stephen would not favour them with "one of his own." She was sure it would be so sweet, she said, with an air of appealing devotion. For it had been made known somehow that Mr. Acton was an author, and in the minds of the people of that region an author could only be a poet. They could understand that poetry was composed out of the head of an individual man or woman; but literature of any other kind, when they thought about it at all, they took as it came in the shape of a newspaper or a volume of stories or a magazine, but had no notion about its genesis. They were one degree more advanced than the pretty maiden of whom Hoffman tells, whom he always found reading a book of his, and to whom he imparted one day in proud delight the fact that he was its author. The maiden received the confidence quite blankly. She had never mentally associated the existence of a book with the existence of a man, and she was only perplexed to no purpose. Mary and Alice Good always connected the idea of a poem with the idea of a person who had composed it; but, as regards other works of literature, they had no such association of ideas.

Mr. Acton had only composed one poem capable of being sung since his boyish days, and he had put music to it himself. He had composed it for a *special purpose*, but he thought it would now



serve another purpose just as well. So he sang it with all possible tenderness of expression :—

Love lowly lieth  
Deep in the asphodel,  
Where the breeze dieth,  
Sweet as a woven spell.  
Sigheth and sigheth—  
Tale none may tell !

Love proudly prideth,  
Wreathed with withen bays,  
Trembleth nor hideth  
Now with his pain and praise—  
Which more abideth,  
Love or his lays ?

“ Oh, how sweet !—how very very sweet !” murmured Miss Mary Good.

“ Oh, thank you !—so very much—so very very much !” murmured Miss Alice.

“ Delightful !”—“ capital !”—“ first-rate !”—went round the chorus of approval.

“ But I don’t understand it,” said one voice of impatience rather than dissent ; and there was something in the sound of the voice which attracted the author of the sweet poem thus called into question.

Mr. Acton had heard the postmaster’s wife come in just as he was beginning his song, and he glanced round and saw her. But he had not observed that immediately in her wake there followed a new-comer, whose appearance caused a little movement and hasty tendering of this seat and that, subdued by a peremptory motion for quiet on the part of the late visitor. This was the girl who now interrupted the chorus of praise, and who came boldly out from among them, the kindly eulogists, and stood near the singer. Mr. Acton could see through the evening dusk of the unlighted room that she was a pretty little girl with vivacious movements and sparkling eyes.

“ Don’t you understand it ?” he asked with grave wonder.

“ No, I don’t. Would you sing it again, please ?” This was said rather peremptorily.

Stephen was much amused. “ This is our saucy village critic,” he thought. “ She has been to school at Clapham perhaps, and has been to the Albert Hall, and to spelling bees, and reads *London Society*, I shouldn’t wonder.”

He sang the song again with all his very best expression, and the girl listened steadfastly.

"Now," he said, "you surely understand it now — don't you?"

"I don't understand one word of it—there, not one word!"

The company seemed dismayed.

"Does that pass for poetry in London?" the relentless little critic went on to ask.

"I decline," Mr. Acton said gravely, "to answer that question."

"Well, but do let me know; I *don't* think it's my stupidity. Would you repeat it for me, word for word?"

Stephen mouthed the poem grandiloquently, making immense emphasis here and there, and looking with a whimsical expression into the bright thoughtful eyes of his critic.

"Now?" he asked triumphantly.

"I *don't* understand it! And I don't believe you do!"

Stephen laughed loudly.

"But do tell me—has it any meaning?"

"None whatever. Not a ray of meaning of any kind. It was done for the fun of the thing. But I can assure you it has been sung many a time with great success, and it never was found out by the uninitiated—until now."

"Why, Miss Janet, you *are* so clever!" Mrs. Good declared.

Miss Janet herself was fairly wild with delight. She insisted on learning the song. She had a very sweet voice, and sang with some mimetic power, imparting a ludicrous semblance of meaning and feeling to Stephen's nonsense-words. Mr. Acton enjoyed his music-teaching very much indeed, but to the rest of the company it must have been a little dull. Their conversation dropped into whispers, or bubbled into broken scraps of dialogue. "Janet" did not seem to care about their presence or absence, and Stephen forgot them. They gradually melted away, and Mrs. Good, "Janet," and Mr. Acton remained alone.

"It's getting late, dear," Mrs. Good said.

"So it is. I must get home as fast as I can."

"My old man 'll go with you."

"Not he, Mrs. Good; he mustn't be disturbed for me; and he shan't. I'll run along myself."

"I'll see you home," said Stephen, starting up, "and there's an end of that. You might be robbed and murdered on some of these roads for anything I know to the contrary."

"Oh no, Mr. Acton, *no*," said Mrs. Good, justly proud of the



fair repute of her neighbourhood. "Never was such a thing known I do assure you."

The girl only laughed, and was fastening a shawl round her head and shoulders. The shawl was of some fleecy or woolly white stuff—Stephen did not exactly know what—and the dark eyes of the wearer sparkled and beamed from out its whiteness with a provoking effect.

"Anyhow I'm going to see her home."

Mrs. Good made a movement as if to demur.

"You are not afraid Mr. Acton will rob or murder me, Mrs. Good?" the girl asked saucily. She clearly wanted Mr. Acton to be her escort.

Mrs. Good began a few muttered remonstrances, and under pretence of pinning more securely the girl's shawl seemed to whisper some caution to her, which, however, appeared to be peremptorily rejected. And then his young charge being evidently quite ready, Mr. Acton gave her his arm and they stepped forth into the open air.

It was very late. It must have been quite nine o'clock. The people were nearly all in bed. Most of the lights were extinguished in the cottages. About this time in London dinner would be well on. Our hero would be only thinking of beginning his evening. Probably after he had left the place where he dined he would look into a drawing-room or two, or at least he would stand upon the stairs at one or two places. Then he would go to his club and sit there in the smoking-room and talk and listen to talk until he grew tired. Then he would go to his chambers and begin to read, or, if there happened to be a very industrious fit on him, he would set to work and write. Really, he thought to himself, the part of life worth having or thinking about began at the hour when most people are in bed in this place of his sojourn or exile, and when he had reason to fear that the little heart of his companion was beating with alarm lest she should be scolded by her people for staying out too late.

But the girl's alarm, if she really felt any, and if our London hero was not quite mistaken in fancying he heard the beating of her heart, did not seem to impel her to any great speed. She walked composedly and slowly, and talked to Mr. Acton with a curious blending of simplicity and self-reliance, now seeming like a child and now like a woman of the world.

"I have always wanted to know an author," she said suddenly. "I heard that you were an author, and so I came to see you, for I never saw one before. Are you a great author—are you famous?"

"No," Stephen answered with good humoured resignation. "I am a very small author; and not in the least famous. In fact, I think I am rather a failure."

"But you have written—books?"

"Oh yes—there's no doubt about that. I have written—what they call books. The difficulty isn't in writing them, you know."

"Isn't it? In what then?"

"Getting people to read them, my dear child," Stephen said, made carelessly familiar by the girl's manner and her seeming childishness. She started, however, and drew her arm partly away from his.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I am not a child," she said, "and I don't choose to be called so. I am not anybody's dear child. I won't be spoken to in that sort of way."

"Certainly not by me, if you don't wish it, my ——. I mean, of course not; and I beg your pardon." She quietly took his arm again, and they went on. "But tell me, how old are you?"

"Don't you know"—but this time she spoke good-humouredly—"that that is almost as bad as calling me your dear child? It is telling me at once that you consider me a child. You don't ask a grown woman how old she is."

"Well, you do seem very young to me. But that is because I am very old to you. I might be your father."

"Oh, I don't think so at all; you seem quite young to me. But I'll tell you how old I am if you care to know. I am just twenty. Do I look much younger than that? Tell me—I should like to know."

"Well then, let me look at you."

They stood in the moonlight, and the girl threw back her shawl and looked up at him with eyes wherein the very insolence of self-satisfaction seemed to sparkle. She was indeed wonderfully pretty. The white forehead, the large deep eyes, the rounded and delicate chin, the full throat, the winsome figure all might have bewitched a younger man, our hero thought. But the days of such witchery were of course all over for him. And besides he began to fear that he was talking to a vain little village coquette spoiled by the calf-like admiration of the young boobies of the neighbourhood.

"No," he answered coolly, "you don't look quite so young as I thought at first. But I am not much of a judge of girls' ages."

They went on for a few paces in silence, until the irrepressible maiden began again.



"Won't you tell me something about authors and London?"

"Have you never been to London?"

"Oh yes, but I don't know it at all. I have not gone about there—except where people have taken me. I should like to go among great authors—I have always longed to know men who were interesting. That's why I wanted to see you—even before I heard you sing."

"But I am not a great author."

"You are a great author to me. Any one who has written a book is a great author to me."

"Thank Heaven we have met," said Stephen.

"Are you really so glad? I am very very glad, if you are. It is a nuisance that I can't go and talk to somebody about it and tell them I have met Mr. Acton, the great author—for of course I should call you a great author—and describe you, and all that."

"And why can't you do all that if it gives you any pleasure?" Stephen asked, putting himself on her level of easy, unabashed speculation.

"Oh, they wouldn't know—they wouldn't care here—there is nobody."

Our hero began to feel more and more interested in his companion. He thought he could read the story of her life easily enough. She had by some means obtained a much better education and had far more refined tastes than her family and her usual acquaintances, and yet, of course, she could not break the bounds of her own circle. He looked down at her, and she seemed prettier than ever. That dainty little white bare hand resting on his arm, must it some day bake and brew and scour and darn, and all the rest of it? Would she marry some boatbuilder, or the miller, or the principal publican of the place, and grow heavy and prosaic and contented with her lot? Why not? The prettiest, gracefulest kitten turns into a dull and sleepy old cat who winks and blinks before the household fire.

By the way, where did she live? They ought to be getting near her home. Mr. Acton began to feel as if it was not quite right that he should be wandering about with this pretty half-artless, half-conceited girl when her people did not know where she was or who he was.

"Are we near your house?" he asked.

She certainly started a little at the question, and he knew by the sudden glance she gave to the right that her home must be somewhere in that direction. But he could see no houses or house that way—only a road and dark trees.

"I am quite near home now," the girl said, "and you need not come any farther, thank you."

"But I must see you safely to your door."

"No, you must not."

"Why so?"

"Because I don't want you to know where I live."

"Child—I beg pardon, I mean young lady or mademoiselle—you don't suppose I am going to leave you to wander alone in the darkness at this hour of the night?"

The girl looked first angry and then amused.

"Well," she said, at last, "you may see me home, but only under conditions. I don't want you to know where I am living, and you are not to know it! But we'll do as the people do in some of the old stories. You must close your eyes and let me lead you a little way, and then let me turn you round once, twice, three times, and after that of course you never could know where you were, and never could find your way to the place again. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, with pleasure, if you like it." "She is a child and no mistake," he said to himself. "Does she not know that I must find my way home, and if I can find my way home from this mysterious place, whatever it is, why not find my way there again?"

"Very well. Now close your eyes."

"They are closed."

"Your word of honour that you won't open them until I tell you?"

"My word of honour!"

"Thanks. Give me your hand."

He held his hand out, and the girl took it in one of hers. She led him a little way.

"Can't you move more quickly than that?" she asked impatiently, as Mr. Acton was creeping and stumbling along with all the unconquerable nervousness and awkwardness of one moving blindfold on a strange path. "Are you afraid that I shall lead you into the water?"

"I'm afraid you are a very malicious young woman."

She laughed.

"I am not leading you astray for all that! Come, step boldly on, and don't seem as if you were afraid."

The position of our friend was rather ridiculous, and he felt a little abashed to think of being dragged along a country road at night with his eyes shut by a pretty saucy girl, whose little explosions



of laughter he could hear at every step of the way, and who, for aught he could tell, might intend some delightful practical joke such as village folk find mirth in. He was on the point of announcing that he withdrew his parole and opening his eyes, when his guide suddenly stopped.

"Now," she said, "you must turn round three times."

She drew her hand away from his, and he was sorry to lose its touch. Then she put her hands upon his shoulders and turned him gravely round.

"Once," she said. "Stand there a moment—that will do. Now again. Twice!"

Stephen was ransacking his brain for some memories of blind-man's-buff, in which he had a wild idea that there was some privilege of kissing a girl when you caught her, and he was wondering whether after his third twirl he might not catch his little guide and try his rights. We believe as a matter of fact that the game contains no such rights or opportunities, and that in his present imbecile state our friend was confusing it with some sport in the nature of forfeits, which he had a recollection of having played in very early boyhood, when he would much rather not have kissed the girls if he could decently have waived his privileges. Meantime, however, while trying to find a precedent or pretext for the audacity he contemplated, he did not observe at first that twirl number three was very long in coming.

"Now then," he said aloud, "give me my third turn, and let me see you once more. Don't leave me too long in darkness."

Nothing came of this appeal.

"Come, like a good girl," Stephen said rather impatiently. "Do set me free."

No answer. The silence was awful.

"I give you fair warning that I shall open my eyes if you don't begin the last turning round before I count three! Now mind! One! two! three!"

He opened his eyes and found that he was absolutely alone. No girl or other living creature was there; and the place where he was standing was ever so much nearer to his lodging than the spot where he first consented to close his eyes. The girl had led him round by some other way near to his home and away from hers, then turned him round twice, and stole away and left him.

He felt ashamed, annoyed, amused.

"The little traitress!" he murmured. "I shall be the laughing-stock of the village I dare say! Well, if I see her again, and if she

escapes without paying me a kiss as the forfeit of her treachery, she may laugh at me and welcome."

Meanwhile the adventure was decidedly odd and piquant. It consoled our friend a little for his exile from London, which he felt particularly as night came on. What was he to do with himself now? He did not care to go to his lodgings and read. The lamps were bad—they gave a miserable light, and compensated for the feebleness of their beams by the strength of their odour. Going to bed was simply not to be thought of. There was a long, low, crumbling wall on the edge of the roadway looking over the water. Mr. Acton sat on this wall, smoked a cigar, looked at the flicker of the moon on the waves, and positively grew sentimental. More than that, he found himself thinking unmistakably about the girl who had run away from him. In that atmosphere, in that hour, with the genius of the place influencing him, and its memories like the scents of its flowers and hedges about him, it is not surprising that the laughing girl became somehow blended with the long-forgotten image of that first love of many years syne. The confusion was all the more natural, seeing that Stephen did not know the name of the one and had forgotten the name of the other. "I might have a daughter *her* age," he thought, "at least *almost* her age," for in some mysterious way he felt impelled even in his own mind to deprecate making his years too many. "Yes, *almost* her age. What a very strange thing it would be if she proved to be the daughter of the girl I knew here long ago! In a romance that would be the very thing to happen."

He had a sort of recollection, however, that the first young lady had gone to Australia when she married, and had settled there. Although it had humoured his whimsical mood to imagine for the moment that his new acquaintance might be the child of his long-lost first love, he felt somewhat relieved when he had succeeded in convincing himself, by comparison of dates, that the thing was utterly absurd and impossible. His first love, single some fifteen or sixteen years ago, could hardly be the mother of a girl of twenty.

He went to bed, thinking London farther off than ever, but beginning to fancy that he could endure his absence from it tolerably well after all, and he quickly fell asleep.

Of course the beauty and glory of a country life is to have long walks before breakfast. The performance to those who are fresh from town and unaccustomed to healthful enjoyment not uncommonly gives a headache and takes away all appetite for breakfast. Our hero, however, got up very early next morning, determined to



go in for health above all things. The sun was rather late in rising and the atmosphere was steeped in a warm silvery grey.

"Up the hill!" Acton said to himself. "I've not been up that hill for fifteen years. If there were a toll-bar there I ought to pay three halfpennies at least, like the man in the poem." For he thought of the invisible companions who were now mounting the hill with him.

He strode on, half sad, half gay, perhaps in the sweetest of all mortal moods. The air, the scent of the hedges, the faint savour of the sea, the novelty, the memories, all made a delightful season for him. He felt as if he were a young Sicilian from out the age of Theocritus. He began to sing with full lungs and splendid voice any snatch of song that came into his mind. Suddenly he came to a stand, and his song subsided almost into silence, for a breath of memory bewitching as the sudden odour of sweetbriar distracted him.

The lane or road suddenly turned off to the left, among trees, so that from where he now stood he could see no lane. One stately old elm was standing just where the path turned, and seemed to close the view altogether. But our hero knew that the view did not close there; for he saw in his mind the lane still winding on amid apple-trees and hawthorn bushes, and he saw himself a youth waiting under the tree for his forgotten sweetheart of auld lang syne to come down the path and meet him. He must have had something of the poet in him, for all his years of Londonism and clubism. No one without some vein of the poetic still steeping freshly the deeps of his nature could have stood so long in that dreamy delight of mere memory and inane reflection.

But he started all of a sudden, and became alarmed almost like the nymph of pastoral legend, surprised in the pool where she had just entered to bathe. For he heard a sweet fresh voice singing in the air somewhere; and there turning the corner of the lane is his old true love!—at least—"What nonsense; what an idiot I am," he said to himself—at least there was the saucy little beauty who had tricked him the night before. Both were a little confused, but our experienced hero was by far the more confused of the two. The girl presently burst into a fit of laughter.

"Turn about once: turn about twice!" she began. "She turned im round and turned him round."

"You little traitress!" Acton said, recovering some of his customary ease and assurance. "You turned me round and turned me indeed. Yes, you did make a fool of me last night."

"I?" she asked, opening round eyes of affected simplicity. "Was it I who did that? I only saw you for the first time last night."

"Well, you supplemented and completed the work of Nature."

"People tell me I am a child of Nature when they mean to praise me," she said. "So I ought to do her work, oughtn't I? But did I make a fool of you?—I am so glad! To make a fool of a great author from London!"

"You must pay the forfeit for it now," he exclaimed. "You had it all your own way last night, my young friend. It's my turn now: and you shan't escape without paying forfeit."

"What forfeit?" she asked rather coldly.

"A kiss, dear," and he advanced towards her. "A girl's forfeit always."

"Stuff!" was the rather unromantic commentary of the young woman. "I know nothing about girls and their ways. No—do keep away; I won't have it."

Stephen was not deterred. He caught her round the waist, and endeavoured to have his forfeit kiss. She struggled, grew red. Stephen of course assumed this to be only her village coquetry. He held her with gentle but all sufficing force; her struggles were wholly in vain. He had his kiss, and she burst into tears! Dismayed, he released her, and she flung herself away from him.

"It serves me right!" she said, when her vehement sobs would allow her; "but I thought you were a gentleman!"

"I really ask your pardon a thousand times," said the abashed Stephen, truly now wishing in his heart that there were any process by which one could retract an inflicted kiss. "I didn't mean to offend you—I didn't think you would be so much offended—I never meant"—

"Do you attempt to kiss ladies in London when you have met them for the second time?" she asked with anger flashing in her eyes, —in which, however, Stephen was glad to see that no fresh tears were showing themselves. "Is that the custom among the people you know? Why don't you speak? Is it?"

"Well, no; but people in London are rather formal—and in the country one thinks things are different. And I have made a fool of myself now."

"You thought, I suppose, that a poor little village girl was good enough for any condescending rudeness!"

"No, I didn't," Acton answered bluntly. "I never thought anything of the kind. I wouldn't willingly offend the poorest girl



that ever lived. But I didn't think you would be offended, that's all."

"Why?" Her resolute questions were terribly piercing.

"Why? Well, because I thought you were only a merry sort of school-girl, and wouldn't see any harm in it, or make such a work about it."

Stephen was positively trembling, half in fear of having really offended her, and half in anger at her being so easily offended.

"I can only apologise to you again," he said: "and I do so with all my heart. I ask your forgiveness—what more could I do if you were a princess?"

The girl had recovered her good humour. She could not but see that Stephen was a gentleman, that he had meant no harm, and was sorry for his little rashness.

"You are trembling," she said. "What is that for?"

"Because I am afraid I have made you angry."

"I didn't think men trembled much at the anger of girls," she said, with a half melancholy smile. "I know one man who doesn't. He would like to make me tremble sometimes."

"Your father?" Stephen asked, gently; glad to turn away from the subject of the fatal kiss, and thinking what a very remarkable brute the father must be who could make that pretty little creature tremble.

"Oh, no—I haven't any father."

"Not your brother, surely—I can't believe that any brother"—

"I haven't any brother."

"Her lover!" Stephen thought. "She is engaged to some jealous young savage of this place—some ignorant clown no doubt. That's why she was so angry about the kiss—he might have come up at the very moment! Confound him!" Stephen positively wished he had come up, and felt himself instinctively throwing out his chest and clenching his fists. The country life was fast demoralising him. After forty-eight hours he was almost ready for a bout of fisticuffs in a lane for the smile of a village coquette!

"Well, I forgive you," the girl said, with a smile doubly bright after her tears; "and I know you will not be rude again. You must think better of us country girls. We like to be treated as if we were ladies. I forgive you, but on one condition."

"Only tell me"—

"Just that you get me one of the lovely soft green delicious little branches, high up there, in that tree! I was looking up at them so lovingly, so longingly, as I came down the lane, and wishing that I had  
\* of a dove or could climb trees. Won't you get me one?"

Mr. Acton looked up at the tree. He had not climbed a tree for nearly twenty years. It was not the trouble he thought of, or the taking the skin off his hands or his knees, or the damage to be done to his trousers. He was only thinking of a possibility which might fairly have cooled the enterprise of Sir Tristram: the possibility of his not being able to get up into the tree, and falling down or having to give in, and in either case being ridiculous.

"Oh, please never mind," she said, seeing his embarrassment. "I can easily get somebody to go up."

"Yes—the savage, the clown, the brutal lover!" Stephen thought with indignation. "Never—I'll die first!"

Reckless of consequences and possibilities, our hero sprang at the tree and clung around its trunk. Mere desperation and nothing else enabled him to shin up with awkward clutching hands and scraping knees. As a dog driven wild by the sight of a cat scornfully spitting at him from the height of a lofty wall will sometimes rush at the wall and by sheer fury and force drive himself so far up its side that he seems for the moment almost to have borrowed the cat's own power of climbing, so did our resolute Londoner force his way up the tree. He could distinctly hear peals and bursts of laughter from below. Once he flung a hasty glance downward, and he could see that his pretty tormentor was positively staggering about with laughter. If the tree were as high as Jack's immortal beanstalk our hero would not give in now. Never! If he fell down it should at least be from a height sufficient to kill him, and when his crushed and mangled corpse lay at her feet perhaps she would not laugh quite so much at that! At last he grasps a branch and swings himself crashing up among the thick boughs, making nearly as much noise as an elephant plunging through a forest. He felt all right now, and sat astride upon a great projecting branch with a happily assumed air of jaunty ease, as if his habitual occupation was bird-nesting, and as if he was not nearly puffed out of all use of his lungs. When he made a demonstration of going still higher the girl cried out in alarm—

"Don't; oh, don't: the branches won't bear you. Oh!"

"What did you say?" Acton called out in careless tones, as if he had not heard, and preparing to ascend.

"Oh, stop—pray—don't—you'll be killed!"

"It's my turn now," Acton thought to himself, ferociously. "Now we'll see who is laughing!" Like the Irishman in the story, he was "almost in hopes" for the moment that the branches would give way and let him fall. Nothing makes a man so heroic as the desire to persuade a pretty and saucy girl that he is not afraid.



Stephen looked down and saw that the girl below had covered her eyes with her hands. Delightedly he got among the highest branches, broke off some tender, freshest shoots much farther up than any she had asked for, and accomplished his descent in safety, while she yet dared not look. He touched her hands lightly with his green trophies, and then she saw with reddening cheeks and sparkling eyes that he was safe.

"I oughtn't to have done that," she said, all tremulous still.

"Done what?"

"Asked you to go up there—you might have been killed! But I never meant you to go so high. That's all very well for"—

"Yes—for what?"

"Well, for boys," she answered, looking at him with recovering courage and malice.

"Ah, yes," Stephen said, gravely. "The world was made for boys, I think."

"I hate boys," the young lady energetically said.

"Thank Heaven! Come and sit here on the grass—I am not a boy—and we'll talk like sensible people."

"Thank you—I had rather stand; but we can talk like sensible people all the same."

Acton threw himself on the grass under the tree, for he was really a good deal tired by his exertions. They talked for a while like sensible people—like sensible people under similar circumstances. So fresh and winning a little girl Stephen had never met. She was a curious mixture of artlessness and malice; saying sharp and touching things alternately—a bittersweet such as only queer out-of-the-way places can grow, our hero thought. If any of his friends from Pall Mall could have seen him that morning scrambling up the tree and positively risking his life for the sake of showing off before a village girl—if any one could have told him a week ago that he would rise at an unnatural hour morning after morning in the hope of meeting the girl and having thirty minutes' talk with her!

For it came to this. Successive mornings he found himself about the same hour at the foot of the same tree, and there somehow did our pretty girl always come. It was the oddest, sweetest sort of acquaintanceship. It was not love-making; it was not even spooning. There never was a word of open love; not a hint of mere flirtation or anything of that kind. A man and his favourite niece might almost have met and rambled and talked in the same way. Yet our hero found the horizon of his life contracting strangely into the limit of this occasional half-hour. The girl came no more to the

evening meetings in the little parlour. Stephen could find out nothing about her, for he would not question his hostess, who never mentioned her. From Miss Janet herself he had got the impression somehow that her home was unhappy and that she had a stepfather. But he did not even yet know where she lived or anything about her people.

"What do I want to know?" he asked himself. "It's no affair of mine. Of course her people would be commonplace and stupid—vulgar, perhaps. Besides, I shall be going away soon. It's not a love-making business." So he kept assuring himself often. "Anyhow," he thought, with a certain bitterness, "it isn't a love-making business on her part. I'm not of an age to start such thoughts in the minds of pretty girls like her. One comfort of middle-aged bachelorhood is that we needn't be afraid of distressing the hearts of the girls we meet."

One unlucky morning, when our two friends were talking together like sensible people, Mr. Acton's landlady passed along the road from which the lane ascended. They were just coming down the hilly lane, and they almost ran upon her. Mr. Acton might not have cared much, but his companion reddened and looked angry.

"Now I'm in for a scolding," she said. "I do wish *she* hadn't seen us."

"Why so?" Stephen asked, rather offended at the thought that any one could be scolded for being seen with him.

"I suppose I oughtn't to be about the roads in this sort of way. I generally do as I like—and that people know pretty well. But I lose courage and break down when they lecture me, even though I wouldn't let them think so for the world. I dare say she'll tell my people—no matter, I don't care."

She looked as if she did care, however, and Stephen was a good deal troubled, and began to feel remorseful, and to ask himself if he had not been doing a very wrong thing in going about morning after morning with this pretty and unsophisticated girl. "That's the worst of being in the country," he said to his soul, with rueful pleasantries. "We fancy it all pastoral and simple: and it isn't! I should never think of making such a fool of myself in Hyde Park of mornings. After all, London is the safest, most innocent, and best conducted place in all the world. I'll go back at once—I *think* I'll go back at once."

Mrs. Good seemed distant and gloomy, Stephen thought. Perhaps he was conscience-stricken, and therefore suspicious. He began to



talk to her with an appearance of great ease and friendliness about "Miss Janet," but Mrs. Good was dry and cold.

"By the way, Mrs. Good, I really don't know the young lady's other name."

"Indeed, sir?"

"No, I don't think I do. Perhaps you may have mentioned it to me"——

"I don't think I did, sir."

"No, I thought not. So odd, isn't it, to know the young lady and not to know her name?"

"Very odd, sir."

"She is a very nice girl, Mrs. Good."

"If she was my daughter, sir, I'd make her keep at home a good deal more," Mrs. Good broke out. "But I don't blame her, sir—it's others, that ought to have more sense. God help her."

Mr. Acton had an idea that this was directed against him, and he was about to burst forth into some indignant vindication of himself and the sweet and childlike girl who had made his exile from London so happy. But he restrained himself in time. He thought it would be an insult to the absent girl, and to himself, to get into such an argument with downright Mrs. Good; and so he cut the conversation short, sauntered with seeming carelessness and sullen heart down to the shore, found the old boat again, unmoored it, rowed out far into the water, lay down in the boat, and began to think.

"I'll go back to London to-morrow morning," was his first thought. "I'll go back to my prosy mechanical mill-horse round of stupid society and stupid work!" This was his way now of regarding the life that so lately seemed the only life he could endure. "What have I to do with sentiments and feelings, and all that sort of thing? I'll go back to London."

Then the boat gave a little heave and dipped, and the hill with its trees appeared before his eyes, and a sudden thrill of passionate emotion vibrated through him, making his heart beat and his lips tremble.

"What if I didn't ever go back—unless *she* comes too?"

The thought filled his very soul. He lay in the boat possessed with the idea. All youth and energy and sweet emotion seemed to come to life again within him. He could not shut out the thought now, nor admit a doubt that it could be made real. He felt like a poet who, having gone about for days yearning for inspiration, and blindly craving he knows not what, suddenly finds his whole soul and brain filled with a subject, a purpose, the divine clear fabric of a poem.



After an hour of dreamy tossing in the boat Acton came ashore, feeling that any touch of the firm earth was fraught with disenchantment to such a dream.

He was recalled soon to reality, and to memories of London society. A visitor was waiting to see him—and such an important visitor—Mr. Vandervert Jocelyn, M.P., of Eaton Square, who, he now learned, was the owner of the new house near at hand with the pictures which he had declined to see. Stephen knew Mr. Vandervert Jocelyn very well by name and reputation. Mr. Jocelyn had only assumed his latter name rather lately. He was of some sort of foreign extraction; had made an immensity of money, married a widow, the daughter of an earl (her first husband had been a brilliant young naval officer, who was killed in China), went into Parliament, and was supposed to be ambitious of a peerage. Mr. Vandervert Jocelyn, when he began to be conspicuous as a wealthy man, gave himself out as a Liberal, but having been blackballed when put up as candidate for membership in a great Whig club, he suddenly became a Conservative, was elected into a Conservative club, wrested a large city from Liberal representation, and was now a leading supporter of the constitutional and anti-cosmopolitan interest. He was a great patron of literature, art, and journalism, and never failed to make one of the guests at the Literary Fund Dinner, the Artists' Benevolent Fund Dinner, the Press Fund Dinner, and so forth. He bought pictures, and paid fancy prices for them on condition that they were not to be exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. Jocelyn himself did not care twopence about art, but his pride was to have pictures which everybody could not see for a shilling. He never read books, but he had heard Stephen Acton's name, and when he found that Acton was staying in his neighbourhood he felt that the proper thing was to call upon the author and ask him to dinner.

Mr. Jocelyn was gracious in his familiar bluntness.

"Lady Jane will be delighted to see you, Mr. Acton. She is very fond of literature. We have only just run down, you know, from town; and we're off in a day or two. You'll just take us as we are—no ceremony. We can't let you off—you great literary men from London don't often give us a chance of your company down here in this dull little place. To-morrow evening—at eight."

Stephen felt, to say the truth, a little touch of pleasure on receiving the invitation. For all his love of the country and the trees and the fair innocent face of Nature, and the twilights, and the sunsets, he had been too long the adopted child of London and of its social life not to find himself a little more at home at a dinner-party than

in Mrs. Good's parlour. Much as he was enjoying his exile from the ways of the civilised world, there was a gentle throb of pleasant emotion at the thought of getting back to them even for one night. Only for this night ; or a very few nights at most. With regard to the future his mind was made up. He would renounce society ; he would even renounce London itself, if *she* wished it. For her he would give up gladly all the unreal and trumpery amusements, the mechanical routine of vapid and so-called pleasures that make up the life of an unmarried man in town. If she would have him—and he believed she would have him. He felt almost sure that she cared for him, and he knew—oh yes, he knew—that she was a girl to love with her whole heart. He would take her away from her dull and vulgar relatives, for whom she could care nothing. And they would live perhaps in Venice or in Rome. His income, small as it was, would keep them well enough, and he could add a good deal by writing. He would work with a new inspiration. Who could say?—perhaps under her influence he might even write some book which the world would not willingly let die—at least not as willingly as it had let his other books die ; perhaps, at all events, not before it had reached its second edition. And in any case, think of the delight of showing Venice or Rome to her !

Such thoughts filled him with rapture as he wandered about the village and the shore that day trying to find her. Such trifling considerations affect a man in Acton's condition that he felt delighted at having received an invitation to Lady Jane Jocelyn's to dine, because it reminded him that he was actually in society, and that he really had something to give up for the sake of his love. He was counting all the time very confidently, it will be seen, on the consent of the young woman in question.

He did not see her all that day or that night. He had no hope that she would look into Mrs. Good's little parlour any more, and indeed he feared Mrs. Good had been scolding her. He wandered about the beach for half the night, and rose almost with the sun next morning. Then he thought he must do something, and so he wrote these lines on a scrap of paper :—

“DEAREST JANET,—I don't know who you are or even your name, but I am as much in love with you, Janet, as ever man of mature years was with a girl of twenty—and in sad truth if you won't marry me I shall not care for life any more. But if you will, I will try to make you happy. I love you, Janet.

“STEPHEN ACTON.”



He went about with this letter in his hand ready to put into hers if he should see her. And he did see her. She passed his lodging about seven o'clock that evening. He darted down stairs and ran after her. She turned round on hearing his step, blushed, and seemed half amused, half alarmed.

"I am in such haste, Mr. Acton," she said. "I must not stay a moment."

"Read that!" Stephen whispered, and he put his letter into her hand and ran away without even once looking back.

Our mature Londoner was positively trembling with boyish excitement and emotion as he dressed for dinner. But he dressed very carefully, nevertheless, and as he looked in the glass felt a thrill of gratification to see that there was no sign of middle age apparent yet in his face, and that his whole appearance was decidedly striking. After all it wouldn't be the story of Beauty and the Beast, he thought, with modest self-satisfaction.

Acton was disagreeably impressed with Mr. Vandervert Jocelyn's household as he entered. The ostentation was in unpleasant contrast with Mr. Jocelyn's talk of country ways and no ceremony. A double line of what democrats long ago used to call pampered menials in gorgeous liveries received him, and the house was full of company. There were one or two men whom Acton slightly knew in town, and had always rather disliked as purse-proud and pretentious humbugs—so, at least, our conceited author chose to set them down. The only person he liked in the company was Lady Jane Jocelyn, his hostess; and he liked her because she seemed to him rather melancholy and out of tone with the place and the people, like a pale flower amid a display of gorgeous waxen imitations. She had sweet bright eyes, which looked as if their owner might have been very happy once; and they perplexed him with vague tantalising half-memories as if he must have seen them before. Acton assumed at once, good-naturedly, that Mr. Vandervert Jocelyn bullied his wife; that she was always thinking of her first husband, and that she had no children. This last notion, however, proved to be a mistake, for as she was talking with him in the drawing-room she suddenly said—

"I believe you have not seen my daughter yet, Mr. Acton. She lives here in the country the greater part of her time—as yet."

Mr. Jocelyn was near, and always seemed to have an ear for what his wife was saying.

"Where *is* Janet?" asked Mr. Jocelyn.

The name almost caused our friend to start. It was not so very



uncommon that two girls even in that small place might not have borne it, and yet to hear it sent a thrill through him.

"Oh—will you kindly take Miss Douglas—my—my stepdaughter, to dinner, Mr. Acton?" said his host. "Janet—Mr. Acton."

For the drawing-room door had opened even while they were speaking, and Janet entered the room. Her eyes were demurely downcast, her full and pretty lips were pressed resolutely together, and she was clearly made up as the *ingénue* of private life. But it was all the same the Janet of the morning walks and the moonlit escapade, the village coquette whom Acton had resolved at any sacrifice to make his wife, converted suddenly into the daughter of an earl's daughter, and the stepchild of a millionaire. What a pang shot through poor Stephen's heart! He had been making a fool of himself; the girl had been playing a practical joke on him. He could hardly get out the few words of conventional courtesy. But as Mr. Jocelyn still stood near she suddenly raised her eyes, and darted into Stephen's face one look quick as the suddenest sunbeam—an appealing, apologetic, beseeching, half-droll and half-pathetic look, which almost melted his anger away. "Oh, don't betray me, don't bring a scolding on me!" it only too plainly said. Stephen became a man and a Londoner again. He recovered his self-control and his good manners; he gave her his arm and spoke of the beauty of that part of the country, and asked her if she cared about rinking, and whether she preferred Salvini to Rossi.

She answered his questions collectedly and vivaciously, but kept sending surprised glances at him every now and then as if to ask "Is this real?—is it possible that you do not know me?"

Stephen's looks made no reply. "To me," he mentally resolved, "you are Lady Jane Jocelyn's daughter and no one else." His wounded pride found some sense of relief in that sort of vengeance.

"I hope you enjoy your stay in the country, Mr. Acton; I hope you don't find it dull here?"

"So far I have found it delightful."

"You walk a good deal, I suppose?"

"A good deal—oh yes."

"In the mornings, perhaps?"

This was when they were seated at dinner, and she sent a quick, inquiring, challenging glance at him.

"In the mornings chiefly."

"I walk a great deal in the morning." This was said very softly.

"I love the mornings here at this time of the year."

"Charming indeed: most charming. I am only sorry I can't make a longer stay here."

"Must you go soon?"

"I am sorry to say, yes. I must return to town."

"But we shall see you often, I hope, before you do return?"

"I hope to have the pleasure if Lady Jane will kindly allow me."

Thus the dinner went on. No word or look of recognition or of remembrance could Janet draw from the petrified Londoner. "It might some wonder in a stranger move that they together could have talked" or even thought "of love." Indeed no stranger would have believed anything of the kind. Stephen's heart was burning within him. When the ladies left the room Janet threw him a glance like a flower. He distinctly declined to receive it. The girl raised her bouquet to her face to hide the tears that were in her eyes.

She was not a girl accustomed to be easily balked. When the company were in the drawing-room she actually sought out Stephen, asked him questions about artists and the Royal Academy, and then asked if he had seen the paintings by Millais that Mr. Jocelyn had lately bought. "Do come and let me show them to you," she said; "they are in the other room; they have not been properly hung yet, but I want you to see them; and I am fond of doing show-man."

Stephen of course had to go with her, and she hurried him away until they stood in front of some pictures which angry Stephen could not see. A schoolboy in his first love affair could hardly have been more emotional than the literary man-about-town was now. He was quite conscious of the fact himself, and he felt ashamed of it. As she was hurrying him along he looked down with a wonder that could not have been put into words at the small, slight young thing that had such power over him and could turn him again into an angry boy, stirring up such elementary love and resentment within him.

"Why have you treated me in this way?" she said, and her voice, beginning in anger, ended in appeal.

"In what way?" was the stupid rejoinder of Mr. Acton—the only thing he could think of.

"You hardly speak to me—you go on as if you didn't know me: as if you saw me for the first time to-night."

"I have seen Miss Douglas for the first time to-night." He was awfully stately.

"But what is the meaning of that?—and what does it matter about my name? I am the same Janet always."



"You are not the same to me. Why did you play off this practical joke? Was this well done, Janet?" In all his anger he adopted with conscious satirical purpose and in bitterness to himself and her some of the words of the gallant Macheath in his despair. The meaning was lost upon Janet. The adventures of Macheath have little interest for audiences of to-day. We have grown virtuous since the time when he was a hero, and we like the daughter of Madame Angot now.

"Well done or ill done, I meant no harm," the girl pleaded. "I thought it all good fun, and I wanted to know an author. I was always longing to know an author—and to have him all to myself just for a little. It wouldn't be any good your coming here first—I could only talk to you about the fine weather, and people would be always there. I thought it was a delightful little adventure—and now you are only offended."

"But," said Mr. Acton, trying to be cool and unconcerned, and to take a tone of kind paternal remonstrance, "young ladies don't generally hold meetings of mornings under trees with strangers"—

"Of course not," she broke in eagerly. "That's why I did it."

"That's why you did it?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Don't you see? I couldn't have managed it any other way."

"What is, one to say to such a girl?" our hero thought. She was looking up at him with wide open eyes, and with all the eager earnestness of one who means to say "Now you must admit the force of that argument—you must see that I am right after all?"

"But I never thought *you* would be offended or take it in that way; I always meant to explain to you"—

"And your father and mother, Miss Douglas?"

"I have no father, and my stepfather does not care what I do, except for the pleasure of scolding; nor my mother much for that matter, once she has blamed me. My mother forgives everything because she cares too much about me, and my stepfather forgives everything because he cares too little. Oh, I should only have had a little trouble with them. But the thing has turned out badly, and I am very sorry. That's all."

"It is no use," poor Stephen thought, "to take this too seriously, and treat this mad child as if she were a responsible woman. Mad child? If it were only the child who was mad!"

Their talk was interrupted, and they spoke no more that night. Stephen left Mr. Jocelyn's rather early, and walked moodily homeward. His mind was filled now with only one idea—the resolve to



go back to London. He looked round upon the whole scene—the sea heaving languidly under a sky of fading colour, the hill dimly seen, the trees, the lights in cottage windows, the speck of fire in a fisher-boat far away. “Here,” he said to his sullen and angry soul—“here I have made an Ass of myself!”

For all his anger he might have remembered that he had been making formal offer of marriage to a young woman, and that common politeness required that he should wait and have his answer. He only thought of himself as the victim of a wilful girl’s practical joke, with which all the place would soon be made acquainted. He thought of purse-proud Jocelyn, perhaps, setting him down as a fortune-hunter who was only too glad to get a chance of inveigling a foolish child into marriage. He thought of himself as laughed at for a fool by one set of persons, and sneered at for a disappointed schemer by another. It did not occur to him to think that in the eyes of this bright, simple, clever girl he might have seemed a hero, whose tender of love was a tribute to fill her whole heart with pride. Contrary to general opinion, however, it is the fact that the hero thinks himself a fool at least as often as the fool thinks himself a hero.

As Stephen sauntered gloomily along his eyes turned to the hill and the trees, and the sky behind and above them. Through the openings of the branches he could see a livid background of dark-greenish sky, from which the daylight had not wholly faded even yet, and there was one bright planet which seemed to him, because of his irregular movements as he walked along, to be positively dancing among the trees. A whimsical idea occurred to him that the sight was just about as real as the dream of a romantic love-passion playing among the dry branches of his life.

“It is Nature,” he said to himself—jesting after his way with his own weakness and pain—“it is Nature that has done it all! The sky, and the trees, and the stars, and the waves, and all the rest of it, corrupt sensible men and soften their brains. I renounce Nature, except in the scenes of the theatre! I’ll go back to my pavement where a man is a man, and I’ll never again look up any higher than the altitude of a gas-lamp.”

The next evening our friend was in London. He had made as rapid way as he could to the place where the railway was to take him up, and yet he had missed a train and so got into town at an awkward hour—too late for dinner. It was raining; and in the grey of the wet dusk London looked wretched. Acton went to his club, which was nearly empty. Everybody was going out of town now

that he had come back. He stood on the steps and looked at the dull streets where the season seemed to lie confined. He did not feel gladsome.

"How d'y'e do, Acton? Haven't seen you lately. Been out of town?" a friend asked.

"I've been in the country; yes."

"Come back so soon? Glad to get back to London I dare say?"

"Oh—delighted," said Acton.

"I should think you didn't know yourself in the country?"

"I didn't know myself in the country," said Acton. "That's quite true."

A wretched day or two passed; and then there came a letter from Mrs. Good with her compliments, and begs to enclose a letter left for Mr. Acton the day after he had started for London. Acton opened the enclosure with a nervous hand.

"How very cruel you are—and rude too! You asked me a question and ran away in a bad temper without waiting for an answer. Why did you go? Your letter made me very happy; and I do want happiness. Will you not come again? You have a friend in mamma, who would love any one I cared for—[the word "loved" was first written, then scratched out, and "cared for" substituted]—and Mr. Jocelyn would be only too glad to get rid of me. Will you not come again—before we leave this place—and tell me you forgive my unlucky practical joke, and ask me for an answer to your letter?"

"JANET."

Acton put a few things into a portmanteau and sent for a hansom. He stopped at his club for a moment.

"Going out of town again?" said the same friend, who happened to be passing.

"Yes," Acton answered radiantly; "I'm going back to the country."

"Why, you have fallen in love with the country I think. I always thought you couldn't live out of London. We shall hear of your getting married next, I shouldn't wonder."

Acton only laughed and nodded, jumped into his cab, and on his way to the train read Janet's letter again and again, nor once looked back at the long loved streets he was leaving.

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## IN RICHMOND PARK.

BY THE EARL OF SOUTHESK, AUTHOR OF "JONAS FISHER."



WHY stands she there so solemn  
Beside the whisp'ring water,  
Like some memorial column?  
What misery hath sought her?

Why all so black and lonely  
In yon wide meadow stopping?  
The deer around her only,  
The fragrant herbage cropping.

Her vesture, crape-enshrouded,  
Would seem the outward token  
Of sorrows closely crowded  
Beside a heart half-broken ;—

And mark the kerchief's whiteness  
Across the sable going,  
To meet the 'minished brightness  
Of eyes with anguish flowing !

Full many a one, lamenting,  
Will compass mournful pleasure  
Where Nature unrelenting  
Bestows her sternest measure,—

Amidst the rhythmic thunders  
Of ocean's endless story,  
Or 'neath the weirdly wonders  
Of forests old and hoary ;

Or where from gulfs abhorrent  
The mountain rears its steepness,  
Or where the furious torrent  
Descends to darksome deepness.

And likewise there are mourners  
Who love to lie and languish  
In quiet nooks and corners,  
To calm their spirit's anguish,—



'Mong gracious garden roses  
Behind the yew-tree screening,  
Or where the brake discloses  
Wild blossoming and greening ;

Or where the river stilly  
Moves gently in its gliding  
Through reed and water-lily,  
And loathes to leave its hiding.

Thus some, with Nature's madness  
And frenzy of turmoilings,  
Would crush their sullen sadness  
In vast pythonic coilings.

Thus some, to Nature's mildness  
Their weary spirits bringing,  
Would charm away the wildness  
Of sorrow's cruel stinging.

But thou, poor lonely woman !  
What find'st thou in that station—  
Displayed to gazers human—  
Of comfort's revelation ?

No might dwells there to awe thee,  
Grim sorrow's force out-stressing ;  
Nor peaceful power to draw thee  
From tyrant grief's oppressing.

Yea ! stand'st thou there as martyr ?  
In mystical emotion  
That scorns for joy to barter  
One drop of poisoned potion ?

And therefore in the meadow  
Forlornly stand'st thou dreaming,  
A black mysterious shadow  
In the pale sunset's gleaming ?

Yet, may be, self-compassion  
Within thy soul hath spoken,  
Declaring through what fashion  
Thy bonds might best be broken ;

And in the peopled loneliness  
Of this vast park of pleasure  
Thou find'st a subtle proneness  
To yield thy heart a treasure.

As the dun deer go straying  
Around thy silent figure,  
Perchance in thee are playing  
Some spells of joyous vigour,

Empowered to lift thy musing  
Beyond the woeful present,  
Its sombreness transfusing  
With memories fair and pleasant.

For God's kind forest-creatures—  
Great Nature in them dwelleth ;  
They form her smiling features,  
Whence all her love out-welleth :

And, like to children tender  
That know not guile nor sinning,  
Their spirits slim and slender  
Breathe effluence sweetly winning.

Say, dost thou feel that essence,  
Thou solitary weeper ?  
And brings it back the presence  
Of a loved infant sleeper—

Thine infant fondly cherished ?  
And doth the influx cheer thee,  
No more to deem it perished,  
But feel it moving near thee ?

Or dost thou feel, caressing  
Thy widow-woeful fancies,  
A touch of perfect blessing,—  
At which thy spirit dances ?

A touch as softly falling  
As thistle-down alighted,  
Strong thought of him recalling  
To whom thy love was plighted—

The sharer of the sweetness  
Of all thy earthly being,—  
Who fled with angel fleetness,  
And vanished from thy seeing ;—

A soul of nurture simple,  
Who loved the life that quivers  
Beneath the airs that dimple  
The forest lakes and rivers ;

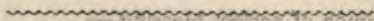
Who loved the dell deep-holden  
Within the green-wood mazes,  
More than the mansions golden  
Where fashion blares and blazes ;

And counted wild-wood haunTERS—  
The deer of spirit tender—  
Far lovelier than the flaunters  
In palaces of splendour.

So, dost thou seek thy vanished  
Where he most oft hath found thee,—  
Where man is seen but banished,  
And wild things roam around thee ?

O poor unfriended mourner !  
My spirit flies to greet thee :  
Ah ! think me not a scorner,  
But let my spirit meet thee ;

Yea, meet thy spirit, bringing  
Such balm to heal thy sorrow,  
As prayers and sighs up-winged  
From angel stores can borrow.





# MY OCEAN LOG FROM NEWCASTLE TO BRISBANE.

BY RED SPINNER.

## PART III.

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish ;  
A vapour sometimes like a bear or lion.  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain or blue promontory  
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air.



ON board ship one does not feel inclined to work hard. The motion of the vessel, the insufficient lights below, or the liberties taken by the wind with your papers on deck, tempt you with all manner of excuses. For a few days you play at hide and seek with conscience, and in the end, persuading yourself that the heat or cold is fatal to mental exertion, lock up your papers, and take out old book acquaintances, to renew former loves and hold sweet counsel with tried friends. In the tropical seas Shakespeare was thus my constant deck companion, and every day at sunset the picture which opens this instalment of "My Ocean Log" was hung up in Nature's artistically lighted picture gallery. The sunsets were quite indescribable. All too brief as they were in duration, they combined colours that no painter could imitate without being condemned as an idle dreamer. After the usual golden proclamation of approaching departure the sun would swiftly descend into the depths, and then would begin flushes and blushes of the most delicate carmine, rose, orange, blood red, purple, and violet, tinging the fantastic shapes assumed by the clouds according to the condition of the atmosphere. The dinner bell would generally ring as we watched in silence the glorious scene, but few stirred from the deck until the final curtain of dusk had fallen. Those who had lost loved ones thought of them, associating with the spectacle the idea that the angel world must lie somewhere beyond such radiant portals. The seriously inclined involuntarily remembered the description of the city whose walls were of jasper, whose foundations were garnished with all manner of precious stones, whose

gates were pearls, and whose streets were pure gold, as if it were transparent glass—a description, however, prefaced by the significant statement “and there was no more sea.” The starlights were in their different degree equally strange, and the moon was—in other than the commonplace meaning of the term—new to her admirers. On sea as on land no doubt it is a beautiful world.

When we have crossed the Bay of Bengal, blue as indigo, and a good deal ruffled by the change of monsoons, we must look more closely to our courses. Upon entering the Straits of Malacca you naturally feel that another phase of the voyage opens.

From the captain of a Dutch troop-ship calling at Singapore, on her way from Acheen to Batavia, it was possible to obtain reply to a question which we had asked each other on passing Acheen head, as to whether upon those beautiful highlands, so welcome to the sight after the monotony of ocean travel, the wearying war of races was still going on.

“Yes, we are fighting still,” the Dutch officer said to me, “and there seems no more prospect of a termination to the campaign than there was three years ago.”

On the deck, within a few yards of the bridge upon which we were standing, a Javanese lay dying; around him were other natives (soldiers and coolies), half-naked skeletons shocking to behold, stretched helpless upon the planks, gasping out the last few breathings that would convulse their spectral frames. The more fortunate took no notice of their wretched comrades, whose bodies by this time have feasted the sharks swarming in yonder strait. The Malay, like the ignorant Chinaman, is not frightened at death, for the sufficient reason that he takes no notice of it. There was one exception. By the side of an emaciated man, who actually died before I left the ship, sat a woman: and whether wife or mere companion, it must to her credit be said that, though not apparently in distress, she patiently tended him, putting bits of banana between his fevered lips. The ribs protruded through the mahogany skin, the black eyes rolled in mortal agony, but he munched on at the juicy fruit, and so munching, died. It was a common occurrence apparently on board that ship, for it was taken by everybody as a matter of course. The blue-eyed Dutch sailors, gaunt and yellow, and each—for so the rules of the Dutch service in the East allow—accompanied through the wars by a native female companion, though delighted at the prospect of rest after the campaign, were but shadows of their former selves; their spirit had departed, their shabby blue clothes—it were an outrage to call them uniforms—hung loosely



about them, and their hungry gaze wandered over the pineapple gardens and cocoa-nut groves of the island opposite, as if Paradise itself lay beneath the bright green foliage and bowers deeply shaded by tropical vegetation. Those heaps of matting on the foredeck cover dead men; the eight natives on the maindeck were rebel prisoners, very jolly indeed with their games and laughter, though knowing well enough that their brief hours were numbered. The flat-faced Javanese women cumbering the ship laughed and chatted and strolled with their miserable white owners; the Chinese and Hindoo hawkers displayed their wares; the business of the vessel went on briskly; and on the bare decks wherever you turned the weakened victims of jungle fever and dysentery lay silently staring into space.

This, I fear, is not a cheerful beginning for a description of the Straits of Malacca, but it is a natural one. We knew now that the fairy scenes which two days before greeted our eyes on entering those lovely waters were fatal to the Europeans fighting against fearful odds to subdue the Acheeneese in their jungle fastnesses. The country is fair to the passing eye, but pestilence is the real enemy against which the Hollanders have to contend, and against which no weapon yet discovered can prevail. The war, therefore, still drags its slow length along. Sometimes another stockade is carried, and the general's despatches give three or four more of the foe killed or wounded. Meanwhile regular relays of soldiers arrive from Batavia to replace worn-out detachments such as those of whom we had specimens on board the troop-ship. The Dutchmen shrug their shoulders and are content. It is certain enough that if they had at the outset (four years ago) wedded a liberal expenditure of money to energetic action in the field the Acheeneese would have been at once brought to their senses. Just what we did in the Ashantee bush should have been the policy adopted in the Acheen jungle. Mountain guns? rockets? roads? Yes, these should have been employed certainly. The Dutchman admits it; but, as I have said, shrugs his shoulders and is content. For ten years the Dutch have been engaged in similar trifling in Celebes, and now the fourth commander-in-chief is expected in Acheen to fill up the place made vacant by the sudden death, after a successful advance, of General Pell.

From the deck of your steamer on entering the Straits of Malacca you spy out the tall white lighthouse on Acheen head. This portion of the great island of Sumatra nevertheless looks peaceful and smiling. Here verily must be the "green islands of glittering



seas" which in the fascinating verse of Mrs. Hemans enchain'd the wondering thoughts of our childhood. Islands clothed in verdure to their lofty crowns, and islets set like gems in the emerald waters, at last break the endless boundary of sea and sky of which through day and night you have been the solitary centre. Close to the water's edge the straight bare trunks of the graceful betel palm stand in serried array; behind them virgin forest, repository of unnumbered natural wonders peculiar to this part of the world, rises to join hands with the lower clouds. Tiny islets—mere hillocks of coral above the watery plain—you may notice, too small to bear a plantation but not barren enough to reject the solitary cocoa-nut palm whose plume nods high above. The sea is untroubled and glassy, and the fleecy clouds, white as carded wool, hover with gentle wings over the land. Not soon will you forget that charming passage down the Straits of Malacca. Dim in the distance, you can make out the Sumatra Mountains; they are quite worthy of that name, since one of the peaks reaches the brevet rank of 15,000 feet. Golden Mount, a landmark seen under favourable conditions of atmosphere ninety miles off, is another conspicuous object, and our eyes rest lovingly and fondly upon beautiful Water Island, rising sheer out of the sea, and presenting all the variety of colour and form of which gorgeous foliage is capable. The greatest breadth from land to land in the Straits of Malacca is 160, and the narrowest about twenty miles. During the monsoon, which blows from November to May, you have thus over 500 miles of exquisite voyaging, perpetual glimpses of tropic-land, an enjoyable temperature, and a prevalence of zephyrs rather than breezes.

One remembers how people at home laughed when the importance of the Straits of Malacca was advanced by Mr. Disraeli as a paramount national consideration. But after making personal acquaintance with this great highway to the East one somehow moderates one's mirth and the conviction grows that our possessions upon the Malacca side of the straits are of immense consequence to us. It so happened that, giving the island of Penang a wide berth, we missed a view of one of our most delightful settlements. With Malacca we fared better. This rare old town, once the trading emporium of the Archipelago, was concealed behind the gauzy curtains of early morning, but as we neared it the hastening sun came up in all his majesty. The sudden beams, like willing fingers, seemed to search for and promptly loosen the strings confining the vapoury veil, and in succession there appeared the white houses, the bungalows amidst the rich foliage, the barracks, stadt-

house, and other prominent buildings; the bold hill of St. Paul's with its remnants of the old Portuguese fort, and the ruins of the church erected in a bygone era by the conqueror Albuquerque to be the scene of the heroic labours and reputed miracles of St. Xavier. If a photographer on an expedition round the world should ever pass this way let him take a view of Malacca from the roadstead. The town lies in a crescent-shaped bay, with a grand background of hills and mountains, terminated towards the south by Mount Ophir, a lofty triple-peaked mountain, famous for its gold mines, and sometimes, though wrongly, confounded with the Ophir which the Old Testament associates with the riches of the East.

The straits contain numberless islands: some of them the haunts of pirates; others the basking grounds of turtle. The latter afford the natives—who take very kindly indeed to the trade of fisherman—a source of revenue, and I can answer for the excellence of the creatures captured. There are worse things in the world than turtle cutlet, fin, and soup. As to the pirates, they still find the means, when they dare, of picking up a dishonest livelihood, but their comb is being cut to the smallest dimensions. We have several gunboats upon the coast, and the Malays have long ago learned that the little craft bite as well as bark. Formerly the straits swarmed with murderous sea-robbers, who lay hidden behind the headlands watching for the becalmed trader caught in the doldrums. The gallant mariners might resist valorously to the death, but they would be overpowered by numbers and barbarously despatched. The modern steamship has, amongst other benefits conferred upon mankind, ruined the ancient Malay business of murder and piracy. The pirates, nevertheless, retain their old characteristics. Nothing but the unceasing vigilance and determination of the English gunboats and law administrators on shore holds them in check. They prey upon any small craft that unwarily falls into their clutches, and the mariners' handbooks of the Archipelago contain frequent paragraphs that conclude with warnings to boating parties landing at certain islands for water or provisions. By this time the straits have been very fairly surveyed. In the infancy of hydrography the East India Company did excellent service in this respect, and the Dutch navigators have ably assisted in the production of a good chart of the reef and island bestudded seas.

The beauties of the Straits of Malacca grow upon you as you reach their southern terminal at Singapore, which, since the days when Malacca, the oldest European settlement in the far East,



declined from its ancient prestige, has become not only the seat of government in this quarter of the world, but the metropolis of general commerce. Through Penang come the sugar grown in the province of Wellesley (about 140 miles of coast country opposite the island) and the fruits of Penang itself. Malacca, too, has not entirely retired from business, but lives on in hopes that the development of the mineral resources of the interior of the peninsula will by-and-by give it a new lift in the world. But Singapore is at present master of the situation, and Singapore must on this account, and because of its peculiar attractions, be one of the calling places which will most delight the traveller who is bound to China, or who selects the short and diversified sea route (the Eastern and Australian Company's line) to Australia through the Torres Straits. The island of Singapore is covered with small hills wooded, as is the fashion in these seas, on summit, slope, and plain. The European residents have naturally taken advantage of these lovely coigns of vantage, and it is their cool bungalows which, while we cluster on the poop, with eyes fixed upon land, we discuss admiringly, and not without some envy, as the engine slows, and finally stops till the pilot arrives. There are the airy verandahs, the sleek broad leaves of the tropical trees and shrubs, which are in the old country with difficulty introduced as curiosities into rare palm houses; and the residents in cool white garments take measure of us from under their umbrellas. In latitudes where the sun has equatorial power there is a wonderful clearness of perspective, and withal a dreamy look about air, earth, and sky that suggests *siesta*, and makes indolence—a sin and a shame at home—both a virtue and a necessity. When the pilot mounts the bridge, and the propeller churns the green water once more into milky foam, we steam slowly through a narrow channel, past clustering islands of cocoa-nuts, pineapples, and bananas, out into the spacious roadstead, where ships of every nation, not excluding the towering Chinese junk, rock lazily at anchor; and so by a broad backward sweep abreast of the distant town we arrive at the wharf, where the European officials and natives in all their oriental strangeness of costume or no costume worth mentioning await us. Before the gangway can be shipped the sun has streamed over the islets opposite, suffusing them with a final outpouring of gold, purple, and rose colour; then the king of day suddenly leaves them and us to a twilight that in brevity, as in scenic effects, is a dissolving view of amazing splendour.

*(To be continued.)*



# THE ADVENTUROUS SIMPLICISSIMUS.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.



SINGULAR question of literary taste was forced upon the consideration of the Prussian House of Deputies last winter. Inspired by a touching respect for the decencies of life, a Catholic member assailed the Minister of Public Education for recommending among the older German classics a certain novel called "Der abenteuerliche Simplicissimus." The worthy critic pronounced it both immoral and anti-Christian; and the official sanction of such a book for the public schools only proved the demoralising effect of the Culturkampf.

Fortunately Dr. Falk found a champion in Professor Virchow, an eminent pathologist who inquires not alone into the diseases of the body but also into those of the State and society. The book, Dr. Virchow said, belonged to an age when reading was confined to the learned class, and in a measure to the male sex; it contained, indeed, many passages that are condemned by the taste and the judgment of the present day, and this necessarily limited the freedom with which it could be recommended to general readers; but these very defects were characteristic, and increased rather than lessened its value to the student of literature.

Here the subject dropped so far as the House is concerned. But the result of the episode was what must have been foreseen by every rational person, and even by the deputy who was the cause of it. The press renewed the discussion outside of the Chamber; the comic papers had their jokes about it; public curiosity was aroused; reprints and new editions of the pernicious book appeared on the shelves of the booksellers; and it acquired a sudden and remarkable popularity.

In justice to Dr. Falk, to whom not even an Ultramontane would impute a conscious preference for obscene literature, it ought to be said that he had never authorised the use of the book in its original form. The edition which he sanctioned was that of Wolff, carefully expurgated *ad usum puellæ*. In this form it is altogether innoxious, and may be studied without a blush by the most exacting spinster

if she have a taste for primitive literary products. But the work is published without any excisions in Brockhaus's collection of German classics, of which Herren Goedeke and Tittmann are the editors; and the latter contributes a critical and explanatory preface which is full of useful learning and less useful speculation. Before taking up "*Simplicissimus*" himself, therefore, it is well to give a brief account of his creator.

The humour of the romance begins even with the title, which was in the quaint architectural form so common in books of the seventeenth century. Its archaic German may be rendered into modern English as follows:—

*"The Adventurous Simplicissimus, German—that is, the Description of the Life of a rare Vagabond named Melchior Sternfels of Fuchshaim: where and in what form he came into this world, what he therein saw, learned, experienced, and endured, and why he quitted the same again voluntarily. Throughout to use heartily and lustily. Given out by German Schleifheim of Sulsfort, Mowpelgart. Printed by Johann Fillion, in the year 1669."*

The author named on the title-page is a purely imaginary personage. The press censorship in those days may have been less rigorous than it is to-day under the liberal legislation of the new Empire, but it was doubtless prudent for the author of so very broad a satire to conceal his real name. It appears, however, that he was not satisfied even with the deception practised on the title-page. At the end of the work is an ingenious confession that the writer was one Samuel Greifson of Hirschfeld, among whose papers it was found, and who also left a number of similar works which would be published if "*Simplicissimus*" should succeed! And in fact they were published, some half a dozen of them in order and known as the "*Simplician writings*." The titles are grotesque enough to be reproduced for the reader of German. "*Trotzsimplex, oder die Landstörtzerin Caurasche, by Philarchus Grossus von Trommerheim*"; "*Das wunderbarliche Vogelnest der Springinsfeldischen Lehrerin, by Acceffghhiüllumnnnoorrssstluu*"; and the others are equally quaint. But these later issues seem to have thrown no light upon the common authorship of the whole. It is only within very recent times that critics and literary inquirers have agreed to recognise as the author of these clever works Hans Jacob Christople von Grimmelshausen.

After a lapse of two centuries it was of course difficult to learn many exact details of such a man's life. It appears that he was born about 1625, and a dozen years later was already a soldier;



that he served to the end of the Thirty Years' War, and then retired to Rennchen, in the Black Forest, where he filled some local office; that he travelled abroad, and visited Paris, Amsterdam, and other cities; and that he died in 1676. He was the author of several minor works, one of them being a political treatise, now forgotten. All that is known of his education is to be gathered from his books, which are liberally strewn with Latin and French phrases, and indicate some considerable acquaintance with history, theology, and metaphysics. But the learned pedants of the age seem to have treated him and his productions with contemptuous neglect.

The history of fiction in Germany is not unlike that in England. It was developed somewhat later, indeed, like all other branches of literature; but it had the same primitive origin, it was refreshed at the same fountain, and grew up in about the same order of progress. One difference did, indeed, arise at a late epoch. While Germany and England borrowed alike and in common from the Romanic literatures, Germany began with the eighteenth century to borrow also from England. But this was long subsequent to Grimmelshausen. The author of "*Simplicissimus*" is as distinct a product of German culture and his works are as pure German creations as the most captious patriot could demand. Indeed, in view of the low state of general education at the time, of the social and intellectual demoralisation which followed the Thirty Years' War, and, above all, of the vast authority enjoyed by French and Italian fiction—in view of these circumstances, the production of such a work as "*Simplicissimus*" must be regarded as a very striking event in the history of literature.

The school of Grimmelshausen and the seventeenth century represents the third stage of German fiction. After the early ballads and popular epics—which, if poetical in form, were only crude poetical versions of legends, tales, and chronicles—came the flood of translations and adaptations from the Romanic literatures, and this by a fresh advance, not unlike a revolution, was followed by works of fiction, which were neither verse nor translation.

The pioneer in German prose romance was probably Philipp von Zesen. His most important production was "*The Adriatic Rose-mund*," a love-story in a very realistic style, which he avowedly wrote to show his countrymen that it was folly to look abroad for works which their own invention could just as well produce. "*Simson*" and "*Assenat*" were further products of the same reform spirit. But even Zesen was not quite true to his own precepts, for he subsequently published several translations from the French, with



only slight modifications in form. His successors, as Buchholz, Ziegler, Ulrich von Braunschweig, can scarcely be said to have improved upon "Rosemund," although the "Octavia" of the latter, an historical romance, or rather a Roman history in the form of a novel, was a great popular favourite. Lohenstein's ponderous novel in four volumes, "Arminius and Thusnelda," which appeared in 1689, was in respect to form and style the most complete that Germany had as yet produced. But in originality, in humour, in pictorial vividness, and in permanent interest, it was far inferior to "Simplicissimus."

The latter is what the Germans call a "Sittenroman." It is a picture of contemporary manners, and at the same time a bold satire on the vices of those manners. The German even affords another polysyllabic term for such works—*Culturgeschichtlicherroman*—novels which throw light upon civilisation, and therefore serve the historian of civilisation. Such are also the novels of Fielding, Scott, Cervantes, and Le Sage. Such was the Simplician series of Grimmelshausen. The era of the Thirty Years' War is rich in interest even for the formal academical historians, and for pictorial treatment at the hands of the novelist it is even more inviting; but a sketch of those times in the form of a novel by a novelist who was himself a part of what he sketches ought to have, if successful, a surpassing interest. It is hardly worth while to inquire whether the work is the autobiography of Grimmelshausen. That the outlines of the two careers correspond is indeed possible, but nothing more. David was a shepherd in his youth, and Grimmelshausen may have tended swine; but if a German peasant who at ten did not know the difference between a wolf and a Hessian cuirassier was able at thirty to write the Simplician novels, his progress was one of the most rapid in the history of the human intellect. Dr. Tittmann, indeed, suggests that the concealment of the author's name was inspired by his reluctance to expose himself to a comparison with his leading character. If the resemblance did exist the reluctance of Grimmelshausen to announce it will permit, but not require demonstration. If it does not exist his invention must be rated so much the higher.

The history of Simplicissimus is the history of the vagabonds of the Thirty Years' War. A stupid peasant boy, who had passed a childhood of almost supernatural darkness, his only school being that of menial and military service, emerged the most accomplished rascal of that wild and disorderly age. The picture of his gross brutality at eleven years is drawn with revolting freedom.

Unhappily there is no reason to suppose that it is free at the cost of truth, or that it contains even the pardonable exaggeration of the caricaturist. The hero's birth coincides pretty nearly with the opening of the story; he appears on the scene at the close of the first half of the war. The two great rivals Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus were dead, and while their successors with petty forces carried on desultory and wasting hostilities in Hesse and Westphalia and Brandenburg, troops of freebooters swept the country, robbing, burning, outraging, and murdering in the name of the Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire. Villages were destroyed by fire, and rich agricultural districts were devastated as by a pestilence. The wolf was literally at every peasant's door. It was dangerous to have goods and thus gratify—or not to have them and thus disappoint—the exacting marauders. Where they could not rob they kidnapped, and where they could not kidnap they killed. At this crisis of German history it is agreed that satire and romance can hardly paint the moral and intellectual degradation of the people in stronger colours than the sober pencil of history.

The first chapter of the novel accordingly affords a picture of the age and the society in which Simplicissimus lived, and an epitome of the events which marked their history. He is a swineherd upon the hillside, and he plays the pastoral bagpipe not to charm the swine but to frighten the wolves. A band of Imperialist dragoons swoop down upon the scene, Simplicissimus is seized, his parents are swept away, the maids are outraged, the house is burned, and the troopers even practise their cruelty upon the unwarlike sheep and calves. The brutal ignorance of Simplicissimus seems to have aroused the contempt of his captors, for he is permitted to escape from the scene. A hermit finds him in the forest, succours him, and takes him with him to his hut. To this pious and excellent man Simplicissimus owes his first rise in the intellectual scale; but even a hermit may have been embarrassed by the initial difficulties of the task. The first catechism of the waif begins: "Who are you?" "I am Bub."—"I see that you are no girl, but what did your father and mother call you?" "I had no father or mother."—"Who gave you this shirt, then?" "Oh, my mam."—"Well, what did your mam call you?" "She called me Bub, rascal, and gallows bird." The interrogation continues in this style, but the point of the replies often depends upon the confusion of similar sounding words, and this of course cannot be preserved in a translation. The end of it all is that Simplicissimus becomes the guest, companion, and pupil of the worthy old recluse.



Simplicissimus lived in the woods until the death of his faithful friend the hermit, to whom he was indebted not only for shelter but also for his name, for the rudiments of an education, for frugal habits, and a devout mind. His solitude was soon afterwards invaded by another band of soldiers. This time his captors were Hessians, and they carried him to the town of Hanau. He receives some ill-usage, and is in danger of more, when it is learned that the excellent hermit was a brother of the commandant of the fortress, and this discovery secures for Simplicissimus the part of Court or rather garrison jester. Outside the walls one night he is captured by a prowling band of Croats, and with them his lot is hard enough, but he again escapes and becomes a fugitive. At last he blunders into an Imperialist camp near Magdeburg. Trials and hardships have not been without effect upon his original stupidity, for his new captors treat him with respect and distrust rather than derision. He takes service under them, however, and is enrolled as a scout. From this time he begins to rise. From this point he begins to deserve the choice epithets which tender maternal love had formerly applied to him. As the "Jaeger of Soest" he is the successful leader in predatory enterprises by day or by night, and he becomes the terror of priest, matron, and peasant. But this career also comes to an end. He is captured by Swedes again and brought to Lippestadt, where on parole he enjoys a degree of liberty sufficient to make the acquaintance of an officer's daughter, and finally to marry her in circumstances which the taste of the seventeenth century permitted the author to describe with a great deal of particularity. He next appears at Cologne in search of a sum of money, the spoils of the Jaeger, which he had sent thither for safe keeping. From this ancient episcopal city he goes to Paris. A suspicious friend, "Monseigneur Canard," persuades him to the journey, and when the end of the journey is reached leads him into all sorts of dissipation, from which he issues with broken health and an empty purse. By selling an insect powder, a liniment, and other infallible preparations he works his way back across the Rhine near Strasburg.

Another term of military service follows, and his personal adventures are no less novel than those of his earlier career. His travels extend to Vienna, to Switzerland, Russia, Turkey, and Italy. His wife, for whom he always professed much affection and showed little, dies at Lippestadt, and then he marries again, and even less wisely. He meets the old peasant his supposed father, who turns out to be only his foster father, while he himself is a waif whom the calamities of war had thrown into the poor hovel of



Spessart. His real mother was a Ramsay, sister of the old hermit and of the commandant of Hanau. The virtues of his old friend seem by this discovery to have been reawakened in his memory. Since his second marriage turned out unhappily he openly renounces the world and retires to the solitude and pious meditations of a hermit, and thus completing the circle of his adventures the novel appropriately ends.

The revelation of the hero's parentage is the only artifice which mars the serenity of Grimmelshausen's art, and reduces him for a moment to the level of modern novelists. But in the manner of the revelation there is nothing sensational. The poor old foster father is gently led along into the details of the sad history; the hardened hero is moved even by the name of a mother whom he had never seen; but the reader is judiciously left to make his own reflections.

It is a surprise and a pleasure in this singular work to encounter passages in which, by anticipation or by inspiration as it were, Grimmelshausen suggests and discusses problems that even to-day are unsolved. In the first book, for example, are some acute reflections upon the undue influence of the nobles in military life. They are in the form of a discussion between half a dozen subalterns, and while one of them believes that aristocratic officers have more authority a sergeant replies: "What blockhead, then, would serve if he could not hope to be promoted for good conduct, and to be paid for true service? The Devil take such a war. It makes no difference whether a fellow does his duty or not. I have often heard of our old colonel that he would have no private in his regiment who was not inspired by the belief that through good conduct he might become a general." Is not this "old colonel" the prototype of Napoleon, with his remark about the marshal's baton that every French soldier carried in his knapsack?

There is a still more striking example of Grimmelshausen's prescient, almost prophetic, spirit. In one of his expeditions as the "Jaeger of Soest" he comes upon a poor lunatic who calls himself Jupiter, and logically enough, being Jupiter, fancies that he has supreme authority over men and gods. He has a plan for readjusting the affairs of earth, and reveals it to Simplicissimus. He first conjures up a "German hero," who shall reform and rule the whole world, abolish war, armies, and crime, heal the schisms in the Christian Church, and introduce a perpetual era of peace, virtue, piety, and freedom. Hercules shall give this hero a sound body; Venus shall endow him with beauty beyond Narcissus, Adonis, or Ganymede; Mercury shall bestow reason

upon him; Pallas shall instruct him on Parnassus; Vulcan shall forge his weapons; and all the gods and goddesses shall contribute from their qualities to his perfection. He "shall first reduce all the hostile fortresses, then banish all criminals. Peace and virtue being thus supreme, he shall travel through his dominions from one city to another; give to each the free government of its own territory; and then assemble two of the wisest men of each city in a Parliament, thus uniting the cities for ever together, and then put an end to serfdom, as well as all taxes, imposts, and other feudal tributes."

The influence of Sidney's "Arcadia," to which Grimmelshausen often alludes with affection, may indeed be seen in this passage, but its originality is nevertheless quite distinct, and, as it were, local. In point of style it is the best part of the book. The whole chapter, from which the above is only an extract, glows with a fervid and noble benevolence, and swells sometimes into an imposing eloquence, like that of Milton or Hooker. But nobody knew better than Grimmelshausen that such words could only be put into the mouth of a madman. Even in the Germany of to-day, two centuries after Grimmelshausen, the answer to such extravagant visions might be a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*.

I find in "Simplicissimus" that favourite joke upon low-necked dresses. On one occasion, while he is still the garrison fool at Hanau, the commandant tries to quiz him by demanding his opinion about the toilettes of some noble ladies, his guests, whereupon he gravely replies: "Sire, I see where the fault lies. The rascally tailor is to blame for it all; he has put at the bottom of the skirt the cloth that belonged at the top, so that it drags along behind. He ought to have his own head cut off if he cannot cut dresses better."

There is no end to the tricks of this roguish vagrant. Once he equips himself with palette and paints and passes himself for an artist, in order to study at leisure the arrangements of a church which he and his scouts wish to plunder. His account of his journey homeward from Paris to Strasburg selling quack medicines to the peasantry is as racy as the incident of the itinerant apothecary in Marryat's novel. He once piously joins an old friar in a pilgrimage to a Swiss shrine, fills his shoes with peas like his devout companion, and then prudently boils them at the first inn. To a dairymaid whom he saw cooling her butter at the spring, he cries with true Irish gallantry: "Aha, my young woman, you have cooled your butter in water with your beautiful hands, but set fire to my heart with your glowing eyes."

Simplicissimus is indeed a sorry wight; but the author, with



admirable art, endows him with certain original feelings of virtue which come out at the most novel junctures. They seem to be sometimes real, sometimes affected. But they are always striking because unexpected; and as they are grotesque in their own nature, they are made picturesque by the clever employment of surprise, in which the essence of the ludicrous is said to consist. Thus when *Simplicissimus* is shown weeping by the body of his second wife, who has died in childbirth, a sense of pity steals over the reader. But the scene is changed by the intrusion of another infant child of the bereaved widower, whose unmarried mother had just left it at his door. He deserts his first wife, and then expounds the beauties of the marital relation. He discourses most feelingly of Christian civilisation, while by his example he is daily illustrating that of Constantinople. These singular changes, these striking contrasts introduced with such consummate art, are among the most important literary features of the work. It may not be impossible to deduce from this constant struggle between spontaneous vice, encouraged by vicious times, and helpless virtue existing only in reflection, the profound moral purpose of the author.

When the remorse does really come, it is violent and final. It fills an entire chapter with its extravagant complaints, and leads the hero back to the hermit's cell. This chapter, the last in the original work, is a long and vehement arraignment of a wicked world, which is treated not as the passive scene, but rather as the active agent of all human woes, and from which he is resolved piously and for ever to depart. The poetry in some parts is of a high order, and the wealth of diction extraordinary, as a specimen or two, even in translation, will show:—

"Adieu, O! World, for in thee cannot be trusted, from thee is nothing to hope; in thy house the past is already vanished, the present vanishes under our hands, the future has never begun; the all secure falls, the all strong breaks, the all eternal comes to an end; so that thou art dead among the dead, and in a hundred years sufferest us to live not an hour."

And again:—

"Adieu, World! for in thy palace neither truth nor loyalty finds shelter. Whosoever talks with thee loses shame; who trusts thee is betrayed; who follows thee is seduced; who loves thee is paid in evil; who relies on thee most completely is most completely brought to ruin. With thee avails no gift that one may make, no service that one may extend, no loving word that one may tender, no faith that one may observe, and no friendship that one may show; but thou betrayest, overthrowest, defilest, corruptest, threaten'st, ruinest,



and forgettest everybody, therefore everybody weeps, sighs, laments, complains, and has an end." . . . .

These are only fragments of this remarkable jeremiad, and for the whole the inexhaustible vocabulary of the German language is alone adequate.

The reader will already have drawn the conclusion that "Simplicissimus" resembles in form the masterpieces of Defoe, Le Sage, and Cervantes. Like them, it narrates the adventures of a central hero without the minor characters and the dramatic intricacy which belong to the modern novel of society. Like the first, it is marked by an artistic realism which surprises and startles. Like the last two, it is a social caricature, and slightly hides a very powerful satire. And if, unlike those three, it has never obtained currency abroad one must remember that even among Germans it has long ceased to be read, except by scholars.

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## THREE EMPERORS' POLICY.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.



DIPLOMATIC wits in Moscow and St. Petersburg are as fond of phrases as their brethren in Paris and Versailles. Diplomacy is the art of juggling with words, and a true professor of the craft is never so much pleased with his work as when he thinks he has induced mankind to accept his pleasant words in lieu of other people's ugly facts. Russian statesmen are adepts in a mystery which begins in make-believe, and ends, if successful, in imposture. Just now (first week of June, 1876) they are happy in a phrase which they fancy conceals the naked truth from every one's observation save their own. They are engaged in a one-sided, perilous, and nefarious scheme. Not a single Power in Europe takes their view of the situation, or would patiently allow them to carry out their plans. So they try to "make-believe" that what they seek in Stamboul is something in the interest of other nations as well as of their own. General Ignatieff at the Golden Horn pretends to be an ambassador from Berlin and Vienna no less than from St. Petersburg. The policy he pursues in Turkey is paraded as that of three emperors, not of a military faction in Moscow or an Imperial chancery in St. Petersburg.

The phrase is no more new than the fact represented is true. Twelve or thirteen years ago the same words were on every statesman's lip and every writer's pen in France. The rulers were not the same, the policy was not the same, as now. Times change, and diplomatic fictions change. By the "three emperors," French Ministers meant Louis Napoleon, Franz Josef, and Alexander the Second. But then, as now, the policy was single, the fiction triple. A bastard Cæsar sat on the throne of Henri Quatre, and that bastard Cæsar thought himself strong enough to suggest, and even to dictate, the march to be taken by his brethren in the purple. Those were halcyon days for the bastard Cæsar. Palmerston had paid him a great compliment. "There are but three men in Europe," said the English Minister, "Cavour, Louis Napoleon, and myself." Palmerston died in that belief; just before the world was startled into full consciousness of the "manhood" of Bismarck and Moltke. Louis Napoleon believed in Palmerston and in himself.

General Ignatieff has in his portfolio a new map of Turkey. Louis Napoleon had on his writing desk a new map of Europe and a new map of America. Ignatieff is said to be bent on founding a Russian kingdom of Bulgaria, an Austrian kingdom of Albania, a Montenegro kingdom of Bosno-Servia, a Slavonic confederation of Constantinople, and a Caliphate of Roumelia. Louis Napoleon's schemes were evidently wider, and France, taking a lion's share in the enterprise, was to have had a lion's share in the spoil.

The policy then suggested as that of "the three emperors" was not only selfish, but infamous. The three Powers were to come to an understanding with each other, like the nefarious combination which destroyed Poland. England, as the chief pacific and conservative Power, was to be practically excluded from continental politics. The United States, dismembered by secession, were to be held in check by a Mexican Empire garrisoned by French troops, under the nominal sway of an Austrian prince. Teutonic ideas were to be crushed, and the Latin nations resume their ancient sway. Rome was to rule in Mexico and New Orleans, as she ruled in Paris and Vienna thirteen years ago. All this was openly avowed. The details were kept back, yet enough was made known to show the line of march. English pride was to be lowered, English territory shorn. England, the Ministers of that bastard Cæsar thought, might be cajoled into yielding Gibraltar, as she was cajoled into yielding the Ionian Islands. Her growth seemed stopped; decay had set in. Her latest annexation, that of the Punjab, was sixteen or seventeen years old. People were forgetting Waterloo, and even Inkermann. Our armies were known to be small, our fleets were thought unfit for sea. A little flummery, backed by a little menace, was thought sufficient to betray us into giving up Heligoland, and perhaps Malta. Prussia was to be driven back on the Baltic. Italy was to be kept down, Italian unity forbidden. Turkey in Europe was to be abolished. France was to choose her own time for seizing the German Rhine and occupying Belgium. Austrian ascendancy at Frankfort was to be maintained, and the Kaiser allowed to garrison Bosnia and the Principalities. Russia was free to march in her own way on Constantinople. What came of that plot? Nikolsburg—Mexico—Sedan.

Franz Josef, the prince then reigning at Vienna, was a genuine Cæsar; Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, Galicia, Lodomeria, Illyria, and Jerusalem; Grand Duke of Tuscany and Cracow; Duke of Lorraine, Salzburg, Carinthia, Styria, Cariola, Bukowina, Silesia, Modena, Parma, Plasentia,



and Guontalla; Grand Prince of Transylvania, Markgraf of Moravia, Count of Halsburg and Tyrol, and actual chief of the Germanic Bund. None of the late Caesars had enjoyed a more perfect control of every branch of administration. His deputy presided in the executive council and in the full assembly. For every purpose he was sure of a majority of votes. Bismarck, when at Frankfort as Prussian deputy, had been able to do nothing but record his vote and postpone his plans. Prussia was losing the support of all those German patriots who had been looking for deliverance towards Berlin. Austrian statesmen treated her with contempt. In a drawing-room of the Imperial palace Prince Schwartzberg had the impudence to say aloud "Il faut aviler la Prusse d'abord pour ensuite la demolir." Emile de Girardin was yelling for the "natural frontier" of France, and regiments of Zouaves were hiccuping after Alfred de Musset their intention to kiss the German girls and drink the German wines. Louis Napoleon thought the season come for bold and dangerous moves. He tempted Franz Josef into the first acts of a political partnership. Unhappily for himself, the Archduke Maximilian was seduced into the plot; accepting an Imperial crown as a successor of Iturbide and a rival of Solouque.

The Muscovite Emperor listened to such hints as came to him with profound respect and silence. He had other work just then in hand. His Emancipation Act was only two years old; his nobles were discontented, his finances were embarrassed; his army was in no condition for adventures. The rising of Anton Petrof in the province of Kasan betrayed a dangerous tendency in the lower classes towards agrarian outrage. Another rising in the name of Grand Duke Constantine warned him how much sway his deposed and dead uncle still held on the Russ imagination. The ashes of revolt were still smouldering at Warsaw. Mahommedan missionaries were busy on the Lower Volga, and the troops which could be spared from the parades of Moscow and St. Petersburg were wasting rapidly on the Kirghese steppe. He made a note for future use; but held aloof and passed unscathed. Where is the tempter? Dead, in a foreign grave. Where are the tempted? One, driven out of that Germany which he called his own; the other, shot like a dog on Mexican soil.

Unwarned by these results of a recent attempt to pass an isolated and nefarious project as the policy of three emperors, a faction in the Russian capital seems anxious to risk adventures under the same deceptive appearance of august approval. Here, again, the project is single and sectarian. France is to be ignored, Austria outwitted, Germany deceived, and *England defied*. So a plain man might infer

from Prince Gortchakoff's reported sayings in Berlin, and the accepted contents of the Berlin memorandum. But there is good reason to doubt the literal truth of the gossip lately heard from Berlin, and still more recently from Ems.

When I was in Russia every one near the Winter Palace had an impression that the reigning Tsar was fixed on preserving peace between the great Powers. He, at least, was bent on keeping out of war. If wars broke out among his neighbours his desire was to confine them within local limits and to the adversaries first engaged. He acted that part of mediator and neutraliser in the Italian war, in the Danish war, in the Austrian war, and in the French war. But for his timely counsels Prussia might have intervened in the Lombard campaign, England in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, France in the Bohemian campaign, Austria in the French campaign. The wisdom of his counsels may be open to dispute. The Duke of Cambridge may have disliked his attitude during the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and the Kaiser Franz Josef may have bitterly resented his demeanour during the first week of the campaign in France. But neither friend nor enemy of the Tsar's policy could deny that the consequence of his action was a great restriction of the area of those wars. The motive for his counsels may have been far from philanthropic. Let us assume that his motive was selfish. In politics it is safe and simple to assume that all our actions spring from selfish interests. Men seem easier to comprehend if we assume that they never say a word, never do a thing, except with personal ends in view. When the Tsar emancipated the twenty-two millions of common serfs in his dominions I heard in more than one Russian quarter that his policy was selfish. As Emperor, he owned twenty-three millions of Crown peasants—serfs under another name—and people said these peasants would be worth more roubles when their brethren had been freed. When he subsequently freed these twenty-three millions of Crown peasants from their old form of bondage people said his policy was selfish. His army had been wasted by the Crimean war, not so much from sword and shot as from heat and cold, dust and snow, bad roads, bad food, bad lodgings, and the thousand miseries which come to men in camps. The former strength had never been restored, and seemed as though it could not be restored. To lose his army was to lose his Crown. Therefore his Crown peasants were redeemed. During the Lombard and Bohemian campaigns he may have had some selfish purposes in mind. If so, they never came to light. He gained no rod of land by his benevolent neutrality. It is true he took advantage of the



weakness of France, and the estrangement of England from her former ally, to denounce "an addition" to the Treaty of Paris and to set that clause aside without first consulting the signatory Powers. That was a selfish act. It was, moreover, a mistake. Not that I think Russia was called upon to suffer under that clause for ever. The Black Sea Convention, annexed to the Treaty of Paris, forbade Russia to do such and such things within her own ports and seas. That was a penal clause; a punishment for past abuse of power; a precaution taken against her too speedy return to that abuse. But no one dreamt of making that prohibition part of the permanent public law of Europe. In a time of peace statesmen would have been ready to consider any project, reasonably framed and courteously preferred, for restoring to a friendly neighbour one of the first attributes of national sovereignty. A man who is bound in penalties to keep the peace is never bound in those penalties for life. Such a man would be a slave. Russia was bound in penalties to keep the peace, and though the term was not specified the period during which her independence was curtailed by her conquerors was not expected to last for twenty years. The restriction lasted fifteen years. Many times I have heard merchants in Rostoff, Taganrog, and Odessa mourn that loss of independence. "We cannot repair a port or widen a dock without suspicion; we are not allowed to build and arm a frigate. In Liverpool and Marseilles, in Brest and Plymouth, you Franks can do as you like without consulting foreigners." At Kertsh and Yalta, which I visited with the Tsar's aide-de-camp, General Anenkoff, I heard the same complaint from different classes. "Look at our situation," was a not unfrequent remark at Kertsh; "we are a frontier Power. Greek, Roman, Genoese, and Russ have found these Straits of Yeni-Kali the dividing line of civilised and savage life. Our nomads are at Stavropol, and on all the uplands beyond Stavropol. Yet we have to keep the peace along a line of difficult mountain coast without having a single ship of war on that coast." At Kertsh the military thought arises first, at Yalta the diplomatic thought comes first. "The position created for us by the Treaty of Paris was endurable so long as we were prostrate in the south. As we revive, the weight is found too great for us to bear. Our towns in the Sea of Azof—Mariapol, Rostoff, Taganrog, Berdiansk—are all open towns. In the Black Sea none of our forts and cities are defensible. Yalta and Theodosia are open. Rion and Soukum Kali are protected by small forts only, and Odessa has no means of silencing an ironclad ship. We have no fleet in these waters; we are prohibited



from arming a war-ship at Kinburn or Nikolaeff; yet beyond the Rumeli Hissar lies a Turkish fleet of ironclads—said to be one of the most powerful navies afloat. The situation is intolerable.” Yes; the situation was intolerable; one that could not have been imposed on England, France, or the United States for a single year. It was a moral occupation of the country by France, England, and Italy for fifteen years. When Gortchakoff denounced the clause in St. Petersburg, every Muscovite rejoiced; and when he finished the negotiation in London, every Russian felt that his country had recovered her lost independence. It is not with the fact but the method that I have serious fault to find.

Prince Gortchakoff is responsible for the proceeding which gave so much offence and had left so many bitter memories. The Russian Chancellor comes of ancient Muscovite stock; counting among his ancestors and their connections St. Vladimir and Jaroslaw the Great. Like all the old Russians, he is an odd mixture of European and Asiatic, with the manner of both continents: his bearing always that of a French gentleman, his language not unfrequently that of a Calmuck chief. Brusque words are understood by starost and peasant, and when Gortchakoff has to speak to his countrymen he never pauses to pick his words. He talks to Europe in the terms of an Imperial ukase. Few Cabinets have forgotten his tone during the Naples trouble and the Confederate war. The insolence was harmless, and was understood as diplomatic bunkum, meant to conciliate the Katkoffs and Samarins of Moscow. His behaviour when the Germans were in front of Paris, thoroughly committed to their work, was more important, though not more insolent. The day before he denounced the Black Sea Convention, Russia had innumerable friends in England; the day after his denunciation she had none. Those who had always reviled her now reviled her with enkindling fury. Those who had previously stood by her were condemned to silence. That antagonism to Russia, which is born of our belief that we must fight her on the frontiers of India if we fail to tackle her on the frontiers of Turkey, broke into fury, and the whole force of a Liberal Government had to be put out in order to restrain the popular passion. Since that date the animosity has grown. The passing fervour caused by Lord Derby's purchase of shares in the Suez Canal was owing to a public conviction that Russia had been checked and defied. Half the people in England who are burning to cross swords with the Muscovites, not caring whether the field be Turkey, Persia, or India, have had their passions fanned into flame by Prince Gortchakoff's despatch.

Yet in my opinion neither the act of denunciation nor the subsequent conduct of Russia in Turkey means a deliberate intention to provoke war—either next week or next year. No doubt there is a faction in Moscow and St. Petersburg that would hail a declaration of war against Turkey with rapture. There is a party in London and Calcutta that would hail a declaration of war against Russia with rapture. In either case the war party would find support in ignorant and fanatical multitudes. But the solid interests of both nations are against provoking an appeal to arms.

In his youth Alexander had enough of warlike adventures. He was thirty-four when his imperious father gave notice that he was going to open the Eastern Question by his famous conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour. "There is only one Power with which I need to come to an understanding—that is England. France no longer counts. Remember, when I speak for Russia, I speak also for Austria. Take Egypt and Candia: these places will suit you: no one will object." Three years after Nicholas had thus disposed of Europe he was dead of rage and disappointment, his great arsenal in the Crimea was destroyed, foreign soldiers were encamped in Russia, his fleets were sunk, his armies had disappeared. Russia was driven from the Danube, and compelled to surrender territory on the Pruth. Her independence in the Black Sea was at an end. Alexander learnt that Russia was not strong enough to march alone on Stamboul, and in the conduct of that Austria for which his father answered so readily he saw that no country, however near and dependent, was likely to assist him on that march.

Alexander Gortchakoff is an old gentleman, and persons with his legend, training, and position are not often seen to change their minds after they have passed the age of seventy. When I had last the honour of seeing Prince Gortchakoff at St. Petersburg he was past seventy. At that time he seemed to hold the opinion—which I hope he still holds, in spite of all appearances to the contrary—that there is no road open for Russia to Stamboul, even if she had any right to march in that direction and the objects to be gained by her were worth the price she would necessarily have to pay. Every one near the Winter Palace understood that this view was taken by Prince Gortchakoff's Imperial master, and that a common opinion of the Tsar and his Chancellor on the chief principles of Russian policy enabled Gortchakoff to defy such powerful rivals in the household as Count Schouvaloff and in the army as General Ignatieff. One of these rivals may perhaps succeed him when he dies; but either of them might be willing to succeed him while he lives. Accord with



the reigning Tsar on the policy of peace in Europe is Gortchakoff's main support against the claims of younger, abler, and more enterprising men. He has no motive for desiring war. Full of years, covered with decorations, satiated with prerogatives, Chancellor of the Empire, Member of the Imperial Council, Chief of the Cabinet, Chancellor of the Orders of St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Vladimir; with the right of being addressed as Serene Highness, what can he hope from fresh adventures? Nesselrode was wrecked by the Crimean war. In oriental countries defeat means fall. Gortchakoff has nothing more to gain. Every honour in the Emperor's gift he has already won. Denunciation of the Black Sea Convention made him Serene, and gave him a place in the "Almanach de Gotha." Even emperors have no more to give. Any failure would be ruin. Gortchakoff suspects his successor, and detests him as men usually do their successors. If Moltke had failed at Sadowa, Graff von Arnim might have been at the Foreign Office in Berlin, and Herr von Bismarck a broken atrabilious statesman at Varzin, retired from public life. What Arnim was to Bismarck, Ignatieff is to Gortchakoff—his servant and rival, with a chance of being his successor. On personal grounds, then, it is unlikely that Prince Gortchakoff means to open up the Eastern Question by a serious move, and with a Turkish fleet of ironclads under Hobart Pasha near at hand no move of his towards Turkish territory could be for him other than a serious move.

General Ignatieff was sent by Gortchakoff to Stamboul, very much as Arnim was sent by Bismarck to Paris. At St. Petersburg General Ignatieff was felt to be in the way. He is a wary, cynical, and ambitious man. The Tsar is fond of him. Count Schouvaloff has been sent to London for similar reasons. He too was in Prince Gortchakoff's way. Ignatieff has powerful connections in the Emperor's household, and is a personal favourite with the military coteries in the capital. Prince Gortchakoff is well aware that if the Emperor could be driven into war, Ignatieff, a popular hero, would soon be master of events. Gortchakoff would himself be nowhere. Like Menchikoff under similar circumstances, General Ignatieff, to whom every nook of Constantinople and every gun on the Bosphorus are known, would in all probability be appointed to the first command. In case of either victory or disaster Gortchakoff might count on being swept aside.

In listening to the party of aggression—which in such a matter is the party of despair—both Emperor and Chancellor must ask themselves how they are to move on Constantinople. While I write a telegram comes from Odessa saying that twenty thousand men are



ready to embark. If this report is credited Russian funds will fall. These twenty thousand men are going to either death or captivity. A Turkish ironclad fleet is riding in the Golden Horn. That fleet is stronger than the present fleet of France. It is commanded by a thorough sailor, Admiral Hobart—Captain the Hon. Augustus Hobart in the English navy list. The ironclads are English built, and most of them have English captains, who can be trusted to do their duty. With the exception of Popoff's turret-ships, of which not more than three are fit for service, Russia has not one ship-of-war to protect the transport of her troops. A word whispered from Varna or Kustenje would bring up Hobart's ironclads to Serpent Island, close to the Russian frontier, in seventeen or eighteen hours. Woe to the poor Muscovites caught at sea. Suppose they try to land? They could not hold their own a day. Of course no landing could be attempted in the presence of a Turkish fleet, nor under circumstances likely to be interrupted by a visit from that fleet. But a fleet of steamships, acting on a short line of coast and near its base of operations, would practically be at every point. The whole coast from Varna to the mouth of the Bosphorus is less than a hundred and fifty miles. When Nicholas attempted to force a way into Turkey by way of the Danube he was foiled. His positions in Wallachia were disputed by Omar Pasha, and his advance had to be turned into a defence of his own soil, which ended for his son and successor in a loss of territory. When he succeeded in a previous campaign in occupying Bulgaria he had an undisputed control of the Black Sea. He landed where he chose, confident of being able to support his troops; as the allies were afterwards in the Crimea. The utter destruction of the Russian fleet at Sebastopol has reversed the situation. Turkey is now master at sea, and while the twenty thousand hapless wretches might be under orders for Stamboul as prisoners, the ironclads would be shelling Odessa, peeping into the harbour of Sebastopol, and perhaps brushing past Yalta and Theodosia towards Kertsh. The hill-side, in the hollow of which that city lies, is now strongly fortified, but the town itself stands open to attack by sea. Such vessels as the *Mesondiyé* and the *Mendonhiyé*, handled by English officers, might hold their own against the Russian guns at Kertsh, while doing what they pleased with the small craft of Berdiansk and Rostoff and the much exposed houses of the town. The Russian army is undoubtedly strong in numbers, and in seven years from the present day will be stronger in numbers still. Yet the Russian army is not an army in the sense in which a German army is an army. In ten days Kaiser Wilhelm can

place six hundred thousand men, infantry, cavalry, artillery, with all the services, commissariat, hospital, and intelligence, in working order for the field, on either the Niemen or the Rhine. Russia could not place six hundred thousand men on the Pruth in ten months, even with the services incomplete. She cannot move her immense masses. She has no means of feeding them. When Nicholas entered Bulgaria in person he moved with a nominal force of 120,000 men; but it is doubtful whether the effective in front of his enemy ever mustered more than thirty thousand troops of all arms. Great efforts were made to increase the number, but although he was their master at sea, the invading force actually on Turkish soil never much exceeded thirty thousand men. Even in the Crimea it was impossible to keep up the necessary strength, and after the fall of Sebastopol the Russian generals saw they could not hold the field. Nothing remained for them—in spite of their million of men on paper—but retreat across the Tartar steppe; that, or an ignominious peace.

A Russian army would be formidable, even to a great Power, on the lines of Warsaw and Smolensk, Novgorod and St. Petersburg, Moscow and Jaroslaw. But at a distance from the central provinces Russia never finds herself able to dispose of strong bodies. It is doubtful whether General Kaufmann has ever had ten thousand men under his command in Central Asia. A mere handful of soldiers captured Tashkend, and the several Khanates have been entered by treachery and connivance rather than by force. Weakness at the Seraglio led to the fall of Khokand and Khiva; and the presence of stronger men than Abdul Aziz and honest men than Mahmoud at the Porte may render Muscovite influence in Bokhara less secure. Even in the Caucasus, which Russia affects to make the pivot of her military power, she has never shown herself able to dispose of a large force. During the Crimean war her forces operating in Armenia were extremely few, and only advanced some thirty miles from her own frontiers into Turkish territory.

All Russian documents are to be read between the lines; yet the military returns are probably as correct as the financial returns.

To move an army is a very expensive luxury, especially in a country without roads, with very few towns, and poor in canals and railways. The north of Russia is poorly supplied with railways and canals, even for a waste country and a semi-savage people. The centre is a little better supplied, and the south is worse than either. Ten lines of railway lead from Berlin towards the Rhine. Only one line connects St. Petersburg with the Dnieper, and not a mile of



railway helps the Russian soldier towards the Pruth. Moving by train is costly, marching by road is ruinous. Where is Russia to find the money for a war?

Nothing in the history of finance is more singular than the condition of Russian credit. The finances of Russia are as insecure as those of Turkey or Egypt. Yet the Tsar has been able to borrow at five per cent. where the Sultan and Khedive have been paying six per cent., and Russian stocks have been fetching from 90 to 98, while those of Turkey and Egypt (before the late depreciation) ruled from 60 to 80. The same general conditions govern these loans. Russia and Turkey are both despotic States, and a creditor has no more security in one than in the other. Both are oriental and autocratic; with the wasteful habit of orientals, and the disturbing whimsies of autocrats. Neither country publishes a true and simple budget. In each there is a Court used to an extravagance out of proportion to its actual wealth. In each there is a vast amount of official corruption, with an almost perfect freedom from exposure and punishment. In each there is a large annual deficit, which is met by fresh loans. The amount of public debt—floating and funded—is nearly equal for Turkey and Russia: in each a little under £200,000,000. These enormous debts have been contracted by the two countries, severally, in nearly the same period of time; that is to say, during the past twenty-five years. When the Crimean war broke out Russia owed about £12,000,000 to her foreign creditors. At that time Turkey had no foreign creditors; but the Sultan's Government probably owed about the same amount to the Armenians and Greeks of Pera. Why, then, since the loans have so much in common, are Russian stocks so much higher than those of Turkey?

Partly from illusion, partly from deception. During the Crimean war Nesselrode did two sagacious things. He paid the interest on his foreign debt, and he slackened the rules against English journals. These crafty actions cost him very little. The Russian debt being only £12,000,000 the half-yearly dividends came to no large sum, and he knew that failure in a single dividend would prevent him making another loan. English was not then read by many people in Russia outside St. Petersburg, and the people who read English journals were generals, Ministers, and secretaries, whom it was right to keep informed. Both measures were dictated by selfish motives; but the consequences have been fruitful in goodwill, even beyond Nesselrode's demands. People with money to invest, and wishing to be safe, turned to Russian stocks by preference. "Russia paid her dividends even during the Crimean



war" is a saying echoed from side to side. Investors never think of asking what the debt was, and how much the dividends were. They take the thing in block. It is an amiable "illusion," but if people like to trick themselves the Russian Government is not to blame. For the "deception" they are to blame. Russia puts out every year a document which ordinary persons take to be her budget. This paper is called a "project," and appears in year books, foreign almanacks, and other works of reference. In reality it is an Estimate, and, like a Spanish budget, always shows a *surplus*. Many persons think it true. Several years after date a paper is printed by the Finance Department professing to give the true figures, and this paper always shows a deficit. But the figures are supposed by knowing people to be as little trustworthy as the estimates. The deficit appears as something under two million pounds sterling a year. Among financial people in St. Petersburg the actual deficit is said to be ten millions a year, every copek of which must be met by new loans. When I was in Russia an exceptional opportunity came to me of learning the actual facts. I then heard that for several years past the balance of expenditure over income had been eleven millions every year. The Franco-German war brought in a new military system involving a vast amount of fresh outlay in arms, stores, and drill-stations. The deficit is not now likely to be less than twelve millions a year. The known progress of the public debt verifies these figures. No Muscovite secrecy can hide the amount of the external loans. In twenty-five years Russia has borrowed, on the average, five millions a year. She began with small sums; but she has gone forward at a rapid rate. She is now borrowing at the rate of fifteen millions a year. Can anybody in his senses think that money will ever come back from Russia to its lawful owners? As soon as men open their eyes to facts Russian credit will collapse. In case of war it is difficult to see where she could raise another loan, and without another loan she could not move a hundred thousand men.

Russia is a semi-barbarous State, and semi-barbarous States are moved by impulses unknown to countries like England, Germany, and the United States. But if, in spite of all these obstacles, men of the school of Katkoff and Ignatieff were to plunge the country into war, how are the Muscovite troops to march on Stamboul? The road by sea is closed, not only by the fortifications of the Bosphorus, but by the Turkish fleet. The road by land is closed by Roumania with her Hohenzollern prince. Austria cannot allow the Russians to advance on the Danube, neither would Germany permit the neutrality of

Roumania to be disturbed. Servia is not only a long way off, but is surrounded by jealous provinces. Montenegro is an inland ridge, without a single port. The Russian Baltic squadron cannot get into the Adriatic without having to reckon with Hobart Pasha, not to speak—as yet—of Admirals Drummond and Back. Even if the *Svetland* and *Petropaulovski* could evade the Turkish fleet, where could the Russian admiral land an auxiliary force? Austria is no less jealous in the Adriatic than on the Danube. It is as certain that Austria would repel an attempt to land at Ragusa, as that England would repel an attempt to land at Portsmouth. What road remains to a Russian general? The line from Tiflis. In Armenia Russia has a frontier running along part of Turkey. The distance from Tiflis to Constantinople is about a thousand miles. The way leads through the mountain passes of Armenia, under Ararat, and then across the burning plains of Anadol. Could Moltke and a German army fight their way along that line? They would require long preparation, enormous supply trains, and a powerfully guarded chain of posts. The march would resemble that of General Sherman from Atalanta to Charleston; with the vast additions of a foreign people, an unknown country, and an absence of rich towns. The Russians tried that road during the Crimean war. They got as far as Kars, some thirty miles from their frontier. There they stopped. The people of Anadol are Moslem in creed. They are extremely brave and pugnacious. I doubt whether any modern soldier would undertake to lead an army from Tiflis to Stamboul by way of Anadol. But imagine such a soldier in General Ignatieff; imagine the march accomplished, and the slopes of Galata reached. Opposite, on the European side, the exhausted general would see the minarets and palaces of Stamboul, with nothing between his object and himself—except two or three miles of deep water covered by an ironclad Turkish fleet.

Nothing less than a direct participation in the war by Germany could help the Russians to strike a blow. That such a participation is in the highest degree unlikely I may attempt to show another day.

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# THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

## PART V.—GILBERT.

**T**HERE came at daybreak thro' the quiet wood  
A slender shape which might have been the wraith  
Of some fair forest flower that, having bloomed  
And died, was privileged to wander o'er  
The haunts it once did love, and one who saw  
That form approaching started as a man  
Who sees some mocking spirit . . . Ethelwyn  
(For it was she) not seeing him, passed on,  
And O ! how swiftly o'er the silvered grass  
Sped those poor little feet ! He, following  
Her, came anon unto a running stream  
By which she paused, then stooped and thro' her hand  
Slowly (as one who fears) some knot-grass drew,  
Yet plucked it not. "Our trysting place," she said  
Below her breath, and sweet-faced mem'ry touched  
Some sealed chamber of that icy heart  
And made her grief more human. "Just a year,  
A year ago," she whispered, and her eyes  
Wandering around, fell on a little grove  
Of hazel nuts, all hung with diamonds  
Of grateful dew . . . "a year ago," she cried,  
Then sudden turned and saw and swerved aside  
As from a thing abhorred, but Harold stayed  
Her headlong flight, saying "Mistress, you were  
But now within my thoughts when I beheld  
You gliding thro' the wood, and following  
O'ertook you here. There be a few brief words  
I needs must utter"—but she cried "Not here !  
I charge you open not your lips to speak  
One word by here"—and so flashed from his side,  
But paused at last, and thro' the chilly morn  
Saw him approaching, and some madness wrought  
Her into sudden violence of speech  
That moved him not to wonder : well he knew  
How tures when aroused are fierce



And wild beyond the utmost limits of  
They that are strong and stormy. "Haste!" she cried,  
"Methinks your footsteps come but slowly for  
A happy, merry bridegroom . . . see you yon  
Red daybreak in the east? When once again  
It shall return 'twill shine upon our fair  
White marriage day, and I shall have your words  
Within my ears for ever, therefore hie  
These for that long to-morrow." . .

Harold said,

"Mistress, I pray that unto you a morrow  
Rosy and beautiful doth dawn indeed,  
But unto me" . . he paused, and looking up,  
Gazed at the sky, unutterably pure  
And peaceful in its coldness, "unto me  
Dawns no to-morrow, yester eve my sun  
Went down for ever,"—lifting up her eyes  
She marked the look he wore, and on her fell  
A sudden stillness as when shines athwart  
A weary storm-tossed soul, a heavenly ray  
Of God-sent peace—"to me no marriage day  
Shall come, but thro' the mist I seem to see  
You in your bridal gown and at your side  
Him that you love so well . . . Mistress, I am  
But rough and rude in speech, and seek in vain  
Some gentle fashion in the which to tell  
You how I know the sad and piteous tale  
Of your most faithful love, and nobler still  
The sacrifice you purposed; further how  
Faltering not you took within your hands  
His honour, and with never backward look  
At love's fair garden chose the sterile path  
Of duty . . . for these things my reverence  
I yield you, and in days to come shall find  
Some solace in the thought that she I loved  
Outshone all women in her excellence,  
Of heart and mind and soul." . . Ethelwyn cried,  
As one who stricken with a bitter shame  
Is goaded into speech, "O! noble heart,  
Have you no consciousness of your most great  
And cruel wrongs? Can you not find one word  
Of scorn and hatred for the treachery  
To you, for which no duteous sacrifice,

However pure in motive, could atone?"

He answered low and sadly, "No, not one."

She cried again, "On our betrothal day  
You bade me tell you truly from my heart  
If I could love you, and with cunning play  
Of words, and truth half hidden, and half dressed  
In falsehood, I betrayed your trustful heart . .  
Remembering this, can you not find one word  
To brand me with dishonour?"

And yet again he answered, "No, not one!  
Your duty did compel you . . following  
One urgent voice you could not choose but pass  
All lesser voices by—only believe  
That whatsoever you did, or what you do,  
There can be never maiden under God  
So sweet and lovely in my eyes as you.  
And now I go to work your happiness  
With Ethelred . . but unto him, your lover, speak  
No word of this or that, but leave to me  
To deal with his sad humours, for methinks  
No woman's heart or brain could comprehend  
The mood of him, who with his blood on fire  
With cross disaster and harsh stroke of Fate  
Discovers that his sole remaining good  
On earth is reft from him . . his nature is  
In wild revolt, his very love is choked  
With bitter thoughts, no adder is more deaf  
Than he to reason, but he will outwear  
This madness ere the morrow, and again  
You shall regain your fairness in his eyes." . .

Ethelwyn said,

Thro' sobs that brake the music of her voice  
To trembling pain, "All this, and this, for me,  
Unworthy that I am, but what for—Thee?"

She drooped her brow

Upon his arm as some fair sister might  
Creep to the haven of a brother's love,  
Safe and secure . . but at the gentle touch,  
Unwonted and most precious, thro' his blood  
Felt such a fiery joy, as at a breath



Undid the desperate and most sternly won  
Victory of the night, whose every hour  
Had marked the fearful conflict of a soul  
By God made noble, but with earthly flesh  
Crying for bread, and greedy of its own,  
Warring against its nobler elements ;  
And in that fierce delirium it seemed  
That heaven and earth forbade him to give up  
His darling to that other . . . should he not  
By passion, patience, rhetoric, all the arts  
That men have used, and by their potency  
Won on all women howsoever cold,  
Conquer this girl through importunity?  
But not the lying promise of his brain,  
Or hollow pleading of a cheating hope,  
Could long obscure the conscience that with clear  
And dazzling light shone on each barren plea  
And cast it out, inexorably just,  
Bating no atom of the naked truth,  
But took her heart, and gauged it by his own,  
And knew that love bred in such constancy  
Could never die. . . . So the convulsion passed  
And left him weak yet strong. "For her," he said  
Below his breath, then pale and haggard looked  
Upwards to Heaven's gate, through which the sun  
Came as a joyous bridegroom, with the clouds  
Bright hued and delicate as earthly flowers  
Thronging about his feet. "For her," . . . then took  
Her face between his hands as though it were  
Some stranger's that he was most fain to print  
Upon his memory. . . . "O ! rare lips," he said,  
"That I have never kissed, from whose sweet gates  
Have issued not one stammering word of love,  
Although I listened always . . . eyes that ne'er  
Have brightened at my coming, or grown dim  
With pain at my departure . . . tender cheeks,  
Twin lilies, that have worn but one aspect  
To all my looks and words . . . soft golden hair  
That never twined in tendrils round my neck,  
Or filled my hands with beauty. . . . Yea, all these  
That I thought mine are his ; yet no man can  
Pluck from my heart the lovely memory  
Of you, that shall endure with me in life

And death " . . . and so with tender, lingering touch  
 (Like to a man who layeth from his sight  
 Some priceless thing for ever) loosed her from  
 His hold, and turned, and passed from out her ken.

At noon there came

To Ethelred, who watched the busy hive  
 Of workers for the morrow come and go  
 Within the courtyard, Harold. Side by side  
 They sate and looked abroad, and from the lips  
 Of one fell now and then a dropping word  
 As though the precious cup of his content  
 Brimmed, yet could not o'erflow. Anon there fell  
 A silence 'twixt them, and *one* could have prayed  
 That it might last for ever; but at last  
 With iron will, and putting from his heart  
 All ruth for him he loved, "Father," he said  
 (For so would Ethelred be called of him),  
 "There runs a story in my mind to-day  
 Homely yet pitiful. Just such an one  
 As may have been, or be again for aught  
 That you or I can tell . . . 'twas of a man  
 Who in the pride of youth, and flush of strength  
 Was struck to earth by hand of Providence,  
 And in the twilight gloom that followed on  
 His glorious noon of life, there lived in him  
 A bitter, carking sorrow that to him  
 Was born no son who should in days to come  
 Uphold the honour of his father's name.  
 One child he had, a daughter; but his heart  
 Was closed to her, and thro' a term of years,  
 So long that she had from a little babe  
 Grown into maidenhood, he saw her not,  
 Nor ever spoke her name, while she, who knew  
 Naught of the hate he bore her, loved him well.  
 Father was he, and o'er that tender name  
 She mused, until it stood within her mind  
 For all that was most noble, and most great.  
 Hero was he, and every stirring deed  
 Wrought by his hand lived in her memory  
 As household daily treasures . . . till there came  
 A day when with her trembling heart astir  
 With reverence and joy she stood within  
 His presence. . . O! 'twas piteous to see



That lovely, loving child shrink back aghast  
Before the cruel harshness of his eye  
And cold and careless words . . . (Ethelred stirred  
Suddenly in his chair and turned his eyes  
Frowning on him who spoke) she knew not why  
He scorned her, but she suffered—and her heart  
Repulsed and wounded, turned with tenderness  
Redoubled, unto one who had beside  
Her grown to manhood . . . when she was a babe  
(Her mother says,) this playmate would within  
His little sturdy arms bear forth the child  
And lay her midst the cowslips, and from morn  
Till eve they were together, and one cot  
Would often hold the twain . . . so as they grew  
Their love grew also, and from day to day  
Strengthened with their young strength—till soul to soul  
Was knit so closely that the breath they drew  
Was less a part of them than their great love . . .  
My lord, my fancy doth supply the links  
Missing in this my story, but I think  
I err not when I say that she did see  
Him leaving her for battle with such fear  
As she may know who looseth from her hand  
A cherished bird, knowing that it will speed  
Where she can never follow . . . and I seem  
To see her watching thro' the weary months  
By night and day, and always on her lips  
A prayer for his return.

Upon a morn

There came a stranger to the castle gates  
Whose errand was of love. Methinks she had  
Scarce guessed it, when one came and said to her,  
'Thy cousin sleeps.' . . . She turned not pale nor wept,  
Nor gave one sign of ruthless misery,  
And from the heart of him who came to woo  
Fell down the jealous fears that had begun  
To vex it . . . but what mortal tongue shall tell  
The whirlwind of *her* heart who dared not weep  
Or raise her lamentations unto heaven,  
But was compelled to lend a favouring ear,  
To vows and love-words from the stranger's lips,  
While yet the dead from out his narrow home  
Cried for remembrance . . . thro' what fearful throes

Of anguish and convulsions of the soul  
 She passed, I know not, ere she cast aside  
 All woman's weakness, and heroic in  
 Self-sacrifice, and for her father's sake  
 Elected to give o'er her body to  
 This most abhorred union, and in time  
 Had been made wife, when from the very grave  
 (Or so it seemed) came back the lover of  
 Her happy, childish days." . . He paused and marked  
 Ethelred's restless hands that to and fro  
 Moved with uncertain grasp—" 'tis but a tale  
 Of love and common sorrow, yet methinks  
 'Tis passing sad. . . My lord, if you had been  
 The father of this girl, and accident  
 At the eleventh hour revealed to you  
 Her grand unselfish purpose, had *you* ta'en  
 At her frail woman's hands such sacrifice  
 To feed your quick ambition? Ta'en from her,  
 That tender creature, who, defenceless cast  
 Upon your mercy, did appeal to all  
 Most noble in your manhood, such a gift  
 As beggared her for ever?"

Ethelred turned,

With fierce and angry gesture, crying out  
 "I like thy story ill! Say what have I  
 To do with maiden's follies or what—thou?  
 Tell me no more, I say, it is enough,  
 And more I will not" . . here he sudden burst  
 Into harsh laughter, as a man who, moved  
 To anger by a jest that he has ta'en  
 For earnest, doth repent him of his heat.  
 But Harold said, "My lord, I must beseech  
 Your patient hearing for a little space,  
 This story hath significance of which  
 You guess not . . so, I say, the maiden did  
 Receive her treasure back. 'Twas on the eve  
 Of her abhorred nuptials . . pity her  
 When waking from that trance of ecstasy  
 She did *remember* . . nay, I pray you think  
 Of that poor way-worn soldier creeping back  
 In pain and weariness unto his home,  
 To find his true love stolen. Nay, more, he had  
 whom he loved, and *him* he found



Beyond the reach of filial tenderness  
For ever. . . Father, say, if *you* had been  
The lover that she loved not, and by chance  
Had heard the story, would not you have stood  
Aside, and though it broke your heart in twain  
Yielded her to that other?"

"No! by my soul I would not!" thundered out  
The Earl, "methinks a man who stands aside,  
And sickly smiles while his heart's flower is plucked  
By other hand, is not so fine a thing  
As . . . pitiful, a man who loves should cleave  
His way as thro' a battle-field that's rife  
With foes at every step, until he wins  
Her in the teeth of all. . . Trust me, no man  
Of stubborn stuff and faith in his own self,  
Would let his sweetheart slip, because, forsooth,  
Some puling, childish folly did obscure  
Her judgment! Think you that a woman's yea  
Or nay, should have such power to come between  
Strong men and their strong hopes? Scarcely a year  
Shall have departed, ere she has forgot  
Her love-sick follies, and have centred all  
Her aims and hopes in you . . . a woman is  
Too generous to take the bounteous gift  
Of an o'erflowing heart, and in return  
Give niggard's share of liking . . . know you not  
How oft the longing that is gratified  
Turns into loathing, and recoiling on  
Itself, is vile indeed; how longed-for things  
Turn into bitterness? . . . and he would set  
This weak fulfilment of her phantasy,  
That time will soon outwear, against the deep  
And mighty passions of two men who lose  
All, so she wins her bauble! O! I say,  
He was too thoughtful for that other, for  
Himself too careless . . . think you did he love  
Her as a man should love? And in his veins  
Ran there hot blood or water, that he could  
With such indifference give o'er his girl  
Unto his enemy, to twine about  
Him in the hearth-place, and in time become  
*Mother of his fair sons?*"

Harold cried,

“ My lord, forbear ! Nor with your subtle words,  
That swarm like cunning thieves about the lock  
Of my integrity, essay to woo  
Me unto shame of manhood . . O ! methought  
I held my passions in a leash so strong  
As naught could break ; but lo ! a few hot words  
(Those wayward instruments of good and evil,  
That wield a power more deadly than the sword  
Or poison of the asp . . that penetrate  
Beyond the common flesh, and move the soul  
To virtue or to vileness ; ay ! and have  
Turned honest men to rogues, and yet again  
Awakened in the rogue the dormant seed  
Of good that makes him honest) do in me  
Work with such violence as prove that he  
Who, deemeth that a victory once won  
Is won for ever, errs . . your speech impels  
Me to a godless licence that would seize  
The fruit for which it hungers, recking not  
Of aught save the imperative command,  
That bids it taste and fear not, whispering  
That in that joy delirious no sting  
Of memory could come ; all this, my lord,  
Your gibing breath hath done ; bethink you, if  
The man who tempts another to lay down  
His hard-won weapons, and commit himself  
Unto the base and coward lap of ease  
Is worthy of my honour ? Father, so  
I yet will call you ere I pass away  
From out your sight for ever, let me bear  
Away with me this image of the man  
Whom I have loved so fondly, that he set  
Virtue above desire, and counting all  
His hopes well lost, so he in honour kept  
His soul, did make the happiness of her  
Who strove so hard for his . . O ! never shall  
This heart contain the mem’ry that thou didst  
Fail where thy girl o’ercame !” . . .

But Ethelred

Cried with wild arms uptossed, and outspread palms  
That beat the air, “ I charge you speak no word  
Of that poor trifler, lest I lift my voice

And curse her, with a father's curse, that clings  
To flesh and bone, with a corroding rust,  
That gnaws and eats, and hath not had its fill  
When death o'ertakes her . . . such a curse, I say,  
As doth outspeed the grave and weigheth down  
The spirit unto hell. . . O! wretched bane  
Of my existence, that hath clouded o'er  
My all too bitter life, is it reserved  
To thee, to plunge me in a night of pitch  
Through which shall struggle not one dawning hope  
To gild my bleak to-morrow? Must I lose  
Through thee a thing that hath so deeply grown  
Into my heart, that in the plucking out  
My life-blood shall be squandered? O! my son,  
Thou canst not love thy father as he loves  
Thee, or thou couldst not leave him . . . Thou wouldst set  
*His* love against *her* fancy and abide  
With him thro' the long shadows that beset  
The evening of his days . . . O! deem him not  
Ignoble and insensible to good . . .  
He feels your fierce appeals, yea, and his soul  
Gives back the echo to your noble words  
Of fire and supplication . . . yet they do  
Make war against themselves, for as in you  
Some nobler attribute or fairer trait  
Of character each moment doth appear,  
It binds you closer to him and doth make  
Harder than ever, nay, impossible  
That he should bid you go" . . . sudden his voice  
Ceased, and his head sank heavily upon  
His weary breast . . . and saw he not how thro'  
The slowly opening door there softly crept  
A gentle apparition that stood mute  
Before her father's presence . . . Harold saw,  
And waved her back as one who sees a life  
Pass 'twixt a wolf and hunger, but she stood  
Fearless, and through the silence fell one word,  
"Father!" so low and musical with love  
An angel might have breathed it, but there came  
No sign, no look, no tremor unto him  
Who hearkened . . . ere its echoes died away  
(As ripples that do circle round a stone  
*Dropped in the bosom of a peaceful lake*)



She spake again, "Father, bow not thou down  
 That loved and honoured head . . . I come to thee  
 To say that whatsoe'er may be thy will  
 I am content to do it . . . but anon  
 My spirit leaped and rioted in hope,  
 And misery fell from me, but I woke  
 Ere long to consciousness how by my vow  
 I still am bound to count myself as lost  
 So I can yield you your own heart's desire . . .  
 And none save you for whom I swear this vow  
 Can loose from it . . . and if you shall bid  
 Me wed your favourite, I will obey.  
 And sir," she turned to Harold, who stood by  
 Filled with amazement, "since you loved me once  
 And bore my moods with patience, maybe you  
 Will love me yet again, a little—O!  
 No more! and bear to take me for your wife,  
 Who will be duteous, meek, and serviceable  
 Always to you . . . and though there lie a grave  
 New made, that ever yawns 'twixt thee and me,  
 Yet shall our voices cross it, and we will  
 Endure our lives.

It was not long ago  
 I hated you, and afterwards there sprang  
 A sister's love within my heart for you . . .  
 And now I do not hate—we are as two  
 Slaves to one galley chained, our common cause  
 Of grief shall make us comrades, and to us  
 Out of our barren lives shall grow the pure  
 White flower of Peace."

She ceased, and Ethelred half stirred, as though  
 He missed that lovely voice, then reared aloft  
 His brow, and harshly cried, "Thou comest here  
 To mock me! O! beware, lest I lift up  
 My voice in fearful meaning and call down  
 That which shall make thee tremble . . . Nay! 'twas well  
 Imagined that when Harold's pleas had failed  
 Thou shouldst appear with this fair-seeming tale  
 Of duteous sacrifice . . . therefore it moves  
 Me not one whit." . . . Scorning he looked at her,  
 And she looked back in silence; but her mien  
 Spake for her as no uttered words could speak,

And in that moment was revealed to him  
Her naked heart. . . He said, "Thou wouldst do this  
For one who never loved thee?" "Ay!" she said,  
"If he should bid me do it." Stretching out  
His hand, he drew her nearer, muttering,  
"My girl," . . as one who turneth o'er and o'er  
An unfamiliar word, "it was but now  
I thought to curse thee; but, 'tis strange . . 'tis strange,  
I cannot curse thee now . . what's in a voice—  
A maiden's tender voice? What in a face—  
Pale and distraught, with heavy, tearless eyes  
Like bruised violets? Yet they have worked  
Such wondrous changes in me that I seem  
To my own self not Ethelred, but one  
Who raves . . and sayest thou that thou wouldst do this  
For one who never loved thee?" "Ay!" she said,  
"For I have loved him always."

On the lips,  
Quivering and pale, he kissed her—'twas the first  
Caress . . "So cold!" he said, "and yet shouldst thou  
With heart that burns with such heroic deeds  
Be warmed as with the sun . . kiss me, my girl,  
For thou hast found a father and a friend . . .  
Henceforth love lies between us . . but for thee,  
My son, whom in the very self-same day  
That I have found a daughter I shall lose—  
What hap?" And Harold answered, "That which Heaven  
Shall send," and turned and left them.

"It is well,"

He said, "and to the vacancy I leave  
In Ethelred's strong heart this girl shall creep,  
And fill it till he doth forget how once  
He loved the stranger, and the influence  
Of filial love shall soften him until  
He merges his ambition in the peace  
Of happy home affections." . . .

Came there one  
Across the court to meet him, haggard-eyed,  
And gaunt and weary, with the comeliness  
And grace of early manhood fled away  
For ever. Yet as face to face they stood,  
This noble pair of lovers, ye had found  
It hard to choose betwixt them . . and the sun  
Shone down in bitter mockery upon

The Token of the Lily. . . Harold said,  
 "In days gone by it was my lot to do  
 You such slight service as a soldier does  
 Unto his meanest comrade, and you bare  
 Me gratitude that was too rich a gift  
 For what I did so poorly . . . nay, you swear  
 A generous vow that if in days to come  
 You could, by yielding up your heart's desire,  
 Convey me one hour's gladness, you would give  
 It freely, reckoning your loss but gain . . .  
 We knew not then how purblind, fickle Fate  
 Had woven in one knot our destinies,  
 Or how in striving for a common prize  
 One must outspeed the other. . . Sir, you loved  
 Ethelred's daughter, and I loved her too."

Gilbert cried,

"Forbear! nor make the folly of my heart  
 The theme of your cold pity (let me keep  
 The memory of my vow, my vow, lest I  
 Should smite him to the earth). Sir, since you know  
 The story from the ready lips of one  
 Who should for shame keep silence, I will charge  
 You speak no word of it, I can endure  
 My lot. Go, tell her I am well content  
 To yield her up, and so redeem my vow  
 (For she was precious *once*). . . Now are we quits!  
 No more am I indebted unto you  
 Than you to me, and we are free as air  
 To hate, and hate, and *hate*. . . O! hadst thou been  
 Not Harold, but another, I had torn  
 From out thy thievish hand the gem that thou  
 Didst from my bosom steal . . . for though she be  
 So light, methinks you must have wooed her long  
 With dexterous wile of an illicit voice,  
 Ere she did smile upon you"—

Harold said,

"If to be light is to be modest as  
 The daisy that with modest eye looks up  
 Ever to Heaven, then is she light indeed;  
 If to be fair and soillless as the snow  
 That on God's hills lies spotless evermore  
 Is to be light, then is she light indeed,  
 And there is not one woman upon earth  
 That man shall reckon pure."



But Gilbert said,

"This obstinate belief doth but confirm  
My thoughts of her . . she is most skilful in  
Her falseness . . yet I do befoul myself  
By touching on her frailties unto one  
Who shall become her husband. . . Sir, forget  
My words, they are but folly, born and bred  
Of jealousy and spleen . . nay, deem me that  
Vile thing, a slanderer, that would dim o'er  
The face of Heaven itself. . . I trust that long  
You may retain your exquisite belief  
In *her*. . . Sir, I can smile. You will perceive  
My heart is not yet broke, and I shall live  
To see your happiness."

So passed he on,

But Harold caught and stayed him, crying out,  
"O ! blind, blind, blind ! an angel's voice from Heaven  
Were powerless to move thy stubborn heart !  
Know that this girl doth in her constancy  
Beggar all faithful women that have loved  
Since was the world begun . . loathing she gave  
Her word to be my wife, compelled thereto  
By duty . . of the violence she did  
To memory and love, and those sweet ties  
That bound her heart as surely to you dead  
As living, 'tis for you to guess, not mine  
To tell, and since she never loved but you,  
Nor ever brooked from me one touch of lips  
Or privilege of 'trothal, but was cold  
As death to all my pleadings, pray you now  
Restore her to that eminence from which  
She hath but newly fallen, and believe  
That though you were as poor as one who begged  
His bread from door to door, possessing her  
You would be rich indeed."

As one who sudden hears

Tidings of such great gladness that his brain  
Totters beneath their weight, and cannot grasp  
Their full and glorious meaning, Gilbert stood  
Silent a space, then bowed his head and cried :  
"O ! noble friend that I have outraged !  
O ! noble heart that by its purity  
Makes black indeed this bitter heart of mine !  
*O ! man who makest thy fair life but one*

Long roll of splendid deeds for which thou tak'st  
 No thanks, but strow'st thy diamonds as men  
 Of common mould their pebbles . . hurl on me  
 The lightnings of your scorn, and by thy wrath,  
 Earthly and passionate, bridge o'er the gulf  
 That yawns 'twixt thee and me . . pray you put on  
 Your soul some meaner dress, so shall I feel  
 Less worthless in your presence. O! I am  
 In my own eyes most vile, contemptible—  
 A very scorn of manhood . . and to *her*  
 I have been—what? Sir, think you that she *can*  
 Forgive me? But you know not how upon  
 That lovely head I poured my cruel words  
 Until she shrank beneath them . . I did heap  
 Insults upon her that do turn my blood  
 To fire, remembering . . O! fair and pure  
 And faithful sweetheart, have I driven you  
 Away from me for ever?"

Harold said,

"Her love ye cannot break—it doth endure  
 For ever. Be ye tender with her, ne'er  
 Wounding that faithful heart with chills and heats  
 Of jealousy . . there be two kinds of love—  
 The one that asketh joy for its own self,  
 And reckons all a woman's sweetness but  
 As made to minister to its delight;  
 And one that doth desire the happiness  
 Of what it loves, and merges its own self  
 In her well-being . . do with her this last,  
 And my life's sorrow shall not be in vain."

\* \* \* \* \*


And when the land was gay and beautiful  
 With summer's fuller richness, Ethelwyn  
 Was wed, and from a distant land there came  
 A marriage gift that was less costly than  
 The few brief words that bound it . . And there dwelt  
 With husband and with wife a memory;  
 And in three hearts there blossomed as a flower,  
 Immortal, Harold's name . . . And shrouded in  
 Their loves, he ever seemed to be a part  
 Of their existence, and from year to year  
 They spake of his home-coming . . . But he came  
 Never again—they saw his face no more.

THE END.



# THE REVOLUTION AT DOLMA-BACDJÉ.

BY CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

 GREAT misfortune has been averted during these few weeks. It is indeed the occasion to say with Pascal that portentous events depend on infinitesimal causes. War was brooding over Europe, a few more days and the die was cast, but for the plot of three Turkish statesmen, who probably were not quite aware that the fate of nations depended upon their action. One memorable night they meet, and decide that the reign of Abdul Aziz shall not last twenty-four hours longer; they draw from a cellar a trembling man who thinks that the dagger is nearer to his heart than the crown to his head; with a facility due to the latent abhorrence kindled in every heart for a corrupt and degraded Sovereign they lay hands on the doomed Sultan, invest his successor, and are greeted by the acclamations of the whole of Stamboul. The new Padishah, bewildered and still hesitating between fear and joy, makes his obeisance to his loving subjects—his loving subjects, as is commonly the case in such occurrences, regarding him as a phenomenon of virtue and a marvellous compound of various abilities; and the Turkish Empire hails his advent as the welcome omen of regeneration and serious reform. All this, including the doubtful suicide of the wretched Abdul Aziz, has been most anti-oriental; as such it may be considered by the friends of Turkey as a first token of national reformation. But it is not only the *question d'orient* which is anomalous; the Ottoman Empire teems with anomalies, and the Turk is as much of a puzzle as the existence of his country. He caresses English merchants and French levantines (as the talented correspondent of the *Times* informs us) while he cuts the throats of a Frenchman and an Englishman at Salonica, with no other obvious purpose than a kind of artistic pleasure in performing the operation. He loves us when we open our purse to his ready hand, strokes us when we provide good soldiers and sturdy ships for his protection, is lavish of promises on behalf of Christian sufferers, and, in fine, is charming, pliant, and compromising, when he needs our support and money; but when both have been generously tendered the good-old Turk withdraws the mask and calmly resumes



his former manners and ways. When he comes to us he drinks wine with us, jokes agreeably upon his religion, affects to think that between his worship and ours there is but the difference of name and symbols. How marvellously different from what he is at home ! His European friends could hardly identify him. Perhaps they might begin to think, then, that the most pronounced type of unprogressiveness is that which can assume the appearance of enlightenment and progress only to defeat the ends of progress and enlightenment.

The late Sultan's incapacity defied all efforts at progress on the part of Turkish statesmen, whilst his unscrupulous avarice forbade all hope of re-establishing an equilibrium in the public finances, and so late as six months ago there was hardly a person in Constantinople who would not have hailed with joy even the crime of a common murderer. At present we are promised new things. Plunder, faithlessness, dilapidation, cruelty to subjects of Christian religion, arbitrary government, and vexatious exactions are to be misdeeds of the past, resolutely eschewed by the future ; the Sovereign's civil list is to be reduced to reasonable proportions ; the Sovereign himself shall be a semi-constitutional monarch, and the Grand Vizier a responsible Minister ; the private wealth of the late Abdul Aziz is to be applied to national purposes ; Christians and Mussulmans shall be equal in rights—in fact, all the reforms, and much more, that have been urged by European Powers during the last quarter of a century shall soon be conceded *en bloc*, and Turkey shall, in the very best sense of the word, cease to be Turkey. The guarantees offered in favour of this felicitous prospect are certainly considerable, and if Turkey cannot extricate herself from her difficulties by the agency of her present rulers there seems very little likelihood of her ever doing so at all.

Of all Ottoman statesmen Midhat Pasha, the present Turkish king-maker, is assuredly the ablest, most liberal, and most trustworthy. This eulogium of the man who seems destined to carry out what beneficial reforms are to be enacted in the empire would be of little value were it based on a comparison with his fellow statesmen, amongst whom there is but too scanty a meed of honesty and talent. Midhat Pasha, however, is a man who deserves to rank with the flower of European statesmanship ; and of his sincere wish to introduce a new liberal era he never lost an occasion of giving proofs during the last years of the reign of Abdul Aziz. It is he who promises to Europe a new phase in the history of his country, and had he his own way there is little doubt that he would carry out his programme with

the same celerity and vigour with which he helped to dethrone the late Sultan. Nor is the disposition of the new Sovereign calculated to diminish the sanguine expectations raised by the accession of this sensible man to the leadership of public affairs. Sultan Murad has been extolled to the skies; he has been endowed by public chronicles with all the qualities in which his uncle was conspicuously deficient. Making due allowance for the exaggeration of praise ordinarily lavished on a new monarch, especially when his predecessor happens to have been anything but meritorious, it is a notorious fact amongst those who were privileged to approach him when his life, as heir apparent, was in constant peril, that if he is not gifted with any ability worthy of note, he is of a mild, tractable nature which, if it remain under auspicious influence, is not likely to impede the efforts of his advisers. Sultan Murad is, then, likely to be little more than what he is now—a tool in the hands of those who have placed him in his present exalted position; and as the hands are honest there seems no reason why the Ottoman Empire should not quietly engage in the course which is as yet shaped out for it in theory. Great things can be done with a Sultan like Murad and a Prime Minister like Midhat Pasha, and from the moment that the rulers of the State are clever and well-meaning the grave financial and other internal difficulties through which Turkey has been brought to the brink of the grave can be disposed of with comparative ease. Other countries before Turkey have been in a similar plight, and although they had not, like Turkey, rich and untouched mineral wealth, they recovered the way to prosperity.

But this, needless to say, is only one side of the picture, and the other side is an ugly one to look at. To reform, to reconstruct appears fine enough in theory, and very pretty on paper; but no more than a nation can go to ruin between one day and another can it regain prosperity in a few months. The case of Turkey, besides, is singularly complex. It is not merely a reform of government that Midhat Pasha promises: it is a change of manners, views, and customs; and that I hold to be impossible, as I shall endeavour to show presently. Meanwhile, to reply to minor objections is unfortunately but too easy, and whoever is acquainted with the Turks cannot but corroborate what I allege. True, bankruptcy has failed to dissolve nations; but the countries that suffered from pecuniary want were not composed of such heterogeneous elements as those which constitute the Turkish Empire; violent insurrections have broken out in other lands before, but both parties belonged to the same race, and the land they occupied was not one held by



comparatively recent conquest. To whatever extent they recovered, afflicted nations yearned not to separate, but stuck faster than ever to their nationality. Patriotism was the sovereign remedy for all national evils, and that public virtue, the surest safeguard against dissolution, cannot be said to exist in the Turkish Empire. What other national quality can be found amongst the Osmanlis as a substitute for this connecting link? Jealousy of the national honour? Integrity of the public service? High moral standard of the masses? Few will venture seriously to pretend that any one of these exists among the Turks. Yet there is one point upon which they are all alike, and most unlikely to recede from: religious fanaticism—that is the very cause of their dissolution: the feeling which has led them to oppress beyond all bounds, and thereby excite to revolt, which has left them in almost as dark a state of intellectual culture as when they first crossed the Bosphorus.

## II.

The fact that there exists little or no patriotism in the ranks of the Turks, as a body comprising both Christians and Mussulmans, has nothing surprising in itself. Patriotism cannot exist when the interests and bent of the groups that compose the people are widely different. Turks consider Christian subjects of the empire as something like hens with golden eggs, and Christians look upon the Turk as a tyrant and a usurper. But one small class of the Turkish community has put its pride into its pocket to form an alliance with the Mussulmans. The Armenians, being considerably more cultivated than the remainder of the population, have succeeded in rendering themselves indispensable to the Turks. They have filled the public offices, and although none of them have risen to a higher station than Under Secretary of State, or Foreign Minister, still they have pulled the strings of public business and managed to accuperate powerful influence. I will not enter into the question whether they were justified or not in using this influence for their own benefit instead of giving the State the full benefit of their talents. Anyhow they enriched themselves at its expense, and were powerfully instrumental in provoking the hopeless confusion and open plunder which prevailed in the Turkish Administration up to the last day of the reign of Abdul Aziz. Even this minor category of Christians cannot, then, be considered friendly to Mussulmans; their hostility has only assumed a peculiar way of manifesting itself. On the other hand, religious fanaticism on the part of the followers of Mahomet has bred almost equal religious animosity on the side of other Christian subjects of the Crescent.



They hate the Turks fully as much as the Turks hate them, and their feelings run so high that I believe it will be with regret that the insurgents will receive concessions which may compel them by their satisfactory nature to lay down their arms. Had they not stained their cause with acts of sanguinary reprisals, which no amount of violence could justify, their cause would have deserved the fullest extent of European sympathy. As it is, animosity of race has passed into their blood, and will not leave it until they have obtained a total separation from the main country. They may be induced to leave the field for awhile, but their pacification can be little more than a temporary truce. They have held their own against the Porte, they have tested their powers of resistance, and sooner or later they will again have recourse to arms, not to vindicate rights which may have been granted them, but to claim the independence held by their brothers of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro. Their feelings are natural enough. Contiguous to their land of abode they behold men of their race and religion who enjoy the boon of free government; this liberty has been wrenched from the Turk; why should they not struggle with the same fortune? This will rankle in their minds until they have realised their object, or are no more. Thus, it may be safely affirmed that were governors of *vilayets*, petty governors, and other myrmidons of the Administration to abstain from their traditional practices of extortion, were the Porte to become the ideal type of a Constitutional Government—were even the followers of the Prophet to forsake the mosque for the church, Bosnia and Herzegovina would not relent; and if Midhat Pasha or anybody else hopes to patch over the feud and amalgamate Mussulmans, who prefer death to a violation of their rites, and Christians, who prefer the hardships and cruelties of a war to the knife to the acceptance of the supremacy of Islamism, he is the most sanguine statesman who has appeared in the world for some time.

So much for the homogeneity of European Turkey, and the dispositions of Christian subjects towards the lords of the land. Apart from all these grave considerations, the aptitude of the Mussulman population for the requirements of modern civilisation has yet to be considered. I have said that I regard Midhat Pasha's project for such a reform as he meditates as wholly unfeasible, because it entails a revolution in the customs of Moslems—not in their form of worship but in their ways of thinking, in their manner of living—which would leave them of their nationality but the name. Dr. Freeman has rightly remarked that the practices of the Turk are so inherent to his creed that when he should give them up he would no

longer be a Turk. To perceive the utter unlikelihood of Turks adopting a European mode of government, or eschewing the formal dictates of their religion for Western ways and ideas, it is sufficient to imagine a Western nation accepting the truth of the Koran, and putting its moral precepts into practice. I do not pretend to say that the Turkish religion excludes virtue: indeed qualities are to be found among the Turks whereof the Christians of the empire are devoid; but Islamism devised for the oriental nature is altogether antagonistic with modern advance, were it only because such as it was framed such it exists nowadays in its integrity. True to the spirit of their belief, Mahommedans have remained precisely at the stage of civilisation attained by them when they came into Europe; and naturally so, since their religion forbade further progress. The truth is, the Turk, as his history sufficiently shows, was destined to be no more than a nomad out of his Asiatic cradle: he has been encamped and is still camping on European soil. During his long occupation he has entirely failed to adapt himself to the mode of existence of his new sphere; his religious fatalism has led him to ignore the extent of his own resources, and if he has not been ejected from his conquered territory it is only because his disappearance would have led to grave Continental complications. In vain will it be urged that the recent revolution of the Softas, and the subsequent fall of Abdul Aziz, prove a tendency on the part of the population to inaugurate a new era: the revolution was little more than a palace intrigue, and if Midhat Pasha and his two colleagues had not taken upon themselves the overthrow of the late Sultan, he might have continued to live and reign his time. Taken in its most favourable light, the conspirators satisfied the secret yearnings of the country, and Turkey rid itself of a detested Sovereign. But surely it was not because Abdul Aziz was opposed to the introduction of liberal ideas and reforms that his subjects hated him; it was not on behalf of the constitutional schemes of Midhat Pasha that they hailed his overthrow. Abdul Aziz was a fool, a brute, and a glutton: his subjects considered that he was leading them to ruin; but their hostility was never caused by the thought that he was too strictly an adherent to old Turkish ideas.

To commence the promised work of regeneration the advanced Turkish party has, therefore, to reform the aspirations and innate nature of Mussulmans, to instil into their hearts feelings of fraternity towards their Christian fellow subjects; in short, to accomplish what centuries of contact with Europe has failed to do. As far as reconstruction is concerned it has to break up the present Adminis-



tration of the country and frame another in its stead, to dismiss rascally or swindling functionaries, and find honest and clever men to minister its golden promises. A mighty task indeed! There can be no great difficulty in dissolving the machinery of Turkish functionarism, since, in its actual state of chaos, it can be hardly said to exist. Hitherto it has been a species of limited company of robbery. But to reconstruct a new system of Administration is not so smoothly done. The work implies the existence of two classes of men—of talented men and honest men. Now, without offence to the respected statesman whose capacity and sterling intentions are generally notorious, it may be alleged that in the higher sphere of Turkish society the one class is as thin as the other. I know not what phoenixes or dullards the actual generation will bring forth, but looking around for those who are able to contribute to the promised wonders, I do not find them. The rule of Abdul Aziz has obviously been fatal both to the intelligence and honesty of the upper sphere of his subjects; the late Sultan's system of favouritism and brutal tyranny seems to have dulled the senses of those who might be designated to occupy high functions; and as to honesty, Abdul Aziz's reign was that of pillage. The Sovereign robbed the public treasury; his servants were prompt in following the wholesome example, and robbed also, although on a more modest scale. No account was demanded of the local action of the different provincial governors, provided they sent in to the treasury a heavy sum of money—and he who supplied the heaviest was the most favoured by the master—the generous governor probably being the one who had distributed the most liberal allowance of bastinado in order to extort their pence from the poor slaves of the land. As a matter of course these irresponsible functionaries, who cared little whether the cries of the tortured populace reached Stamboul provided they had gold to atone for barbarity, hoarded up on their own account by the same means. How far they succeeded in amassing a comfortable capital can be verified along the Bosphorus, whose fair shores are studded with sumptuous palaces. How much bastinado these beautiful residences represent it would be folly to calculate. Those who held office in the capital of the Sublime Empire were but just a degree above their provincial compeers—indolent, corruptible, obtuse. This class cannot continue to hold public trust. By whom, then, shall they be replaced? There may be some honest and well-meaning men, but whose capacity is unequal to their good intentions; there may be, too, some able men, but the chance is that they are dishonest. As may be *seen*, the case is somewhat hopeless.



Old Turks are too infatuated with ideas two or three hundred years old to lend a ready hand to the liberal reform; and young Turks, who have had the privilege of European education, are unfit for such serious work. Curiously enough it has been found by Levantines and casual visitors that this modern-bred category is considerably inferior in moral worth to Turks of wholly oriental education. They would seem to acquire, in the close contact with Europeans, most of their vices without any of their good qualities, and to lose their native virtues. This, again, argues poorly on behalf of the future. These facts, of course, Midhat Pasha and his friends will not admit, though at the bottom of their hearts they are only too conscious of their accuracy: they will deny the dearth of talent which afflicts Turkey; they will lay everything to the account of the last reign. Let them prove their position by facts. Unfortunately for their country they cannot, as events will soon demonstrate. They are not even certain of the power and independence they require in order to set to work. Sultan Murad is kindly disposed and open to persuasion; as far as we know, so was his predecessor when he came to the throne. The Sovereign has to-day the very best of advice—granted; but to-morrow his counsellors may be dismissed: flatterers and ambitious plotters may sap the ground under the Grand Vizier's feet. The Imperial *entourage* at Dolma-Bacdjé has ever been a hotbed of petty conspiracy and unbridled cupidity, and if a monarch of Murad's disposition is likely to remain under the salutary patronage of the wisest of Turkish statesmen, there are nearly equal chances that he will succumb to the ambushes of the craftiest of Turkish courtiers. Is not Hussein-Avni, who was not one of the least peccant of Grand Viziers under the preceding reign, albeit he has just helped in the disgrace of his former master, one of the magnates of the new Government?

To these remarks on the immediate obstacles which arise to a serious and permanent change of the *status quo* in Turkish affairs, I will only add a few words concerning the financial position of the country. It is now known that the private fortune of Abdul Aziz is much smaller than was anticipated; and although it is to become national property it need hardly be said that with Turkey's enormous liabilities it is a mere sop to Cerberus. It was within the resources of Turkey to pay off the interests and capital of her first three loans; but the administration of the Porte was so hopelessly defective that loan after loan had to be contracted, chiefly to pay the interests of preceding liabilities. The inland revenues of Turkey are at present unable to meet the engagement taken on the 6th October, 1875, and

also the expenses of the State. Years and years of careful administration could hardly restore the balance of her budget, and credulous as European finance has shown itself in furnishing the empire with the means of sustenance, it can scarcely be hoped that it will again send its gold into the East.

Such are the main difficulties Turkey has to struggle with from within: debased state of public mind, partial bankruptcy, civil war, division of territory; some of which evils might be remediable but for the peculiar nature of the people amongst whom they have arisen, and the heterogeneous compound of nationality and creed in which consists the real obstacle to the permanent prosperity of the Ottoman Empire. Beyond its frontiers it has still to cope with standing dangers.

### III.

In brief, the revolution which has so opportunely arrested an imminent rupture of the peace of Europe has manifestly been the happiest occurrence Turkey could expect in present circumstances. It enables the new Government of the Porte to resist the encroachments of a neighbouring Power and to contract a new lease of existence under the protection of friendly States. It arrests the plottings of that crafty diplomatist General Ignatieff, and defeats the policy of Russia for some time to come; but beyond this I see no material change in the position of Turkey. The Turks must at one time or another, though at what time it is difficult to assign, leave Europe and return to their possessions in Asia: this is a fatal event which even the friends of the Porte consider certain. The interest of England, Austria, and France is to retard this retreat as long as possible. The revolution at Dolma-Bacdjé powerfully helps towards the pursuance of this policy. Beyond this the change signifies little. Revolt will continue to brew in Herzegovina and Bosnia, Turks will continue to be Turks, and Mussulmans and Levantine Christians will continue to execrate each other as long as they form a single nation. Such animosity is imperishable. Midhat Pasha, or whoever follows in his steps, will be arrested in his broad minded scheme by the insurmountable barrier the worship of Mahomet raises between Western civilisation and the immutable precepts of Fatalism. This portion of his self-assigned task is not to be realised by him or anybody else: the vicissitudes of his minor object are sufficient in themselves to try the ability of any living statesman. All the elements needed by the new Government are wanting: it lacks men and money, *esprit de corps*, and patriotism; it is now supported by general approbation, but



hostility will soon increase the arduousness of the task, for if all are made glad by this deliverance from the wretched rule of Abdul Aziz, many—in all likelihood the majority—are not prepared to sanction the transformation of the form of government consecrated by creed and tradition. A few months will show us of what progress Turkey is capable. At all events it is to some extent consoling to those who regard with alarm the extension of Russian influence to know that in the Levant it is provisionally brought to a standstill. It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that Russia is induced, by the deposition of a monarch who played so well into her hands, to renounce her hopes to establish a protectorate which would give her all the advantages entailed by the possession of the Bosphorus without the inconveniences of various kinds incumbent on a formal annexation. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg knows well that the dissolution of Turkey is only an affair of time, and that if it can secure the co-operation of a great central Power the chances are in its favour. This time Russian hopes are adjourned, so is the final settlement of the fate of Turkey: but it is only a truce to the storm.

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# RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## PART XII.—LEIGH HUNT AND HIS LETTERS.

(Continued.)

Stonehouse, near Plymouth, March 26th, 1822.

EAR MARY NOVELLO,—Your last letter was a great disappointment to me, but I have been so accustomed to disappointments of late, that I looked out for the pleasant points it contained to console me, and for these I am very thankful. I should have written before, but I have been both ill and rakish, which is a very bad way of making oneself better; at least anywhere but in old places with old friends, and there it does not always do. Remember me affectionately to the Lambs. There are no Lambs here, nor Martin Burneys neither; "though by your smiling you don't seem to think so." Smile as you may, I find I cannot comfortably give up anybody whom I have been accustomed to associate with the idea of friends in London; and besides, there are some men, like Collins's music, "by distance made more sweet;" which is a sentiment I beg you will not turn to ill account. How cheerful I find myself getting, when fancying myself in Percy Street! I hope Mr. Clarke will find himself quite healthy again in Somersetshire. He ought to be so, considering the prudence, and the good nature, and the stout legs, and the pleasant little *bookeries* which he carries about with him; but then he must renounce those devils and all their works, the cheesemonger and pie-man. Perhaps he has; but his complexion is like mine, and I remember what a world of backsliding and nightmare I went through before I could deliver myself from the crumbling *un-crumblingness* of Cheshire cheese, and that profound attraction, the under crust of a veal or mutton pie. . . .

It is kind of you to tell me of the gratification which Mr. Holmes says I have been the means of giving him. Tell him I hope to give him more with my crotchets before I die, and receive as much from *his* crotchets. How much pleasure have you all given me! And this reminds me that I must talk a little to Novello; so no more at present, dear black-headed, good-hearted, wilful woman, from yours most sincerely,  
L. H.

The next two letters explain themselves:—

To V. N. and M. S. N.

Genoa, June 17th, 1822.

AMICI VERI E COSTANTI,—Miss Kent will have told you the



reason why I did not write on Saturday. The boatman was waiting to snatch the letters out of my hand; and besides hers, I was compelled to write three—one to my brother John, one to Mr. Shelley, and another to Lord B.—Neither can I undertake to write you a long letter at present, and I must communicate with my other friends by driblets, one after the other; for my head is yet very tender, though I promise to get more health, and you know I have a great deal of writing to think about and to do. Be good enough therefore to show this letter to the Gliddons, the Lambs, Mr. Coulson, and Mr. Hogg, whom I also request to show you theirs, or such parts of them as contain news of Italy and nothing private. Need I add, that of whatever length my letters may be, my heart is still the same towards you? I wish you could know how often we have thought and talked of you. You know my taste for travelling. I should like to take all my friends with me, like an Arabian caravan. Fond as I am of home, my home is dog-like, in the persons—not cat-like, in the place; and I should desire no better Paradise, to all eternity, than gipsysing with those I love all over the world. But I must tell you news, instead of *olds*. I wrote the preceding page, seated upon some boxes on deck, surrounded by the shipping and beautiful houses of Genoa; an awning over my head, a fine air in my face, and only comfortably warm, though the natives themselves are complaining of the heat. (I have not forgotten, by the bye, that your family, Novello, came from Piedmont, so that I am nearer to your old original country, and to England too, than I was two or three weeks ago.) I was called down from deck to Mrs. Hunt, who is very weak; a winter passage would certainly have killed her. The *Placidia* had a long passage for winter with rough winds; and even the agitations of summer travelling are almost too much for my wife; nor has that miserable spitting of blood ceased at all. But we hope much from rest at Pisa. As for the *Fane*, she encountered a violent storm in the Gulf of Lyons which laid her on her side, and did her great injury. Only think—as the young ladies say. Captain Whitney was destined after all to *land nre* in Italy, for the *Fane* is here, and he accompanied me yesterday evening when I first went on shore. I found him a capital *cicerone*, and he seemed pleased to perform the office. My sensations on first touching the shore, I cannot express to you. Genoa is truly *la superba*. Imagine a dozen Hampsteads one over the other, intermingled with trees, rock, and white streets, houses, and palaces. The harbour lies at the foot in a semicircle, with a quay full of good houses and public buildings. Bathers, both male and female, are constantly going by our vessel of a morning in boats with awnings, both to a floating bath, and to swim (*i.e.*, the male) in the open sea. They return dressing themselves as they go, with an indelicacy, or else delicacy, very startling to us Papalengis. The ladies think it judicious to conceal their absolute ribs; but a man (whether gentleman or not I cannot say) makes nothing of putting on his shirt, as he returns! or even of alfrescoing it without one, as he goes; and people, great and small, are swimming about us in all directions. The servant, a jolly Plymouth damsel (for Elizabeth was afraid to go on) thinks it necessary

to let us know that she takes no manner of interest in such spectacles. I had not gone through a street or two on shore before I had the luck to meet a religious procession, the last this season. Good God! what a thing! It consisted, *imprimis*, of soldiers; secondly, of John the Baptist, four years of age, in a sheepskin; thirdly, of the Virgin, five or six ditto, with a crown on her head, led by two ladies; fourthly, friars—the young ones (with some fine faces among them) looking as if they were in earnest, and rather melancholy—the others apparently getting worldly, sceptical, and laughing in proportion as they grew old; fifthly, a painting of St. Antonio; sixthly, monks with hideous black cowls all over their faces, with holes to look through; seventhly, a crucifix as large as life, well done (indeed, every work of art here has an *air* of that sort if nothing else); eighthly, more friars, holding large wax-lights, the ends of which were supported, or rather pulled down, by the raggedest and dirtiest boys in the city, who collect the dropping wax in paper and sell it for its virtues; ninthly, music, with violins; tenthly and lastly, a large piece of waxwork, carried on a bier by a large number of friars, who were occasionally encouraged by others to trot stoutly (for a shuffling trot is their pace), and representing St. Antonio paying homage to the Virgin, both as large as life, surrounded with lights and artificial flowers, and seated on wax clouds and cherubim. It would have made me melancholy had not the novelty of everything and the enormous quantity of women of all ranks diverted my thoughts. The women are in general very plain, and the men too, though less so; but when you do meet with fine faces, they are fine indeed; and the ladies are apt to have a shape and air very consoling for the want of better features. But my trembling hands, as well as the paper, tell me that I must leave off, and that I have gone, like Gilpin, "farther than I intended." God bless you, dear friends. La Sposa and you must get me up a good long letter. My wife sends her best remembrances. Your ever affectionate friend,

L. H.

To V. N. and M. S. N. (By favour of Mrs. Williams.)

Pisa, September 9th, 1822.

DEAR, KIND FRIENDS,—The lady who brings you this is the widow of Lieutenant Williams. You know the dreadful calamity we have sustained here—an unspeakable one to me as well as to her; but we are on every account obliged and bound to be as patient as possible under it. The nature of the friends we have lost at once demands it and renders it hard. I have reason to be thankful that I have suffered so much in my life, since the habit renders endurance more tolerable in the present instance. Think of me as of one going on altogether very well and who still finds a reason in everything for reposing on those who love him.

Mrs. Williams wishes to know you, and from what I have seen and heard of her is worthy to do so. My departed friend had a great regard for her. She is said to be an elegant musician, but she has not had the heart to touch an instrument since I have known her. Distance and other scenes will doubtless show her the necessity of



breaking through this tender dread. There is something peculiar in her history which she will one day perhaps inform you of, but I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose it, though it does her honour. When she relates it, you will do justice to my reasons for keeping silence. I envy her the sight of you, the hearing of the piano, the sharing of your sofa, the bookcase on the right-hand, the stares of my young old acquaintances, etc. But I still hope to see the best part of these movables in Italy. I dare not dwell upon the break-up that was given here to all the delights I had anticipated. Lord B. is very kind, and I *may* possibly find a new acquaintance or two that will be pleasant; but what can fill up the place that such a man as S. occupied in my heart? Thank God it has places still occupied by other friends or it would be well content to break at once against the hardness of this toiling world. But let me hold on. It is a good world still while it is capable of producing such friends. I must also tell you, to comfort you for all this dreary talking, that we have abundance of materials for our new work, the last packet for the first number of which goes to England this week.

I can also work in this climate better than in England, and my brother and I are such correspondents again as we ought to be. This is much. My wife also is much better, and I hear good accounts of her sister and other dear friends. I had heard of the Lambs and their ultra-voyages, with what pleasure at first and with what melancholy at last you may guess. Remember me to all the kind friends who send me *their* remembrances—Mr. Clarke, Mr. Holmes, and particularly the Gliddons, whom I recollect with a tenderness which they will give me credit for when they see—what they shall see, to wit, the letter which accompanies the present one, and which I beg you will give them.

The work will very speedily be out now, entirely made up by Lord B., dear S., and myself. I refer you to it for some account of Pisa.

God bless you. A kiss for you, Mary, and a shake of the hand for you, Vincent.—Your affectionate friend,

L. H.

P.S.—We drank Novello's health on his birthday. Be sure that we always drink healths on birthdays.

The next seven are still from Italy, the concluding one showing how strong was his yearning to be back in dear old England.

To V. N. (By favour of Mrs. Shelley.)

Albaro, July 24th, 1823.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter brings you this letter. I know you would receive her with all your kindness and respect for that designation alone; but there are a hundred other reasons why you will do so, including her own extraordinary talents (which, at the same time, no woman can be less obtrusive with), the pleasure you will find in her society, and last not least, her love of music and regard for a certain professor of ditto—but I have spoken of this introduction already. I do not send you a long

letter, for reasons given in the same place ; but I trust it will be as good as a long letter in its returns to *me*, because it sets you the example of writing a short one when you cannot do more. How I envy Mary Shelley the power of taking you all by the hands and joining your kind-hearted circle ! But I am there very often myself, I assure you ; invisible, it is true, and behind the curtain : but it is possible, you know, to be behind a curtain and yet be very intensely present besides. But do not let any one consider Mary S. in the light of a Blue, of which she has a great horror, but as an unaffected person, with her faults and good qualities like the rest of us ; the former extremely corrected by all she has seen and endured, the latter inclining her, like a wise and kind being, to receive all the consolation which the good and the kind can give her. She will be grave with your gravities and laugh as much as you please with your merriments. For the rest, she is as quiet as a mouse, and will drink in as much Mozart and Paesiello as you choose to afford her, with an enjoyment that you might take for a Quaker's, unless you could contrive some day to put her into a state of pain, when she will immediately grow as eloquent and say as many fine pleasurable things as she can discourse in a novel.

God bless you, dear Novello. From Florence I shall send you some music, especially what you wanted in Rome. From this place I can send you nothing except a ring of my hair, which you must wear for the sake of your affectionate friend,

L. H.

*(To be continued.)*

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# THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## CHAPTER XXX.

A PARLEY.

LL looked up; and there, standing high above them at the mouth of the Cave, with dishevelled hair and a beard of many weeks' growth, was the man they sought—so worn and torn, so wild and ragged, that only his great stature made him recognisable. The goat had disappeared, either into the Cave or up the face of the cliff, and Rohan stood alone, his whole figure exposed to the view of his pursuers. Standing there in the morning light, with his naked neck and arms, his ruined garments, his uncovered head, his features distorted and full of the quick panting intensity of a hunted animal, he showed the traces alike of great mental agony and physical suffering; but over and beyond its predominant look of pain, his face displayed another passion, akin to hate in its quick and dangerous intensity, and his eyes, which were fixed on the face of Mikel Grallon, burnt with a fierce fire. At first, indeed, it seemed as if he would precipitate himself like an enraged beast prone down upon the spy,—but such an act would have been certain and immediate death, so great was the height at which he stood. He remained at the mouth of the Cave, panting and watching. As to Grallon, he almost crouched in his sudden consternation and fear; while Pipriac and the *gendarmes* stared up at the vision, too stupefied at first to utter a word.

"Holy Virgin," cried Pipriac at last, "it is he!"—then he added with a fierce nod and at the pitch of his voice, "So! you are there, *mon garz!*"

Rohan made no reply, but kept his eyes fixed on Mikel Grallon. Pipriac pursued his speech uneasily, like one that felt the awkwardness of the situation.

"We have been waiting a long time, but now we are glad to find you at home. What are you doing up there, so high in the air? *Diable*, one might as well fly like a bird! Well, there is no time to

lose, and now that we have found you, you had better come down at once. Come, surrender! In the name of the Emperor!"

At these words the *gendarmes* gripped their guns and fell back in military line, looking up at the *Trou* and ready to fire at the word of command. The situation was an exciting one, but Rohan merely put up his hand to throw back his hair from his eyes, smiled, and waited.

"Come, do you hear?" proceeded Pipriac. "I shall not waste words, mark you, if you delay too long. The game is up;—we have trumped your last card, and you will gain little by stopping up there like a bird on its nest. Descend, Rohan Gwenfern, descend and surrender, that we may lose no time."

The voice of the old martinet rang loudly through the hollow walls of the Cathedral, and died away among the lonely cliffs above. All below was in shadow, but overhead on the cliff the chill light was gleaming as on a polished mirror, and one lonely sunbeam, severed as it were from its companions, was glimmering right down upon the inaccessible *Trou* and on the figure of Rohan. So the man stood dimly illumed, in all his raggedness and physical desolation; and the light touched his matted golden hair, and stole down and glared upon his feet, which were quite naked.

"What do you want?" he asked in a hollow voice.

The irascible Sergeant shook his fist.

"Want? . . . Hear him! . . . Well, you! *Diable*, have we not been searching up and down the earth until our souls are sick of searching? It is a good joke, to ask what we want; you are laughing at us, fox that you are. Surrender, I repeat! In the name of the Emperor!"

Then, as if carried away by a common inspiration, all the *gendarmes* brandished their weapons, echoing "Surrender!" The Cathedral rang with the cry. After a pause, the answer came from above, in a low yet clear and decided voice.

"You are wasting your time. I will never be taken alive."

Pipriac glared up in astonishment; and now, for the first time, Mikel Grallon looked up too, still with sensations the reverse of comfortable, for the figure of the hunted man seemed terrible as that of some wild beast at bay. The black mouth of the Cave was now illuminated, and far overhead clouds of gulls were hovering like flakes of snow in the light; but the floor and roofless walls of the Cathedral, never lit unless the sun was straight above them in the zenith, were untouched by the golden gleam.

"No nonsense!" shrieked Pipriac. "Come down! Come, or"



—here the speaker glared imbecilely up the inaccessible walls—“or we shall come and take you.”

“Come !” said Rohan.

Pipriac was a man who, although his blustering and savage manners concealed a certain fundamental good-nature, could never bear to be openly thwarted or placed in a ridiculous position; and now a complication of sentiments made him unusually irritable. In the first place, he would much rather have never discovered the deserter at all, for after all, he pitied the lad and remembered that he was the son of an old friend. Again, he had, he considered, behaved throughout the whole pursuit with extraordinary sympathy and forbearance, and had thereby almost laid himself open to the suspicion of lacking “zeal.” Lastly—and this feeling was perhaps the most powerful and predominant at the moment—he had been up all night, without a drop of liquor to wet his lips, and insomuch as that Bardolphian nose of his was a flame that, when not fed with natural stimulants, preyed fiercely on the temper of its owner, he was in no mood to be crossed—especially by one who had so stupidly allowed himself to be discovered. So he took fire instantly at Rohan’s taunt, and snatching from one of the *gendarmes* his loaded gun, he cocked it rapidly.

“I will give you one minute,” he cried, “then, if you do not surrender, I shall fire. Do you hear that, deserter? Come, escape is useless—do not be a fool, for I mean what I say; I will pick you off from your perch as if you were a crow.” After a pause, he added “Are you ready? time is up !”

Rohan had not stirred from his position; but now, with a strange smile on his face, he stood looking down at his tormentors. Standing thus, with his tall frame fully exposed, he presented an easy mark for a bullet.

“Once more, are you ready? In the name of the Emperor !”

Rohan replied quietly, without stirring—

“I will never surrender.”

In a moment there was a flash, a roar, and Sergeant Pipriac had fired. But when the smoke cleared away they saw Rohan still standing uninjured at the mouth of the Cave, tranquilly looking down as if nothing whatever had occurred. The bullet had struck and been flattened against the rock in his close vicinity, but whether Pipriac had really taken aim at his person, or had simply fired off the weapon with the view of intimidating him, is a question that cannot easily be answered. If intimidation was his object, he reckoned

without his man, for Rohan Gwenfern was the last person in the world to be scared into submission by any such means.

No sooner was it discovered that Pipriac's bullet had missed its mark than all the other *gendarmes* had their weapons cocked and ready to fire also, but the Sergeant immediately interposed, with a savage growl.

"Halt arms! *Tous les diables*, he who fires before I tell him shall smart for his pains;" then, once more addressing Rohan, he cried "Well, you are still alive! Perhaps, then, after all you will be rational, and come quietly down and trust to the mercy of the Emperor. Look you, I promise nothing, but I will do my best. In any case, you will be done for if you stay up there, for you cannot escape us, that is certain. Now then! I am giving you another chance. Which is it to be?"

"I will never become a soldier."

"It is too late for that," said Mikel Grallon, speaking for the first time and addressing Pipriac. "Besides, look you, he is a coward."

Rohan, who heard every syllable, so clearly and audibly did sound travel among those silent cliffs, gazed down at the spy with a terrible look, and seemed once more prepared to hurl himself bodily from the height where he stood. Recovering himself, he again addressed his speech to Pipriac.

"I tell you you are wasting time. Perhaps I am a coward, as Mikel Grallon says; but one thing is certain, that I will never go to war, and that I will never give myself up alive."

"Alive or dead, we shall have you—there is no escape."

"Perhaps."

"Up yonder my men are on the watch; this way, that way, all ways, they are posted. Take old Pipriac's word for it, and give in like a sensible man;—you are surrounded."

"That is true."

"Ha ha, then you admit that I am teaching you good sense. Very well! If evil happens, don't say old Pipriac did not warn you! Come along!"

The answer from above was a quick spasmodic laugh, full of the hollowing of a bitter and despairing heart. Leaning over from the mouth of the Cave, Rohan pointed quietly out at the Gate of St. Gildas, saying—

"If I am surrounded, so are you. Look!"

Pipriac turned involuntarily, as did all the other members of the group. The first man to understand the true position of affairs was



Mikel Grallon, who, the moment his eyes glanced through the Gate, uttered an exclamation.

"Holy Virgin, he is right—it is the tide."

Sure enough, the sea had turned, and was foaming whitely just beyond the Gate. A few minutes more, and it would enter the Cathedral, when retreat would be impossible. Grallon rushed towards the Gate, crying "Follow! there is not a moment to lose"; but Pipriac, who, though irascible under slight provocation, never lost his head in an emergency, stood his ground and looked up at the Cave. Rohan, however, was no longer visible.

"*Diable!*" cried the Sergeant, shaking his fist up at the spot where the deserter had just been standing. "Never mind! Give him a volley!"

In a moment the *gendarmes* had discharged their pieces right into the mouth of the Cave; there was a horrible concussion, and thunder reverberating far up among the cliffs. Then all fled for their lives.

They were just in time; but passing round the point of land which led to the safe shingle beyond the Cathedral, they had to wade to the waist, for it was a high spring tide. The retreat was decidedly ignominious, and little calculated to improve the temper of Pipriac and his troop. Coming round to the dry land immediately under the Ladder of St. Triffine, they found a great gathering from the village, men and women, young and old, waiting, chattering, wondering. Among them were Alain and Jannick Derval, with their sister Marcelle.

The horrible fascination to see and know the worst had been too great for Marcelle to resist, and she had been drawn thither with the rest, almost against her will. Descending the Ladder, she had found the tide rising round the point which led to the Cathedral, and had crouched down, wildly listening, when the reports from the neighbouring Gate broke upon her ear. What could those shots mean? Had they discovered him—was he fighting for his life, and were they shooting him down? Her face grew like a murdered woman's as she waited, with the hum of voices around her sounding as in a dream. Then as the *gendarmes* appeared, wading round to shore with shouldered muskets, she had sprung to her feet, eagerly perusing their faces as they came. Others flocked eagerly around them too, with eager questions. But Pipriac, cursing not loud but deep, pushed his way through the crowd followed by his men, neither of whom uttered a word.

Mikel Grallon was following when he felt his arm fiercely seized ; he was about to shake off the offending grip, when turning slightly, he recognised Marcelle.

"Speak, Mikel Grallon!" said the girl, her large eyes burning with an unnatural light. "What have they done? Have they found him? Is he killed?"

Honest Mikel shook his head, with what was meant to be a reassuring smile.

"He is safe—yonder in the Cathedral of St. Gildas."

"In the Cathedral?"

"Up in the *Trou*!"

There was a general murmur, for although the words were specially addressed to Marcelle, an eager throng had caught the news. Marcelle released her spasmodic hold, and Grallon passed on up to the shore, rejoining Pipriac and his satellites, who stood consulting together in a group.

And now, like a fountain that is suddenly unfrozen from its prison in the ground, the long-suppressed love of Marcelle Derval rose murmuring within her heart. All things were forgotten save that Rohan lived, and that he was engaged against overwhelming odds in a terrible fight for life; not even the Emperor was remembered, nor the fact that it was against the Emperor that Rohan stood in revolt; it was enough for the time being to feel that Rohan had arisen, and with him her old passionate dream. Only a few hours before she had moved about like a shadow, certain of nothing save of a great void within her soul, of a great unutterable loss and pain; then had come Mikel Grallon's discovery—then the sound of the hue and cry; so that indeed she had scarcely had time to collect her thoughts rightly and to look her fate in the face. Despair had been easy; hope, the faint wild hope that had now come, was not so easy. She had kept still and dead amid the frost of her great grief, but when the light came, and the winds and rains were loosened, she bent like a tree before the storm.

Not without pride did she now remember her lover's strength, and observe how it had hitherto conquered and been successful. He was there, unarmed, within a little distance, and yet he had escaped his enemies again, as he had often escaped them before; indeed, there seemed a charm upon his life, and perhaps the good God loved him after all!

Gradually, from group to group, the intelligence spread that Rohan Gwenferm had ensconced himself up in the *Trou d Gildas*, that black and terrible abyss into which few feet save his own had



ever passed ; and that there, night after night, he hid alone, communing perhaps with ghastly spirits of the darkness. For the place, all folk knew, was haunted, and few men there would have cared to pass along that strange Cathedral-floor at dead of night. Did not the phantoms of the evil monks still wander, moaning for mercy to the pitiless Saint who cast them into eternal chains? Had not the awful Saint himself been seen, again and again, holding spectral vigil, while the seals came creeping about his knees, and the great cormorants sat gazing silently at him from the dripping walls? The place was terrible, curst for the living till endless time. He who lingered there safely must either have made an unholy pact with the Prince of Evil, or be under the special protection of the Saint of God.

As to this last point, opinion was divided. A few grim pessimists held firmly that Rohan had sold himself body and soul to "Master Roberd," who in his turn had carried him safely through so many dangers, and was now watching over him carefully in his "devil's nest" up in the *Trou*. The majority, however, were inclined to think that a good Spirit, not a bad, had taken the matter in hand, and that this good Spirit might be the blessed St. Gildas himself. There was a strong undercurrent of anti-Imperial feeling, which speedily resolved itself into an unmistakable sympathy with the deserter, and a belief that he was under Divine protection.

After a rapid consultation with his subordinates Pipriac determined to despatch a messenger to St. Gurlott for more assistance, and meantime to keep a careful watch from every side on the now inundated Cathedral. Of one thing he was assured, that escape out of the Cave was impossible, so long as the cliffs above and the shore below were carefully guarded. There was no secret way which the fugitive might take ; he must either, at the almost certain risk of life, creep right upward along the nearly inaccessible face of the crag, or he must swim out to sea, or he must pass round to the shore by the way the others had gone and come. Further away in the direction of the village, a great promontory projected, surrounded on every side and at all sides by the sea, and quite impassable.

"He is in the trap," growled Pipriac, "and only God or the Devil can get him out !"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### IN THE CAVE.

WHILE his pursuers were speculating and deliberating, Rohan Gwenfern waited solitary up in his hiding place, making no attempt

at flight ; which, indeed, he well knew to be at present impossible. Now and then he listened, but the only sound he heard was the sea creeping in and covering the vast Cathedral-floor. He was safe, at least for the time being, since the waters washed below and no human feet could reach him from above.

He lay within a vast natural cave, hewn in the very heart of the granite crags, and dimly lit by the rays that crept in by its narrow mouth, or *Trou*. Great elliptic arches, strangely hung with purple moss and soot-black fungi, loomed overhead, while on every side down the lichen-covered walls sparkled a dewy fretwork resembling that external curtain of glittering mosaic which we have called the "Altar." The place was vast and shadowy as the vault of some cathedral built by hands, so that one could not well discern its exact extent ; and here and there its walls were gashed with streams of water, falling down and stretching out into blackest pools. The air was damp and cold, and would have been fatal to one of tender frame ; but Rohan breathed it with the comfort of a hardy animal. In a corner of the Cave he had strewn a thick bed of dried seaweed, on which he was lying. By his side, and near to his hand, were his fowler's staff, a pair of sabots, and part of a black loaf ; while in a fissure of the wall above his bed was fixed a small rude lamp of tin.

Here, in complete solitude, and often in total darkness, he had passed many a night, and whether it was calm or storm he had slept sound. He was well used to such haunts, and his powerful physique was in no way affected by the exposure—indeed, had it not been for the constant anxiety of mind created by his horrible situation, he might have remained entirely unchanged. But even animals, however vigorous by nature, will waste away to skin and bone under the strain of perpetual fear and persecution ; and so Rohan had grown into the shadow of his former self—a gaunt, forlorn-looking, hunted man, with large eyes looking out of a face pale with unutterable pain. His garments, not new when he first took flight, had turned into sorry rags, through which gleamed the naked flesh ; his hair fell below his shoulders in a wild and matted mass ; his beard and moustache had grown profusely ; and upon his arms and limbs were cuts and bruises left by dangerous falls. One foot was swollen and partly useless—a fact over which his pursuers would have gloated—for it left him practically in their power, and quite unable to pursue his usual flights among the cliffs, even had an opportunity offered.

Mikel Grallon had suspected shrewdly when he guessed that



Rohan owed his daily subsistence to the secret help of his infirm mother. Twice or thrice weekly Mother Gwenfern had come secretly to the neighbourhood, bearing with her such provisions as she was able to prepare with her own hands; these she had secretly given to her son, or placed them with preconcerted signals on the places she knew him to frequent, or even (as we have seen on one occasion) let them right down to his hiding-place from the top of the cliffs. Without this assistance the man would necessarily have starved, for it was physically impossible to exist solely on the shell-fish and dulse which he was in the habit of gathering from the sea.

He was not now alone in the Cave. The goat Jannedik was perambulating uneasily to and fro, carefully keeping at a distance from the mouth, through which so alarming a volley had lately been raining. From time to time she came up close, and rubbed her head into his hand, as if soliciting an explanation of the extraordinary scene which had just taken place.

The visits of Jannedik to her master's hiding-place had been erratic. She had first discovered him by accident, while roaming at random, as was her custom, among the cliffs; then, once acquainted with his haunts, she had come again; and now seldom a day passed without a visit from her, however brief. Her coming and going soon became an exciting event, for when she appeared Rohan did not feel altogether without companionship, and she had strange wild ways to soothe a human heart. Nor was this all. Many a secret communication had been concealed about the goat's thick coat, and borne from the fugitive to his mother in her cottage.

More than an hour had passed since Pipriac and the rest had fled from the Cathedral when Rohan rose from his seat and passed out again into the open air at the cavern's mouth. All was perfectly still; the green water filled the floor of the Cathedral, covering all its weedy tombs, and a seal was swimming round and round, seeking in vain to find a landing-place along the walls. Standing up there, he felt like one suspended between water and sky.

So far there had been a certain fierce satisfaction in resisting what so many living men deemed the Irresistible. Weak and single-handed as he was, he had stood up in revolt against the Emperor—had openly and unhesitatingly defied him and abjured him—had conjured up on his behalf all the power and elements of Nature—had cried to the Earth "Hide me!" and to the Sea "Protect me!" and had not cried in vain. True, he had suffered in the struggle,

as all that revolt must suffer ; but so far no specially evil consequence, apart from his own unpleasant experiences, had ensued from the attitude he had taken. He had certainly obeyed the behest of his conscience, and that to him, then, and thenceforth for ever, was the veritable voice of God.

In those hours of dark extremity Marcelle Derval was to him both an anguish and a consolation : an anguish, because he feared that she loved him no longer, that her sympathy was with his enemies, that she believed him to be a renegade from a good cause, a traitor, and a coward—a consolation, because he remembered all that she had been to him, and because, night after night, passionate and loving as of old, she came to him in dreams. Many a lonely hour, when no soul was near, he had lingered in the centre of the Cathedral, going over in his mind all the details of that divine day when first he clasped her in his arms and felt her virgin kiss upon his mouth.

Solitude to him

Was sweet society,

when he had for companionship her quiet image. He saw her then as a little child, walking with him hand in hand along the sands of the village ; or as a happy girl, climbing with him the lonely crags, and watching him as he gathered cliff-flowers and sea-birds' eggs ; or as a holy maiden, kneeling by his side before the altar of the little chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde. Such happy memories are consecrated gleams, which make this low earth Heaven.

Yet he had lost her, that was clear ; he had chosen his lot with the outcasts of the earth, with those Esaus who refuse to acquiesce in the accepted jurisdiction of the world, and who map out a perilous existence for themselves at the cost of family, caste, peace of body and mind, sympathy, and social honour. He might as well—(nay, far better from this mundane point of view)—have denied his God as have denied his Emperor ; for the Emperor seemed omnipotent, while God remained so acquiescent in evil, and so far away. Faith in the divine order of things had long forsaken him. His only reliance now was on Nature, and on his own heart ; for if the worst came to the worst, he could die.

With every hour and every day that he brooded thus his hate of War grew deeper, the justification of his resistance seemed more absolute. Even if safe submission had then been possible, on the condition that he recanted and joined the great army that did Napoleon's will, he would have resisted with even more tenacity than at the first, for he was a man in whom ideas grow and



multiply themselves, and become sinews of strength to the secret will. With his moral certainty deepened his physical horror. In the darkness of that lonely Cave he had conjured up such Phantoms of the battle-field as might fitly people the blood-red fields of Hell; all that he had read, all that he had fancied and feared, took tangible shapes, and moved to and fro along those sunless walls; ghastly spectres and adumbrations of an all too horrible reality, they came there from time to time, paralysing his heart with despair and fear.

So that, after all, if we must have it so, he was in a certain sense of the word a Coward, capable of the nervous prostration cowards feel. He had senses over-keen and subtle, and could detect even there in his Cave the fatal scent which is found in slaughter-houses where cattle are slain, and on battle-fields where men are butchered; he could hear the cry of the stricken, hold the cold hand of the dead; he was conscious of the widow weeping, the orphan wailing; he beheld the burning trail which the War-Serpent left wherever it crawled, the blood and tears which fell to earth, the fire and smoke which rose to heaven. With more than a poet's vision, with the conjuration of a vivid imagination stirred by deep personal dread, he could *see* and *hear* these things. Each man bears his own Inferno within his breast; and these were Rohan Gwenfern's.

In due time the tide, which had risen high up the walls of the Cathedral, and was shining smooth as glass and green as malachite, began to ebb out through the Gate. Rohan stood watching it from the *Trou*, while gradually it sank lower and lower, till a man might have waded waist-deep on the shingly floor. Gradually the great weed-covered boulders and granite slabs became visible, and a certain space immediately under the Cave was left quite dry. Standing thus, Rohan calculated his chances. Ascent was certainly possible, though difficult in the extreme, and beyond measure dangerous: impossible certainly to a man encumbered by arms or any heavy weapon. Nor could more than one man approach at a time, that was certain. In a word, Rohan's position was virtually impregnable, so long as he kept upon the watch.

Just then Jannedik came out from the Cave, and began quietly to walk upwards. Her path was easy for some distance, being the same path by which Rohan had lately descended, but when she had passed a certain point she became as a fly walking up a perpendicular wall. At last, without once slipping a foot, she disappeared; like a bird fading away into the skies.

Which skies had darkened again, and were blurred with a dark mist. The rain, blown in from the sea, was beating pitilessly against the face of the cliffs, deepening to moist purple their granite stains, and lighting up liquid gleams in their grassy fissures. It fell now heavily on Rohan, but he scarcely heeded it: he was water-proof; besides it was warm rain, such as steals sweet scent from the boughs in autumn woods and lanes.

Slowly, calmly, quite sheltered from the wet wind which blew without, the sea ebbd from the Cathedral, until at last it all disappeared through the Gate, and only the glistening walls and shingle showed that it had been lately there. The sea washed, and the rain fell, and the wind moaned, while Rohan stood waiting and watching. Presently he heard another sound, faintly wafted to him through the Gate. Human voices. His pursuers were returning.

As the sounds came nearer and nearer, he quietly withdrew into the Cave.

Pipriac and the *gendarmes* did not return alone; besides Mikel Grallon, there came a swarm of villagers, men and women, excited and expectant. From time to time the Sergeant turned upon them and drove them back with oaths, but after retreating a few yards they invariably drew nigh once more. Pipriac could do nothing, for he was in a minority, and they numbered three or four score; and so now, when he re-entered the Cathedral with his men, the crowd, chattering and pointing, blocked up the Gate and partially filled the Cathedral.

From the darkness of his Cave Rohan, himself unseen, could behold this picture; leaning forward to the *Trou*, but keeping well in darkness, he looked down upon the pigmy shapes below him,—first, Pipriac and the others, crawling up towards the "Altar" like so many dwarfs, their bayonets glittering, their voices muttering,—then the villagers in their quaint dresses of many colours, gazing up in wonder and tremulous anticipation. Suddenly his heart leapt within him and he grew ghastly pale; for behold, standing apart, some yards in front of the group from the village, he recognised Marcelle, quietly looking upward. He could see her pale face set in its saffron coif, he could feel the light of her large upturned eyes. What had brought her there? Ah, God, was *she* leagued against him with his persecutors? Had she come to behold his misfortune and degradation, perhaps his death? Sick with such thoughts, he strained his painful sight upon her, forgetting all else in



the intensity of his excitement. So a wild animal gazes from its lair when the cruel hunters are close at hand.

And now, O Pipriac, to business ; for ye are many against one, and the Emperor is impatient to settle the affair of this revolter, that of him may be made a terror and a shining example to all the flock ! Fetch him down, O Pipriac, from his hiding place : draw the fox from his hole into full day ; spare not, but take him alive, with a view to full and proper retribution ! It is useless, indeed, to stand here with thy myrmidons, with so many gaping throats, staring up, as if the deserter would drop into thy mouth !

Yet this is exactly what Pipriac is doing, and, indeed, the more he stares and gapes the more puzzled does he become. If one were a bird or a fly, yea or a snail, one might climb up yonder to the Cave, but being a man, and moreover a man not too steady on the legs, Pipriac justly deems the feat impossible ; nevertheless, he suggests to this comrade and to that, and notably to Mikel Grallon, the performance of that forlorn hope ; with not much result, save grumbling refusals and mutinous looks. Meantime, he grows savage, for he believes the villagers are laughing at his discomfiture, and finding deeds impossible, again has recourse to words.

"What ho, deserter ! Listen ! Are you here ? *Diable*, do you hear me ? Attend !"

There is no answer save the echoes reverberating from cliff to cliff.

"Malediction !" cries the Sergeant. "If he should be gone."

"That is impossible," said Mikel Grallon. "Unless he is a ghost, he is still there."

"And who the devil says he is *not* a ghost ?" snarls Pipriac. "Fisherman, you are an ass—stand back. If we had but a ladder, we would do ; malediction ! if we had only a ladder." And he shrieked aloud again at the top of his voice, "Deserter ! Number one ! Rohan Gwenfern !"

But there was no answer whatever, no stir, no sound. The villagers looked at one another and smiled, while Marcelle crossed herself and prayed.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A SIEGE IN MINIATURE.

It is necessary to be precise as to the date of these occurrences. When the fishermen beheld that memorable midnight vision in the Cathedral, and mistook for St. Gildas and the Fiend the living shapes of Rohan and Jannedik the goat, it was just after the June festival.

Many weeks had elapsed while Mikel Grallon was secretly upon the scent of the fugitive ; but nearly three entire months had passed away before he actually discovered the whole truth that Rohan lived and was hiding in the great Cathedral. So that it was now the end of September, 1813.

A memorable time, out in the great stormbeaten world, as well as here in lonely Kromlaix ; other tides were turning besides that which comes and goes with weary iteration on the sea-shore ; stranger Storms were gathering than any little Kromlaix knew : nay, *had* gathered, and were bursting now around the figure of the one Colossus who bestrode the world. On the Rhine had Napoleon paused, facing the multitudinous waves of avenging hosts ; had lifted up his finger, like King Canute of old, crying " Thus far and no farther ! "—yet to his wonder the waves still roared, and the tide still rose, and the living waters were now washing blood-red about his feet. Would he be submerged ? Would his evil genius fail him at last ? These were the supreme questions of Autumn, 1813. All the World was against him ; nay, the World and the Sea and the Sky ; yet he had tamed all these before, and might again ; and his word was still a power to conjure with, his presence still an inspiration, his shadow still a portent and a doom. He might emerge ; and then ? Why, there was little left for the stabbed and bleeding Earth but to die ; for, alas ! she could bear no more.

Our business is not yet with the movement of great armies, with the motion of those elemental forces against which the Avatar was then struggling ; our picture is to contain the microcosm, not the macrocosm ; yet the one is potential in the other, as one monera of Hœckel represents the aggregate of a million moneras visibly covering the sea-bottom but germinated from one invisible speck. No human pen, piling horror upon horror, can represent the aggregate of war ; it can only catalogue individual agonies, each of which brings the truth nearer home than any number of generalities. And we, who are about to chronicle to the best of our power a siege in miniature, begin by affirming that it represents the spirit of all sieges, however colossal in scale, however aggrandised by endless combinations of the infinitesimal.

Here in Kromlaix the matter is simple enough—it is one man against many ; up till now it has been bloodless, and so far as the one man himself is concerned it may remain so till the end.

And now, O Muse, for a pen of fire to chronicle the doings of Pipriac the indomitable, as at last, with fiery Bardolphian nose lifted



in the air, he collects his martial forces together! Small pity now is left in his heart for the creature whom he pursues; all his fierce passions are aroused, and his only aspiration is for cruel victory; his voice is choked, his eyes are dim with rage and bloodthirst. He, Pipriac, commissary and representative of the Emperor, to be defied and held at bay by a single peasant, crouching unarmed like a fox in a hole! by a miserable deserter, who has openly refused to fight for his country, who is a *chouan* and a coward, with a price upon his head! It is utterly incredible, and not to be endured. — Up, some of you, and drag him down! André, Pierre, Hoël, climb! *Tous les diables*, is there not a man among you—not a creature with the heart of a fly? Ha, if Pipriac were not old, if his legs were not shaky, would he not read you a lesson, rogues that you are!

Stimulated by the curses of his superior, Pierre takes off his shoes, puts his bayonet between his teeth, and begins to climb; the rocks are perpendicular and slippery, but there are crevices for the hands and feet. Pierre makes way, watched eagerly by all the others; suddenly, however, his foot slips and down he comes with a groan. Fortunately, he had not gone far, and beyond a few bruises he is little hurt.

Now it is André's turn; André, a dark, beetle-browed, determined-looking dog, with powerful legs and sinewy hands. He makes even better way than Pierre; foot by foot, bayonet between teeth, he goes up: there is not a word, there is scarcely a breath; he is half-way, clinging to the treacherous rocks with fingers and toes like a cat's claws, and wearing a cat-like determination in his face, when suddenly one utters a cry, and points up. André looks up too, and there, stretched out above him, are two hands, and in those two hands, poised, an enormous fragment of rock. A white murderous face glares over at him—the face of Rohan Gwenfern.

It would be easy now to pick off the deserter, but if this were done, what of André?—down would descend the stone, and woe to him who clung below. André does the best he can under the circumstances: he descends hand over hand, more rapidly than he ascended. By the time that he drops again upon the shingle the face and arms above are gone.

“Malediction,” cries Pipriac, “then he means to fight!”

Yes, Pipriac, make sure of that; for is it not written that the very worm will turn, and that even innocent things become terrible when they struggle for sweet life? Nor shall this man be blamed if he becomes what you make him,—a murderous and murdering animal, with all the gentle love and pity burnt up within his veins,—and

with one thought uppermost only, that of overthrowing and destroying those who would overthrow and destroy him,—which thought may in due time be kindled to fiercer bloodthirst and more hideous hunger for vengeance. In every strong man's heart there is a devil ; beware how you rouse it *here* !

Another volley into the mouth of the Cave, given furiously at a signal from the Sergeant, is only waste of ammunition. The bullets patter on the top of the *Trou*, and fall down flattened on the spot where Rohan lately stood. The cliffs roar, the villagers utter a terrified murmur ; then there is silence.

Other attempts to climb follow, all without success. Once the poised rock descends, and André, who was climbing again, only just drops to the earth and draws aside in time. Curses and threats rise to the Cave ; Pipriac utters horrible imprecations. Shots are fired again and again ; but all miss their mark, for Rohan now is upon his guard. The siege has begun in earnest.

Sunset comes, and nothing has been done ; the situation seems actually unassailable. The rain has been falling more or less all day, and every man is wet through and out of temper. The crowd of villagers, with Marcelle among them, still look on, in stupefied content that the *gendarmes* are baffled at every turn.

Now the tide creeps up to the Gate once more, and all precipitately retreat, the military with an *au revoir* of threats and objurgations. The great Cathedral is empty, all is silent. But who is this that, lingering behind the rest, creeps up close under the "Altar," turns her white face upward, and moans out the deserter's name.

"Rohan ! Rohan !"

There is no reply ; she stands uplifting her arms, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Rohan ! speak to me ! Ah, God, can you not hear ?"

Still there is silence, and turning sadly, she walks down the dark Cathedral and follows the rest out of the Gate. She is in time, but at the promontory the water is knee-deep as she wades round.

Yes, he had heard ; lying in there upon his bed of weeds, he had heard the voice, and peering down, himself in darkness, he had seen the piteous face he loved, looking upward. He had no heart to answer ; her face shook his soul more painfully than even those fierce faces of his enemies ; but the excitement of the day had made him mad, suspicious, and distrustful even of her. He saw her pass away after the rest ; he gazed after her with a dull dumb



despair, like one in a dream ; then, when she had gone, he threw himself down upon his bed and wept.

Ah, those tears of a strong man !—wrung like drops from stone, like moisture from iron ; shed not for sorrow, not in self-pity, but in pure surcease of heart. With the apparition of that face came upon him the consciousness of all that he had lost, of all the love and peace that he had nearly won : the certainty of what he was now, who had once been so strong and glad ; the knowledge of his almost certain doom, for was not the fatal mark already upon his forehead ? “ Marcelle ! Marcelle ! ” The name went up unto the hollows of the Cave, and voices answered him like cries from his own heart, and all his force was broken. So night came, and found him wearied out.

All that night he was left in peace, but he knew well that close watch was kept without the Cathedral ; in no case would he have stirred, for no other place was so safe, and his foot was still in pain. He rested in the total darkness, without a light of any kind ; he heard the pigeons come in to their roosts in the rocks, and he saw the bats slip in and out against the dim blue gleam at the Cave's mouth ; and harmless living creatures crawled over him as he lay. About midnight, when the tide was ebbing, he waited expectant ; but no one returned. A cold moon rose, flooding the Cathedral with her beams, and shining far out with one silvery track upon the sea.

It was then that he first bestirred himself and laboured in preparation for his enemies. Scattered on the floor of the Cave were many loose pieces of rock, both huge and small, which in course of time had detached themselves from the cliffs ; these he carefully carried to the mouth of the Cave, piling them one upon another in readiness to be rolled over on any assailant who might climb from below, lifting some, rolling others ; now and then involuntarily letting one slip from his aching hold, and crash down on the beach below. For hours he laboured, for it was no easy task ; some of the stones being heavy enough, falling from that height, to crush an ox. When he had done, his hands were bleeding, cut by the sharp edges of the stones. Finally, when the tide crept into the place once more, he threw himself on his bed and slept.

When he awoke it was broad day—the mouth of the Cave was bright, and a confused murmur broke upon his ear. He started up and listened. A loud authoritative voice was calling him by name. *Crawling forward* to the mouth of the Cave, now partially blocked

up by the rocks and stones, he peered cautiously over, and saw, standing on the shingle below him, a crowd of men, almost all of whom were in uniform and carried bayonets; while in their midst, calling out his name, was a tall grey-headed man in semi-military dress, whom he recognised as the Mayor of St. Gurlott.

Again, the Mayor, holding a paper in his hand, called his name aloud. After a moment's hesitation, he answered "I am here!" There was a babble of voices, a flashing of weapons; then the Mayor said again—

"Silence!—Gwenfern, are you attending?"

"Yes."

"Do you know me?"

"Yes."

The answers were given distinctly, but Rohan was careful to keep his person totally concealed.

"You were drawn for the Conscription in the early summer, and your name was first upon the list. Wretched man, you are at last discovered, as every one will be who deserts his country in the hour of need; there is no longer any chance of escape; why do you still persist in a miserable resistance? In the name of the Emperor, I bid you yield yourself up."

No answer.

"Do you hear me? Are you still refractory? Have you not one word to say for yourself? None!"

After a moment's pause, the voice from the Cave replied—

"Yes, one."

"Speak, then!"

"If I surrender as you desire, what then?"

The Mayor shrugged his shoulders.

"You will be *shot*, of course, as a warning to others."

"And if I refuse?"

"Why, then, you will die too, but like a dog. There is but one law for deserters—one law and short shrift. Now, do you understand?"

"I understand."

"And to save trouble, will you surrender?"

"Not while I live."

The Mayor, folding up his paper, handed it to Sergeant Pipriac with an air that said "I have done my duty, and wash my hands of the whole affair." A long colloquy ensued, at the end of which the Mayor said, frowning—

"The rest is in your hands, and should be easy; he is only one



man, while you are many; I leave it to you, Sergeant Pipriac—he must be taken, dead or alive.”

“That is more easily said than done,” said Pipriac; “it is more than a man’s life is worth to climb up there, and besides, without ladders only one man could ascend at a time.”

The Mayor mused; he was a grim pale-looking man, with cruel grey eyes and pitiless mouth.

“The example is a dangerous one, Sergeant Pipriac; at all risks he must be reached. Are there no ladders in the village?”

“Ah, m’sieu,” returned Pipriac, “just cast your eye up at the *Trou*; it would be a long ladder indeed to reach so far, and even then”——

At this moment Mikel Grallon, hat in hand, approached the Mayor as if to speak.

“*M’sieu le Maire.*”

“What man is this?” asked the Mayor, scowling.

“This is the man who first gave information,” said Pipriac.

“Stand back, fisherman! What do you want?”

Mikel Grallon, instead of falling back, came closer, and said in a low voice——

“Pardon, *M’sieu le Maire*, but there is one way if all the rest fail”——

“Well?”

“The deserter is without means of subsistence. If the worst come to the worst, he must starve to death.”

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### HUNGER AND COLD.

MIKEL GRALLON, with characteristic and cruel foresight, had hit upon the truth: that however successful Rohan Gwernfer might be in keeping his assailants at bay from his seemingly impregnable position, he must inevitably, unless provisioned for a period, which was altogether unlikely, either yield himself up, or famish and die. To secure this latter end it was necessary carefully to cut off all avenues of supply, which, indeed, Pipriac had already done, every portion of the cliffs, both above and below, being well watched and guarded; and now the only question was whether to try at once to take the position by storm, or to wait patiently until such time as the deserter either capitulated or perished of starvation. Pipriac, being a man of action, was for an immediate attack; with which view he sent *messengers to scour the village for ladders of some sort; but when*

these messengers returned empty-handed, after searching high and low, he saw the hopelessness of rapid attack, and determined to conduct the siege passively until such time as capitulation came. It might take days—weeks; but he was determined to hold firm. It should never be said that old Pipriac was baffled and defied by a peasant, smiling as it were within a stone's-throw of his hand. *Tous les diables*, duty was duty, and it should be done though it took him a score of years!

In the meantime, however, he sent to St. Gurlott for ladders, which might be useful sooner or later, if not for reaching the deserter alive, at least for recovering his dead body. Then, pending their arrival, he sat down like a mighty general with his army surrounding a beleaguered town before the *Trou à Gildas*.

Figuratively, not literally; for the constant ebbing and flowing of the tide left the Cathedral quite out of the question for head quarters; and moreover, it was necessary for Pipriac to pass to and fro, inspiring and directing his men, both those stationed on the high cliffs and those below.

A day and a night passed; and the prisoner made no sign.

It would be tedious to describe the various harmless sallies of the besiegers. At every *morte mer* they watched the Cave and reconnoitred, but saw nothing of the besieged; sometimes they called aloud upon him, at others they crept in and crept out in silence. All the night double watch was kept, not one avenue of escape being overlooked; and to make assurance doubly sure, Pipriac refused to let any villager, man or woman, approach the scene of the siege. Twice Marcelle Derval was driven back, almost at bayonet-point, for the men were growing savage through sheer impatience. What her errand was none knew; but one suspected: that it was to carry the deserter bread.

On the morning of the second day the sea rose high, and the wind blew boisterously from the south-east; by noon the wind had risen to a storm; before night it was blowing a gale, with heavy blinding rain. For two days and nights more the storm continued, growing fiercer and fiercer, on the land and on the sea: the great cliffs shook, the cormorants sat half-starving in their ledges looking at the raging sea. The *gendarmes* kept their posts, relieving each other at regular intervals. The sentinels bore lanterns, which were flashed full all night upon the cliffs in the neighbourhood of the Cave.

In the tumult of these tempestuous nights Rohan might possibly have escaped, but he did not try: out in the open country he would have soon been taken, and he knew no "coign of vantage" equal to



the position he occupied. Twice, at considerable peril, he made his way in the darkness up the cliff to the spot where he had been discovered by Mikel Grallon and the rest; and on the second occasion a hand from above, as before, let him down food—black bread and coarse cheese. So he did not starve—yet.

And now the storm abated, and calm days came, and nights with a bright moon. The besiegers made no attempt to reach him; they had clearly determined on starving him out.

On the fifth night from the commencement of the siege the besiegers made a discovery. The sentinels on the crags above, as they stood twixt sleeping and waking at their posts, saw a dark figure creeping, almost crawling, on the edges of the crags; sometimes it paused and lay quite still, at others it almost ran; and at first they crossed themselves superstitiously, for they deemed it something unearthly. There was a moon, but from time to time her light was buried in dense clouds. Now, whenever the moonlight shone out, the figure lay still; whenever all became dark it again moved forward.

One *gendarme*, separating himself from his fellows, followed on his hands and knees—moved when the figure moved—paused when the figure paused—and at last, with a powerful effort of the will—for he had his superstitions—sprang forward, seized the figure—and found it flesh and blood.

Then the others, running up with lanterns, flashed them in the pale face of a woman, who uttered a loud wail: Mother Gwenfern.

Her errand was instantly discovered; she carried food, which she was obviously about to convey to her son by means of a hempen cord, which they also found upon her person. It was a pitiful business, and some there would fain have washed their hands of it; but the more brutal ones, faithful to their duty, drove the old woman back to her cottage at the bayonet point. From that time forth a still closer watch was kept, so that no soul could possibly have left the village and approached the great cliff-wall unseen.

“He will die!”

“Mother, he shall not die!”

“There is no hope—there is no way; ah, my curse on Pipriac, and on them all!”

“Pray to the good God! He will direct us!”

“Why should I pray? God is against us, God and the Emperor; my boy will die, my boy will die!”

*It was evening; and the two women—Mother Gwenfern and*

Marcelle—sat alone together in the widow's cottage, clinging together and crying in despair; for the widow's last attempt to send succour to her son had failed, and now her very door was watched by cruel eyes. Ah, it was terrible! To think that the son of her womb was out yonder starving in the night, that he had not tasted bread for many hours, that she was powerless to stir to help him any more! What she had previously been able to convey to him had been barely sufficient to support life, yet it had sufficed; but *now!*—a whole day and night had passed since she had vainly tried to reach him and had been discovered in the attempt. Merciful God! to think of the darkness, and the cold, and the dreary solitude of the Cave; and then, to crown all, the hunger!

The agony of those months of horror had left their mark on the weary woman; gaunter and more grim than ever, a skeleton only sustained by the intensity of the maternal fire that burnt within her, she waited and watched: that ominous blue colour of the lips often proclaiming the secret disease that preyed within. Her comfort in those desolate hours had been Marcelle, who with a daughter's love and more than a daughter's duty had watched over her and helped her in her holy struggle.

Come back to the Cathedral of St. Gildas; it is night, the tide is full, and the moon is shining on the watery floor. Far above on the cliffs the sentinels are watching; on the shores around they are scattered, standing or lying; Pipriac is not with them, but he too, wherever he is, is on the *qui vive*. All is still and calm: stillest of all that white face gazing seaward out of the Cave.

The pinch has come at last, the cruel pinch and pang which no strength of will can subdue, which nothing but bread can appease. Last night Rohan Gwenfern ate his last crust; then, climbing up to the old spot, watched for the old signal, as he had watched the night before, in vain. When food *had* come he had husbanded it with care—only partaking of just enough to support simple life, dividing the rest into portions for the future hours; but he had come to the end at last. Down on the shores there might be shellfish capable of nourishing life, but thither he dared not fare: he must remain, like a rat, within his hole; and help from the sea-birds there was none, for the puffins had all fled many weeks before, and the gulls were strong-winged and beyond his reach. Water he lacked not; the cold rocks distilled *that* liberally enough; but food he had none—nay, not even the dulse of the sea to gnaw. He was caged, trapped; and now he starved.



What wonder, then, if his face looked wild and despairing as he gazed out on the lonely sea? Far out in the moon, creeping like black water-snakes along the water, he saw the fishing boats going seaward:—ah, how merrily had he sailed with them in those peaceful days that were gone! He had lost all that; he had lost the world. . . . Yet he could bear all, he would not care if he had only a crust of bread to eat!

Sometimes his head swooned round, for already hunger had begun to attack the citadels of life; sometimes he fell away into a doze and awoke shivering; yet waking or asleep, he sat watching at the Cave's mouth in desolation and despair.

"Rohan! Rohan!"

He starts from his half-sleep, looking wildly round him. Almighty God, is it a dream? Something black stirs there in the moonlight; something black, and amidst it something white. It is too dim for him to see well—to distinguish shapes—but he can hear the well-known voice, though it comes only in a whisper. Can it be real?

"Rohan! Rohan!"

Yes, it is real! Peering down he sees, floating under the Altar, a small boat containing two figures. Yes, surely a boat, by the movement of the muffled oars. It moves softly up and down on the great swell that rises and falls in the Cathedral.

"Rohan, are you there? Listen, it is I—Marcelle! Ah, now I see you—whisper low, for they are on the watch."

"Who is with you?"

"Jannick Goron; we crept along close to shore through the Porte d'Ingal, and no one saw; but there is no time to lose. We have brought you food!"

The man's eyes glitter as he bends over the descent, looking down at the boat. As he hangs in this attitude, a sound strikes upon his ear, and he listens wildly; again! yes, it is the sound of oars beyond the Gate.

"Quick! begone!" he cries; "they are coming. . . . See! throw the food down on the shingle and fly!"

The tide is still nearly full, but just under the *Trou* there is a narrow space of shingle from which the water has just ebbed, and on which the boat's prow strikes at intervals. On this shingle Marcelle, leaning quickly forward, deposits what she bears; then, with an impulsive movement, she stretches her arms eagerly up to him who hangs above her, as if to embrace him, while Jannick Goron, with a few swift strokes of the oars, forces the light boat out

across the Cathedral floor, through the Gate, and out to the sea beyond. Scarcely has he passed the shadow of the Gate, however, when a gruff voice demands "Who goes there!" and a black pinnacle, rowed by sailors of the coast-guard, bears down from the darkness. In an instant a heavy hand is laid on the gunwale of Goron's boat; bayonets and cutlasses glisten in the dim moonlight, and a familiar voice cries—

"*Tous les diables !* It is a woman!"

The speaker is Pipriac, and he stands in the stern of the pinnacle, glaring over at Marcelle.

"The lantern! let us see her face!"

Some one lifts a lighted lantern from the bottom of the boat and flashes its rays right into the face of Marcelle. She is soon recognised; and then the same proceeding is gone through with Goron, whose identity is hailed with a volley of expletives.

"Is this treason?" cries Pipriac. "Malediction! answer, one or both. What the foul fiend are you doing out here by the Gate at such an hour? Do you know what will be the consequence if you are discovered aiding and abetting the deserter? Well, it will be death!—death, look you—even for you, Marcelle Derval, though you are only a girl and a child!"

Marcelle answers with determination, though her heart is sick with apprehension lest her errand is discovered.

"Surely one may row upon the water without offence, Sergeant Pipriac!"

"Ah, bah! tell that to the fishes; old Pipriac is not so stupid. Here, one of you, search the boat."

A man leaps, lantern in hand, from the larger boat into the smaller, searches it, and finds nothing: at which Pipriac shakes his head and growls. It is characteristic of Pipriac that when he is least really angry he vociferates and objurgates the most; when most subdued he is most dangerous. On the present occasion his language is quite unquotable. When he has finished one of the men inquires quietly if Marcelle and Goron are to be arrested or suffered to go about their business.

"Curses upon them, let them go! but we must keep our eyes open henceforth. Jan Goron, I suspect you—be warned, and take no more moonlight excursions. Marcelle, you too are warned; you come of a good stock, and I should be sorry to see you get into trouble. Now, away with you!—Home, like lightning! And hark you, when next you come out here by night you will find it go hard with you indeed. *Begone!*"

*So Marcelle and Goron go free—partly, perhaps, through the secret*



good-nature of the Sergeant. Goron pulls rapidly for the village, and soon his boat touches the shore immediately beneath the cottage of Mother Gwenfern.

Meantime Pipriac has peered through the Gate into the Cathedral; seeing all quiet and in darkness, he gives the order to depart, and so his boat, too, disappears from the scene. No sooner has the sound of his oars quite died away in the distance than a dark figure begins to descend from the Cave; hanging by feet and hands to creep down from crevice to crevice of the dangerous wall, until it reaches the space of shingle beneath: there it finds the burthen which Marcelle brought, which it secures carefully before again climbing; then, even more rapidly than it came down, it proceeds to reascend, and, ere long, in perfect safety, it returns to the mouth of the Cave. So Rohan Gwenfern is saved from famine for the time being.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### A FOUR-FOOTED CHRISTIAN.

THE siege has lasted nearly a fortnight, and still the deserter seems as far off from surrendering as ever. It is inscrutable, inconceivable; for every avenue of aid is now blocked, and there is no known means by which a human being could bring him help, either by land or sea. Save for the fact that from time to time glimpses are caught of his person, and indications given of his existence, one would imagine the deserter to be dead. Yet he is not dead; and he does not offer to surrender; and, indeed, he is tiresomely on the alert. Naturally, the patience of his pursuers is exhausted; but they do not neglect their usual precautions. Pipriac, in his secret mind (where he is superstitious), begins to think he is dealing with a ghost after all; for surely no human being, single-handed, could so consummately and so calmly set at defiance all the forces of the law, of Pipriac, and of the great Emperor. Of one thing Pipriac is certain, that no human hand brings the deserter food; and yet he lives; and to live he must eat! and how all the devils does he provide the wherewithal? Unless he is mysteriously fed by an angel, or (which is far more probable in Pipriac's opinion) by a spirit of a darker order, he must himself be something more than human: in which case affairs look grim, and yet ridiculous indeed. Food does not—at least in these degenerate days—drop from heaven; nor does it, in a form suitable for human sustenance, grow in rocks and *caves of the sea*. How then by all that is diabolic does the deserter *procure that food which is so terrible and common-place a human necessity*—*uzzles thinking.*

What the open-minded and irascible soldier, too fair and too fiery for subtle suspicions, fails altogether to discover, is finally, after many nights and days, rooted out and brought to light by the mole-like burrower in mean soil, Mikel Grallon. Honest Mikel has been all this time, more or less, a hanger-on to the skirts of the besieging party: coming and going at irregular intervals, but never quite abandoning his functions as scout and spy in general. Him Pipriac ever regards with a malignant and baleful eye, but to Pipriac's dislike he is skin-proof. His business now is to ascertain by what secret means the deserter sets his enemies at defiance and cannot even be starved out, or *in*, his citadel. Here Grallon, unlike the Sergeant, has no superstitions; he is convinced with all his crafty mind that there are sound physical reasons for all that is taking place: Rohan Gwenfern is receiving ordinary sustenance—but *how*?

It comes upon Grallon in one illuminating flash, as he stands, not far from Pipriac, at the foot of the Stairs of St. Triffine, looking upward. Westward, on the cliff's face, not far from the Cathedral, something is moving, walking with sure footsteps on paths inaccessible to man: it pauses ever and anon, gazing round with quiet unconcern; then it leisurely moves on; nor does it halt until it has descended the green side in the very neighbourhood of Rohan's *Trou*. Great inspirations come suddenly; to Grallon it seems "as if a star has burst within his brain." He runs up to Pipriac, who is sullenly sitting on a rock with a group of his men around him.

"Look, Sergeant, look!"

And he points at the object in the distance. Pipriac rolls his one eye round in no amiable fashion, and demands by all the devils what Mikel Grallon means.

"Look!" repeats Mikel. "The Goat!"

"And what of the goat, fisherman?"

"Only this: it is going to the *Trou*, and it goes there by day and night to feed its master: now at the cottage, then at the Cave. What fools we have been!"

Here Grallon chuckles silently, much to the anger of the Sergeant.

"Cease grimacing, and explain!" cries Pipriac. "Well?"

"I have my suspicions—nay, am I not certain?—that Madame Longbeard yonder is in the plot. Is she not ever wandering to and fro upon the cliffs, and will she not come to the deserter's call, and would it not be easy to conceal food about her body?—no matter how little; a crust will keep life alive. Look! she descends—she is out of sight; she is going straight down to the Cave!"

Pipriac keeps his live-coal of an eye fixed on Grallon's, looking *through rather than upon him*, in a grim abstraction; then he rises,



growling, to his feet, and calls a consultation, the result of which is that the goat shall be strictly watched.

The morning after Jannedik is intercepted as she emerges on the cliff, surrounded, and "searched," but nothing being discovered, she is suffered to go. The morning afterwards, however, Pipriac is more fortunate; for he finds, carefully buried among the long hair of the goat's throat, and suspended by a strong cord round the neck—a small basket of woven reeds containing black bread and strong cheese. It is now clear enough that Jannedik has been the bearer of supplies from time to time.

"It would be only just," says one of the *gendarmes*, "to shoot her for treason against the Emperor."

Pipriac scowled.

"No, let her go," he cried, "the beast knows no better;" and as Jannedik leapt away without the load, and began descending the cliffs in the direction of the Cathedral, he muttered, "She will not be so welcome to-day as usual, without her little present."

So the *gendarmes* eat the bread and cheese, and laugh as they reflect that Rohan is circumvented at last; while Pipriac paces up and down, in no lamb-like mood, for he is secretly ashamed of the whole business. Still duty is duty, and the Sergeant, with dogged pertinacity, means to perform his.

Henceforth all efforts to use Jannedik as the bearer of sup-pies are unavailing: a *gendarme* is posted at the widow's door night and day, with strict orders to watch the whole family, especially the goat. He notices that Jannedik seldom comes and goes at all, and never stays long out of doors; for lying on the hearth within she has a little kid, who requires constant maternal attention. When, one night, the kid dies and Jannedik is left lamenting, the *gendarme* regards the affair as of no importance;—but he is wrong.

More days pass, and still the deserter is not dead but liveth. Wild winds blow with rain and hail, the sea roars night and day, the besiegers have a hard time of it and are growing furious. How the fierce rains lash the cliffs! how the spindrift flies in from the foaming waters!—and yet screened from all this sits the deserter, while the servants of the Emperor are dripping like drowned rats. Hours of storm, when Pipriac's loudest malediction is faint as the scratch of a pin, unheeded and scarce heard! Is this to last for ever?

To Pipriac and the rest, pacing there in mist and cloud, peeping, muffled to the throat, there come from time to time tidings from the far-off seat of war. The great Emperor has met with slight reverses, and some of his old friends are falling away from him; indeed, if

Pipriac could only discern it, the cloud no bigger than a prophet's hand is already looming on the German Rhine. The *gendarmes* laugh and quote the bulletins as they tramp up and down. They are amused at the folly of those who have fallen off from the Emperor, and look forward for the news of French victory which is to come soon!

Once more, as they stand below the cliffs, Mikel Grallon points upward, calling the attention of Pipriac.

"Well?" snaps the Sergeant.

"That accursed goat; it goes to the *Trou* oftener than ever."

"What then? It goes empty, fisherman—we take care of that. Pshaw, you are an ass."

Mikel trembles and quivers spitefully as he replies—

"I will tell you one thing that you have overlooked, clever as you think yourself; if you had thought of it you would never have let the goat go."

"Well?"

"The goat is in full suck, though her kid is dead; and a mouth draws her milk each day!"

Pipriac utters an exclamation; here is a new light with a vengeance!

"Is this true?" he growls, glaring round. "Malediction, but this Mikel Grallon is the devil! After all, a man cannot live on the milk of a goat."

"It may suffice for a time," says Mikel Grallon; "there is life in it. Curses on the beast! If I were one of you, I would soon settle its business."

As he speaks the goat is passing overhead, at a distance of several hundred yards, leisurely pausing ever and anon, and cropping the thin herbage as she goes. A diabolical twinkle comes into the Sergeant's eye.

"Can you shoot, fisherman?" he asks.

"I can hit a mark," is the reply.

"I will wager a bottle of good brandy you could not hit a barn-door at twenty yards! Nevertheless,—Hoël, give him your gun."

The *gendarme* hands his weapon to Mikel Grallon, who takes it silently, with a look of interrogation at Pipriac.

"Now, fire!"

"At what?"

"Malediction, at the goat; let us see what you are made of. Fire,—and miss!"

*The thin lips of Mikel Grallon are pressed tight together, and his*



brow comes down over his eyes. His hand does not tremble as, kneeling down on knee, he steadies the piece and takes aim. Up above him Jannedik, with her side presented full to him, pauses unconscious.

He is so long in taking aim that Pipriac swears.

"Malediction!—*fire!*"

There is a flash, a report, and the bullet flies on to its mark above. For a moment it seems to have missed, for the goat, though it seemed to start at the sound, still stands in the same position, scarcely stirring; and Hoël is snatching his gun back with a contemptuous laugh, when Pipriac, pointing upward, cries—

"*Tous les diables!*—she is hit; she is coming down!"

But the niche where the goat stands is broad and safe, and she has only fallen forward on her knees; it is obvious she is hurt, for she quakes and seems about to roll over; restraining herself, however, she staggers to her legs, and then, as if partially recovered, she runs rapidly along the cliffs in the direction of the Cave.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### VIGIL.

FOR a second time Mikel Grallon, with the cunning of his class, had guessed correctly; and for two long days and nights Rohan Gwenfern had received no other sustenance than the milk of the goat. At first, after the death of her kid, Jannedik had been running about the cliffs distracted, burthened with the weight of the milk the little lips could no longer draw; and the famished man in the Cave, finding in her discomfort his bodily salvation, had in direst extremity put his mouth to her teeming udder and drunk. From that moment forth Jannedik returned many times a day to be relieved of her painful burthen; and the more relief came the freer the milk flowed—a vital and an invigorating stream.

But by this time the struggle was well-nigh over, and Rohan Gwenfern knew well that the end was near. The hand of Death seemed upon him, the wholesome flesh had worn from off his bones, and his whole frame was shrunken and famine-stricken. No eye undimmed with tears could have seen him there, crouching like a starved wolf upon his dark bed, with wild eyes glaring out through hair unkempt, his cheeks sunken, his jaw drooping in exhaustion and despair. From time to time he wailed out to God inarticulate sounds of misery; and often his head grew light, and he saw strange visions flitting about him in the gloom. But always, when there

came any sound from below, he was ready, with all his fierce instinct upon him, to watch and to resist.

He was sitting thus towards evening, when the tide was full and the waves were roaring in storm underneath the Cave, when the entrance was darkened, and Jannedik crept in, and passing across the damp and slimy floor, lay down at his bed. For a time he scarcely noticed her, for he was light-headed, muttering and murmuring to himself; but presently his attention was attracted by the rough tongue licking his hand. Turning his hollow eyes upon her, he murmured her name and touched her softly, at which she stirred, looking up into his face and uttering a low cry of pain; and then, quivering from head to foot in agony, she rolled over at his feet. He then saw, with horror, that she was suffering from a terrible wound in the side, some distance behind the shoulder; and from that wound her life's blood was ebbing fast.

Pitiful—even more pitiful than the pain of human beings whose lips can speak—are the fatal pangs of poor beasts that the good God made dumb. By an instinct diviner than our reason they know and fear the approach of death, and sometimes they seem to love life well—so well, they *dare* not die. Shall we weep by mortal death-beds and keep dry eyes by these? or shall we not rather deem that the Shadow that darkens *our* hearts is terrible to theirs, and that the blessing we ask upon *our* last sleep should be spoken on theirs as well: with the same hope of awakening, with the same poor gleam of comfort, with the same faith born of despair in the presence of that great darkness we cannot understand?

To Rohan, this poor goat had been more than succour and solace: she had been a friend and a companion, almost human in the comfort she brought. So long as she came to him, with or without tidings from the world, he did not seem quite deserted, he did not feel quite heart-broken. Several times he had flung his arms around her neck, and almost wept, as he thought of the loving ones from whom she came; and her familiar presence, seen from day to day, had made the dark Cave seem like home.

And now she lay at his feet panting, dying, her large eyes upturned beseechingly to his. He uttered a wild groan, and knelt beside her.

“Jannedik! Jannedik!”

The poor beast knew her name and licked the hand of her master; then, with one last quiver of the bleeding frame, she dropped her gentle head, and died.

*Darkness came, and found Rohan Gwenfern still kneeling by the*



side of his dead friend, his face white as death and lit with frenzy, his frame trembling from head to foot. All his own physical troubles were forgotten for the time, in this new surprise and pain; he gazed on the dead goat as on a murdered man, innocent yet martyred; and again and again he called his heart's curse on the hand that struck her low. A sick horror possessed him: he could not rise nor stir, but the wild thoughts coursed across his brain like clouds across the sky.

The moon rose in the high heavens, but the wind had not abated, and the sea was still thundering on the shore. It was one of those wild autumn nights when there is a great shining in the upper air, with a strange trouble and conflict of the forces below; when the moon and stars fulfil their ministrations to an earth that trembles in darkness and a sea that moans in pain; a night of elemental contradictions: vast calm in the heavens, but mighty tumult under the heavens; the clouds drifting luminously yet softly overhead, but the North-West Wind going forth tumultuously below, with his foot on the neck of the Deep.

The cold moonlight from heaven crept into the Cave and touched the dead goat, and trembled on Rohan's face and hands as if in benediction; but no benediction came; and the man's heart was fierce as a beast's within him, and the man's brain was mad. As a wild beast broods in its cave, gazing out through the lunar sheen with glazed and mindless eyes, Rohan crouched in his place in a sort of savage trance. One hour—two—passed thus. He seemed scarcely to see or hear.

Meanwhile the foaming, surging tide had drifted out through the Gate, and the tomb-like rocks and stones were again visible on the weedy, shingly shore. The sea roared farther off, beyond the Gate, but its roar was still deafening. The wind, moreover, was yet rising, and there was a halo like Saturn's ring round the vitreous Moon.

All at once Rohan leapt to his feet and listened; for above the roar of the sea and the shriek of the wind he heard a startling sound. In a moment he sprang to the mouth of the Cave—and not too soon; for the Cathedral was full of men, and wild faces were moving up from beneath towards his hiding place. Ladders had at last been procured and, lashed together, placed against the dripping Altar. Up these ladders men were clambering. But when Rohan appeared like a ghost above them in the moonlight, they shrank back with a loud cry.

Only for an instant; then they began to swarm up again.

*(To be continued.)*

## TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

SOME notes of legends and superstitions, collected in the course of a sojourn on the Islands of the Azores, in the mid-Atlantic, sent me by Mr. J. E. Muddock, are in substance curiously like some of those Bushman legends which I quoted in these pages in April and May, from an interesting communication which I had received from the friends of the late Dr. Bleek at the Cape of Good Hope. They are like in substance, in spite of all the differences of race, time, place, and religion. The Bushmen are an almost isolated race of low type pagans; the inhabitants of the Azores—the Islands of the Hawks—are Portuguese Christians, who settled there nearly three centuries and a half ago, finding there no native population whatever. Those readers who remember our Bushman notes of April and May will recollect to what a large extent the legends deal with the talking of animals, and with animal actions running on the same lines and proceeding from the same motives as those of human beings. Similar legends form the unwritten literature of the natives of these isolated islands. Wagtails, for example, Mr. Muddock states, are very numerous on the Azores; they are among the most familiar objects in the streets, they perch on the verandahs, and they ride unmolested on the backs of the donkeys, for no one thinks of harming a wagtail. And here is the reason:—

During the flight into Egypt, while the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph were crossing the desert with the child Jesus, a quail saw them, and immediately cried out—“*Aquí vai, aquí vai!*” (Here they go, here they go!) Mary heard the sinful quail, and pressing her blessed charge closer to her bosom, she turned and said—“Oh, quail, be cursed! For this evil deed henceforth and for ever thou shalt be unable to rise high into the air, but be doomed to skim near the surface of the earth, so that thy enemies can slay thee.” It happened that a little wagtail heard the wicked quail and, silently following the fugitives, it pitifully swept the desert sand over their foot-prints with its long tail, so that their enemies might not be able to track them. Mary saw the pretty bird at its self-appointed task, and she blessed the wagtail, and promised that it should for evermore be held sacred by man. And so to this day a wagtail is never wantonly killed, and fortunate indeed is that man who chances to see a wagtail in his path in the early morning.

It is a pretty story, and the only notable difference between it and the legends of the native tribes of the Cape of Good Hope consists



in the fact that it takes the form of a Christian tradition. Here is another of a similar character :—

The lupine, a plant which grows most luxuriously in these islands, was in former ages a sweet and pleasant flower, but during the journey of the Mother of Jesus across the desert the passage lay through a field of lupines, and the dry pods rattled on every side as if to betray her ; whereupon the Virgin, trembling for the safety of her charge, cursed the plant and said that henceforth it should be bitter as gall, and no longer serve man as food.

The white dove, favoured by tradition in most countries, is locally sacred upon the Azores, for :—

It happened that during the fifteenth century San Miguel was visited by the plague, and when it was at its height the frightened people gathered together in the Church of the Matriz, to celebrate Preces or mass, and to pray that God would stay the ravages of the visitation. At the conclusion of the service a white dove fluttered in at an open window, and after flying round the church three times it alighted on the high altar.

"A miracle, a miracle!" shouted the people.

"It is a sign from heaven that our prayers have been heard," answered the priests. From that hour the plague was stayed. And ever since have been celebrated the festivals of the Pombinha or white dove, which begin after Easter and last for seven weeks.

The people of the Azores, transported from Europe to these specks of land in mid-ocean before the dawn of modern history, have scarcely yet begun to emerge from the middle ages, and stories like these link the mediæval races of Europe with the aboriginal African Bushmen.

IN remembrance, probably, of my having quoted in these pages, two months ago, his lines on Blake and Walt Whitman, Mr. R. H. Horne favours me with the following original verses, addressed to another famous American writer :—

#### TO BRET HARTE

FROM R. H. HORNE.

*"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."*

O Man of many a touch, deep as the breast  
Of Nature—each so true that each seems best—  
Between us swings the grand Atlantic sea!  
We are all waves alike in our unrest.

But that vast depth, and distance ever fraught  
With glories, shadows, wrecks of wealth and thought,  
Is but a spirit's touch from thee to me—  
Thy words electric fresh from Nature brought.

Run slow awhile, my sunny sands—and thine—  
Once more I'll cross the dragon-crested brine;

And, having ate the fruit, behold a Tree  
Rooted in Mother Earth's old love divine.

June 1st, 1876.

BRILLIANT prose writing seems to be going out of fashion. Readers do not appear to look for it or care for it, and writers, even of the higher class, have ceased as a rule to aim at any high standard of style. It is not long since a great occurrence, happy, or sad, or terrible, would be celebrated by a magnificent leading article in the *Times*, sentences and passages whereof would linger on the memory for days like stanzas from the great poets. The death of the first Napoleon and the death of Lord Macaulay are examples, that suggest themselves on the moment, which elicited articles in the leading journal full of such a rich, fresh eloquence that the feeling with which one read them is a memorable sensation that has not yet died out. During the Crimean war the special correspondence in the papers was marked from time to time in the same way. Whatever happens now—even if it is a great war in Europe which all the world stops to watch with breathless interest—no one thinks of describing the battles as Dr. Russell described the events at Balaclava and Inkerman, though the author of those passages continues himself to be one of the chroniclers of the story. And people, so far as I can judge, do not recognise the difference. If in bookwork or periodical literature or journalism a passage with the old ring of soul-stirring eloquence appears it gets passed by unnoticed. No doubt in times past the taste for prose pitched in a high key led often to inflation and fustian, and, even in great writers sometimes, to a tiresome poisoning of sentences and occasionally to a straining after effect which would lead to the introduction of what may be called the “stagey” element. But I am not sure that we are not now falling into the habit of confounding genuine eloquence and power in the use of language with meretricious effects, and I find authors of great ability and enviable reputation writing as though it were not of the smallest importance whether they made good sentences or bad.

A CURIOSITY among the monthly magazines of the time is one called *Terra Firma*, which appears to be written, edited, printed, and published by one man, and to be always on one subject. It is the organ of John Hampden, who is also the “New Geographical Society.” This gentleman, who is not altogether unknown to fame, is possessed by the idea that the world is flat. Since he has agitated this subject for a great many years without making many disciples he has grown angry at his work, and in the June number of his periodical he declares with much emphasis that “there is not a schoolmaster in the kingdom, not a member of the College of Preceptors, not a scientific professor in Europe, not a naval or



military officer in Her Majesty's service that knows the shape of the world on which he lives, or is even competent to discuss the question." And then he goes a step further and insists that "there is not a minister of the gospel, in the Church or out of it, that has the moral courage to defend the inspired word of God against the infidel superstitions with difficulty imposed upon our grandmothers three hundred years ago." Mr. Hampden, it seems, has appealed in vain to all these authorities to abandon the pernicious heresy of Galileo, and he finds his last resource to be "to awaken popular feeling on the subject, and to urge parents, especially of the middle and humbler classes, to resist all attempts at compulsory education till the School Boards and other educational professors can, in the most open and public manner, clear themselves of the charges herein brought against them." Notwithstanding the little progress which Mr. Hampden has made against the scientific delusion of the age he is very sanguine. He tells us in the second number of his magazine that he is "resolved to crush and exterminate all such baseless and preposterous fallacies," and informs us that "the directors of the South Kensington Museum dare not submit to any adverse scrutiny of many of their apparatus, and only trust by the exclusion of honest doubters to uphold their baseless fictions for a few months longer." As far as I can judge from this gentleman's writings he is consistent in his theory, which appears to be that the surface of the earth is an immovable plane, bearing no analogy with the planets or stars, and when a ship travels round the world and arrives in the end at its starting point he declares that it has simply moved in a circle as a horse does in a circus. With regard to the limits of this plane which no traveller has ever passed, I imagine he would contend that they are guarded by impassable ice, but I do not know how he would account for the fact that about the largest circuit that a vessel can make on the surface of the world is made without approaching very nearly to the regions of intense cold. Mr. Hampden, vigorous as he is in the use of language, does not appear to me to grapple closely with the arguments of his numerous opponents, and when he finds himself in a difficulty he seems to take refuge in the allegation that his antagonist has begged the question by assuming the globular theory in the course of the argument. Nevertheless, even allowing Mr. Hampden to be not the most logical or even the most candid of reasoners, the difficulty of bringing the truth of the globular theory home to his convictions seems to me to be a point of some scientific—or at least of some psychological interest.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE  
AUGUST, 1876.

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IN PASTURES GREEN.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "IN HONOUR  
BOUND," "WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?" &c.

I.

**T**HE thick hedge which enclosed the quaint old parsonage in a square was brilliant with red berries. The hedge had been cunningly trained to form with honeysuckle an arch over the wicker-work gate which stood opposite the church. Milly Arnold was standing under the arch in a frame of red berries, and a very pretty picture she made: fair hair, blue eyes, soft rosy cheeks, and lips trembling with smiles of perfect happiness in mere life and the sunshine around her. She was waiting for the troop of young sisters and brothers who were to march under her control into the Vicar's pew.

As the people passed into the church they saluted Milly with kindly looks, and she answered with smiles and bows. The bell was ringing all the time, and its loud tongue seemed to render the surrounding quietude of the day all the more impressive. It was a day of sunshine, and the green meadows and the streams glistened with joy.

The children—eight of them—came out, and were more disposed to shout for sheer delight in their escape from the nurse who had been "tidying" them, than to behave with the decorum expected from the Vicar's family. At sight of Milly the five girls became demure and the three boys made faces at each other, which they fancied was so cleverly done that nobody saw them. They were not at all afraid of their eldest sister, who had for seven years filled the place of their *lost mother*: but they knew how much it pained



her when they behaved badly, and whilst their young robust spirits craved for active expression in shouting, racing, and games of any sort, they made an effort to control their humours in her presence.

"Now, do try to walk quietly, and like ladies and gentlemen. Remember all the other children expect you to show them an example," said Milly, with a pretended assumption of the authority of a schoolmistress.

But she was smiling herself; the boys grinned; the girls looked serious, as if they really intended to behave like grown up ladies. The youngest lady, Miss Totty, aged four, marched up to Milly and said—

"Where's Misser Tyler?—he makes us quiet with sugarsticks."

"Oh, naughty Totty! I thought you behaved well because you liked Mr. Tyler, and now I find it is because he gives you sweets."

"Me like Tyler, and me like sugarsticks—don't you?"

The question might have been an awkward one to answer, but Totty did not wait: she caught sight of a tall handsome young fellow coming down the road, and she ran to meet him. She sprang into his arms without paying the slightest attention to his mother and father who accompanied him.

Eben Tyler had nothing awkward about him: his movements were prompt, resolute, and manly; his voice was clear and decisive; his step was firm, as with the sense of independence which characterised the man. But his black frock-coat, chiefly worn on Sundays, fitted him badly; his hands were large and sunbrowned; and his handsome honest face had not a shade of that sickly town-pallor which country ladies are too apt to regard as an element of interest.

Eben the elder and Dame Tyler passed into the church.

Eben the younger lifted Totty in his strong arms, heaved her up in the sunshine, caught her again with a pleasant laugh, and kissed her. But his eyes glanced towards the wicker-gate, and a shadow (perhaps of the tree overhead) fell on his face.

Only it happened that when the shadow fell Milly was crossing the road to the church with a young man who was made up as well as Poole could make up a smart figure. The children followed Milly in a straggling line; but when Eben came up to them they clustered round him and had a chorus of questions to ask, which he silenced with pleasant promises of a day's coursing for the boys and a pic-nic in Dunthorpe Woods for the girls.

The bell stopped; the rustle of skirts and the preliminary coughs had ceased; the congregation had settled down to worship, and the service proceeded. Rays of sunlight streamed in through the dingy

windows of the old church, and one mote beam broke on Eben's face, showing that the shadow was still there, subdued by a tinge of melancholy.

His mother, a woman of fifty, but fresh and handsome still and full of the energetic spirit of youth, glanced uneasily at her son and then at the Vicar's pew, where Milly sat at the head of the children. Eben's father—a ruddy-faced, white-haired, fat man of sixty odd—settled himself comfortably in the corner to indulge in his usual attentive snooze as soon as the sermon began.

Eben himself sat with eyes fixed steadily upon the altar, never glancing to right or to left, and never moving except when the service rendered movement necessary.

But behind Milly sat the young gentleman who had escorted her across the road, and he, very quietly and decorously, passed his Prayer-book or Bible to her, which she accepted in silence. Beside him sat his father, a tall, grave-looking gentleman, who was much gazed at by the congregation, for he was Sir Henry Lewis, the eminent barrister and Q.C., who had distinguished himself in many popular trials. He had recently taken Elizabeth House, which stood on the outskirts of the village and had been originally the residence of the Lords of the Manor for generations. He was a handsome, intellectual-looking man, and the son—in spite of Poole—looked insignificant beside him.

The son, Montague Lewis (the Christian name had been chosen by his mother, as it belonged to her family), was also at the bar; but he had never practised, and gave no indication of a desire to practise. Sir Henry had given him one case to conduct, but he never gave him a second; he was too careful of his own reputation to endanger it by any misuse of patronage.

Montague was indifferent; he did not want to work so long as he had enough money to enjoy himself, and his mother took care that he should not want. He was idle and good-natured; he was extravagant, but he always kept within certain bounds; he lived in his Temple chambers, and had a vague idea that some day he would take to work in earnest—not in the plodding way of his father, but in a grand way. He would go into Parliament, and obtain some appointment which would develop his genius and conduct him straight to the Woolsack.

Meanwhile he was at Elizabeth House rustivating, as he said, after the weariness of town life, and he had become a great friend of the Vicar, whereby he also became a friend of the Vicar's daughter.



Service over, Milly, after shaking hands with the Tylers and hoping they were well, passed on to the house, accompanied by Montague Lewis.

Eben the younger had pressed her soft hand, looked into her clear eyes earnestly, and had seen there nothing but frankness, truth, and good-nature. But his head was bowed a little as he walked along towards the inn where they had left the waggonette.

A kindly voice whispered in his ear—

"Do not you be downcast, lad; she is comely, but she is not for you. She was born for a town life and fine folk and fine fare. I have seen her like when I was in service in London. Though she did take you she'd be sick herself and make you sick too before a year was gone. You do not want to make her unhappy, now, do you?"

"No, mother; but she is a good girl."

"Who said she was anything else?"

"No one; and being what she is, if"——

"Nay, Eben—nay, no ifs, or you will ruin yourself. The young gentleman, Lewis, is her mate, and he means to have her."

"How do you know that?"

There was something quick and bitter in the tone which betrayed him in spite of himself; it was an unusual exhibition on his part, and the soft handsome face of the mother looked up to him sadly.

"It is worse with you than I thought, Eben, or you would have had eyes and seen—you would have had sense and known that Milly Arnold would be happier at the head of a big house like the Elizabeth than as the hard-working wife of a farmer. She is a good lass, and maybe will not count these things now; but she would be sorry after, and make you sorry too."

Eben walked on, saying nothing till they reached the inn. Then—

"You'll drive, dad; I want to see somebody before I go home, so I'll walk."

Eben the elder nodded and grinned, winking with both eyes.

"All right, lad, I know; and if it was not Sunday I'd sing ye the old song, 'Fair the Maid and sad my Heart' " (he half chanted the words, as if the impulse to sing were too much for him; indeed, on market days he was the musical wonder of the hours after dinner at the inn); "but keep a stout heart: there are more lasses want you than you can do with."

He was a jovial old fellow, and proud in the remembrance of his successes in the bright days of wooing, as he had reason to be, for the *many admirable qualities* of his wife were so many proofs of his

wisdom and triumph. She had been the ballast which had carried him safely through many storms in life, and the old man was proud of her—proud also of himself in having won her. *He* thought if Eben had only the pluck of his dad he might win any lady in the land.

Eben saw the waggonette drive off, and then slowly walked out of the stable-yard and turned towards the vicarage.

He intended to see Milly, and yet he hesitated. That was unusual with him, for he was prompt of decision, and once decided he walked straight on to the end. But his mother's words made him pause, on Milly's account: if she would be happier at the big house than with him, why should he disturb her by seeking an explanation which must be painful to both, and useless?

## II.

Milly was a girl of a very practical turn of mind, and the turn was due partly to nature and partly to the conditions under which she had lived since the death of her mother. Whilst she was still a child she had been obliged to calculate how far she could make three shillings do the work of five. She was in no respect mercenary: never a selfish thought entered into her calculations. But her father's income was small, and his family large; Milly had much to do and little to do it with; and so having a practical nature she had the habit of speculating upon the consequences of first steps. For instance, Totty required a new frock; but that would involve a new hat, cape, and stockings; therefore the question became, in her mind, Could not the frock be turned, the hat renovated and trimmed with a bit of new ribbon? So with Tommy's knickerbockers, and so with her own apparel, although—perhaps owing to her beauty—she always appeared to be the best dressed girl in the church. But she was plain and direct in her thoughts; sentiment never blinded her as to what was best to be done for those around her.

She was on her way this Sunday afternoon to visit an invalid, Widow Hurst, who required nourishment and kindly gossip to keep her alive. Milly had to cross the stile a little way below the church.

Eben Tyler was sitting on the stile swinging his legs, and his head was so doubled upon his chest that he did not observe her approach, and she could not recognise him until she was quite near. Then she exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. Tyler, not gone home? And you did not come to dine with us!"



He sprang up as if a cannon had exploded under him, and for a moment stood with the decidedly sheepish expression of a school-boy caught playing truant. But he shook off his awkwardness, and with a hearty laugh at himself answered—

“I beg your pardon; I did not see you, although I was thinking about you. I wanted to see you, but I was too late for dinner, and have been waiting here till I could call without bothering you.”

“What a pity you did not come at once. You know how pleased papa is to see you, and how glad the children are when you come. There now, and you have had no dinner? How vexed you have made me!”

He became rather confused at this.

“I am very sorry—but it does not matter—I could not have eaten dinner just now. Are you going far?”

“Only down to the cottages. I hope you are quite well?”

The question had been suggested by his manner, for without suspecting herself to be the cause, she saw that Eben was not speaking or acting like himself.

“Let me help you” was his evasive reply.

He assisted her over the stile, and released her hand the moment she descended on the other side.

They walked down through the meadows side by side, near, and yet so far apart. They exchanged awkward commonplaces about the weather, the hedges, the cattle gazing stolidly at them; the sermon, the people in church—but he flew off from that subject—their eyes met, and she saw that he was disturbed, and he saw that she was calm, only wondering at his excitement.

They reached the little foot-bridge, with its single hand-rail, which crossed the shallow stream, or river as it was called locally. In wet seasons it gathered into a sufficiently powerful current to justify the name, and transformed the neighbouring meadows into broad lakes.

He halted before she had stepped upon the narrow bridge.

“Shall we cross abreast?” he asked.

“Impossible!—one of us would tumble into the water; and although it is not deep, the wetting would be uncomfortable. We must go in single file,” she answered, laughing at his odd question, and yet a little puzzled by his way of putting it.

She was about to pass on, but he stretched his arm before her, looking earnestly into her face at the same time.

“I have a fancy. Suppose this were the bridge of life, narrow *like this*, and with maybe more danger of getting a ducking; and suppose I said ‘Milly, you have known me many years, will

you try the bridge abreast with me, will you trust me to keep you up, however narrow the way?" What would you say?"

She understood. She had often thought of somebody asking her to be his wife: she had thought of Eben doing it; but this came in such an unexpected way that she blushed and trembled. In all her dreams of a proposal she had never speculated upon what her answer was to be; and now she was put to it, so many considerations for others presented themselves—so many doubts, hopes, and fears contended with each other in her mind—that she was not quite sure whether she wished to say yes or no.

He waited patiently, resting his arm on the hand-rail of the bridge and watching her downcast face. He was thinking of Montague Lewis; she was thinking of her father, of the crowd of children at home, and of her brother at Cambridge. At length, looking him straight in the face, with an honest and resolute expression, under which lay much tenderness, she said frankly—

"I know what you mean, Eben, and I thank you. If there were only myself to be considered in this matter my answer would be an easy one; but I cannot say yes or no until I can realise how my father and the children may be affected by my absence. I like you, Eben, more than anybody I know, outside our own house, and I believe my liking is strong enough to make me an honest wife to you if it might be; but it is not strong enough to make me forget my father and his children. I want to tell you what I feel—don't, please—don't think me unkind."

It was a pathetic appeal, for whilst she had been speaking there had been presented to her mind such a pretty picture of the wedding in the old church—of the bridesmaids in favours gay, of the group of eager well-wishers, of her father repeating the solemn service in tones of emotion that were made up of joy and regret; and she saw this brawny, handsome fellow, standing by her side, devotion in his eyes and sincerity in his earnest responses,—that she felt it very hard to say no. She was not sure that she loved him with all the strength of her nature, indeed she had a faint suspicion that if she had done so she never could have said no; but she felt that he was a brave, honest man, who would have made her life happy, and she liked him, and wished that she might have said yes.

He looked at her with a strange expression for a minute, and then wistfully—

"You are very kind, Milly; you are thinking of others; place me amongst them, and remember, it is the fate of your life and of



It was difficult, and he was unintentionally cruel ; but his whole life seemed to depend upon her answer ; he was full of passionate love, and could not understand why anything should keep them apart. He was not poor ; he was offering her comforts equal to any she possessed at present, and he was ready to do anything that might please her. He would not separate her from her family, or from the pensioners who looked to her—a great deal too much—for support. He was proposing to give her increased power and means of satisfying “the others” of whom she was thinking.

She understood all that, for she had a keen perception of the practical advantages of this arrangement or that. But she had a sense of justice, too, and she could not reconcile the duties of a wife with those which she owed to her family. But it was a hard struggle for the girl.

“I am sorry, Eben ; but I must say no.”

He dropped her hand.

“We are to cross the bridge in single file,” he said ; and there was a bitterness in his tone which he could not hide.

He was still thinking of young Lewis ; her heart was aching, for she knew that he was pained, and she would have been glad to spare him.

She crossed the bridge, and he followed ; at the other side he held out his hand, saying “Good-bye.”

“Good-bye !”

And she walked on, and he stood still watching her as she passed on through the green meadows, the clear glistening water of the river dancing merrily along and seeming to mock his despair.

She would have liked to look back, but pride and sorrow prevented her. The parting had been so very unsatisfactory on both sides, yet she had tried to explain, and he knew all the conditions of her position. He would come again on market day, and then she would have a long talk with him, and compel him to understand that she would have gladly said yes, although circumstances had forced her to say no. He would wait a little, and they would be very happy by-and-by. What a sad compound is that “By-and-by.”

He stood by the river in the midst of green meadows, the hedge-rows stretching out in all directions, sparkling and glowing with wild flowers ; the grey old church with its square clock tower looking down upon him. Peace was in the atmosphere ; the dreamy gaze of the cattle as they chewed the grass filled one with a sense of perfect repose, and the murmur of the water formed a

monotonous cadence in harmony with the scene and its impressions.

In the midst of this pastoral quietude stood a man whose whole nature was on fire, whose heart was fierce with passion and hatred of the world. She had turned from him, and he thought that there was nothing for him but to die.

### III.

Eben the elder had lost his temper; a wicked pig had been working much damage in a potato-pit, and he had found it a troublesome business getting the animal back to the barn-yard. The sun had scorched the meadows, the earth was aglow with heat, old Eben perspired and panted as the pig dodged him to and fro, and he would have failed altogether if Susan Carter had not come to his aid. A maid with a fresh, kindly face and bright brown eyes, always full of sympathy; strong and healthful, she had from childhood taken delight in the hardest work of the farm; she could groom and harness a horse with the best man about the place, and she could drive or ride with the cleverest expert.

"I don't know what would become of us, Sue, without you," gasped the old man; "nothing goes right now unless you happen to be by. Where's the missus?"

They were at the kitchen door, and Susan handed him a brown mug, around the sides of which were quaint figures, the top being white with the foam of good home-brewed ale.

"Darn that pig," said old Eben, as if he were giving a toast.

He drank; recovered his breath and his humour; and when Susan gave him his pipe he turned a pail upside down, seated himself, and smoked contentedly. Susan was flitting out and in, between the dairy and the house, and the farmer watched her.

Dame Tyler looked out at the kitchen window, and he nodded significantly towards Susan.

"She's got the right stuff in her, missus—just like you. Managing is born in some women, and mismanaging is born in most. They can't help it, poor creatures; but when you do come across the managing one, catch her—that's what I say."

"I doubt Eben never thinks of her, although he knows what we would like," said the dame.

"You wait; he is working hard, and hard work is first-rate physic for love and the stomach. He hasn't been to church for six months, and that's a good sign—I mean, of course, under the circumstances.



Mayhap he'll take a thought of Susan sooner than you bargain for. I'd have thought on her long ago."

Old Eben laughed as if quite sure that Eben the younger would follow in the ways of his father.

The gate at the foot of the road swung open, and Eben Tyler rode up to his father. The latter called out immediately—

"You have been giving the mare a rare gallop, Eben; give her a walk and a rub down afore you begin to speak. She's worth a clear hundred at least, and we can't afford to lose that in these hard times."

Eben nodded and obeyed. Susan stepped up to him when he began to rub the mare down.

"Leave her to me, Eben. Dad is dying to know all about the meeting, and you need not keep him waiting."

"Dad seems quiet enough with his pipe, and I am not going to let you have this work to do, Susan."

"But I like it," and she began on the instant to prove her words with the help of a wisp of straw.

"There's no use arguing with a woman; so go on, if you like."

She was on one side of the mare, he on the other; their wisps occasionally came in contact; but there was no coquetting in the action. He seemed eager to finish the task; she seemed to be entirely occupied with her share of it, and only a very close observer would have seen the occasional flash of her eyes on his face. When she did look at him her expression was that of mild wonder and pity rather than of love. She knew of his disappointment, for he kept no secrets from his mother, and the dame kept no secrets from Susan. There was no jealous rancour in her heart, only sorrow on his account, and a yearning to make his burden lighter anyhow and by any sacrifice of herself.

She knew what the dame's wishes were; but Susan had long ago given up all hope that they might ever be fulfilled. She only wished to see her cousin happy; she knew how she would have striven to make him so, and sometimes she felt a queer little shiver as she imagined the day when he would bring a stranger to the farm as its mistress and everything would be changed.

Perhaps she would have to go away, and that would be hard, for she had never known any other home. The place and its associations made all her world; Eben the elder and his wife had been like tender parents to her always; she loved them and the place, and the mere notion of going away was like the notion of death, so full of mysterious terror that she could not think of it at all.

*Eben took the mare into the stable and went to his father.*

"Well, what was the meeting like? Have the fools come to reason?"

"They had a large gathering at the inn, and some fellow who represented the Union led them by the nose. They are determined to hold out unless we come to their terms."

"Then let them hold out, darn them," cried the father, with dogged emphasis; "they have nothing to complain of about us. They grumble about their pay. Let them drop their perquisites and I'm willing to double their pay, for my part. They are an ungrateful set of fools, and they'll find it out in the long run."

"They are only trying to do the best they can for themselves, dad"—

"But they aint doing the best for themselves. Was there ever a man, woman, or child of them that ever wanted for anything on the farm? Was there ever one of them hungry and didn't get food?"

"I believe not, but they want to have as a right what was given as a favour, and I don't think they are altogether wrong."

"Are you going to join them?"

"Not yet," answered the son, with a smile at his father's obstinate refusal to admit one gleam of reason in the movement of the agricultural labourers to improve their position. "But meanwhile there is the wheat to cut and not a man to help in the work."

"We'll do it ourselves," said the old farmer, sturdily.

"We will have to do it. The new reaping machine is to be in the field to-night, and I am to begin work in the morning."

"I'll be with you."

"And I will go too," said Susan; "we can manage it amongst us."

"You are a brave wench," said Eben the elder, admiringly; and he muttered something else to himself which was not complimentary to his son.

In the morning the two Ebens and Susan went to the field; the younger Eben was leading the horses, which Susan had helped to harness, and the old man was walking with the girl.

A pale clear sky overhead, a fresh breeze blowing from the north and making the cheeks tingle and the heart leap with a sense of unspeakable gladness, the thrush and the lark making the clear air ring with their melody—the melody of pure joy in mere existence. There were youth and strength in the atmosphere; and the three workers went to their task with good will. Old Eben declared that the strike of the labourers had been a real blessing to the farmers.



"We were growing too fat and too lazy," he said, as he placed the sheaves which Susan had bound, "and that's what was the matter with us. Darn me, but I am growing young again, and begin to wonder why I've been so long out of the harvest field."

And he really did enjoy the labour which had been forced upon him.

Eben and Susan worked together: but he was now in advance, again a long way behind as he made the circle of the field, and they spoke little, save to make an occasional comment as he drove by her on the clean job the new machine was making of the wheat. But at noon the dame brought down the dinner, and as they all sat under the shade of a massive oak-tree Eben and Susan were side by side.

In the evening a good day's work had been done. The old man was tired and proud; he was more determined than ever to defy the unionists; and the dame, with anxious eyes, watched her son and Susan as they went to the stable with the horses.

"You are as strong, Susan, as you are good-hearted," said Eben the younger; "what a wife you will be!"

"We have to find the man yet," said Susan, blushing; and then she hurried into the house.

#### IV.

A bright May morning, and the sun carried the perfume of lilac, wallflower, and sweetbriar into the vicarage through the wide open windows. In the parlour the sun glared upon three yards of the carpet, and left the corners of the room in delightful shade, thanks to the small windows which the architect had provided for the old house. A hum of bird and insect life in the sweet drowsy atmosphere mingled with many curious noises proceeding from the nursery, which was also the school-room, for Milly was at this moment waiting upon her father, and the young people were left to themselves.

"You are dreadfully nervous this morning, child," said Mr. Arnold, when she had arranged his bands; and then, as she stepped on to the patch of carpet, where the glare of sunlight fell upon her, he added: "and you look weary."

"Do I, papa? The children have been a little tiresome this morning, and insist upon going to see the wedding."

"Why not? Give them an hour's freedom, and they will return to their tasks with all the more good-will."

"But I must go with them," and there was something in her tone *almost like suppressed alarm.*

"Well, again, why not?" said the Vicar, with a pleasant smile. "You will some day have to go through the ceremony yourself, and most girls like to see how it is performed."

He was an easy, good-natured man, who had been spared most household cares by the diligence, first, of his wife, and then of his daughter. In his books and his parish work he found infinite variety; he was contented and unambitious. He appreciated sorrow where there was a definite cause for it, but he was slow to detect the varying shades of humour which indicate secret anxiety or pain. This morning, however, he felt that there was something wrong with Milly, and he was convinced of it when she said in a curiously low voice—

"Very well, we will go."

"But do not go, child, if there is anything in the service which suggests unhappy thoughts. I am afraid you are thinking of young Lewis"——

"Oh, no, papa!" she answered quickly, and glad that she escaped through his mistake the necessity of paining him by telling the truth about the interview she had with Eben Tyler in the meadows two years ago.

"I am glad of that," Mr. Arnold proceeded, "because he would not have settled down into quiet domestic ways very readily, and that would have been a trial for you. It is the very best thing that could have happened for him, his obtaining this appointment in India. He will practise there; no doubt he will be made a judge some day, and will come home a sober, sensible man, for he was not a bad young fellow in the main, and work will steady him."

"I hope so, papa; for I, too, thought he was not really such a wicked young man as people said."

"All the same, I am glad you did not care particularly about him. I would much rather have seen you the wife of young Tyler, for he is a steady-going, faithful lad, and will be a good husband. But there again, you see how happily Providence has arranged matters; Eben, in marrying his cousin, obtains the wife who is in every way best fitted for him. She is handsome, strong, has been brought up on the farm, knows all his ways, and takes interest in all his pursuits. I think he is a fortunate young man."

"I must get ready now" she said quickly, and left the room.

There was a crowd of villagers in the church, for Eben Tyler was a favourite with them all, and the bell-ringers had of their own free will, without favour or reward, determined to ring a merry peal in



honour of his marriage. They were all ready, and waiting eagerly for the signal to begin.

Eben performed his part with admirable calmness, and gave his responses clearly and firmly. Nobody would have suspected that he had ever thought of any girl save the tall and handsome woman by his side. She had a bright good-natured face, ruddy at all times with health, exercise, and humour; but ruddier than ever now with the blushes of joy and timidity at her novel position.

She, too, answered bravely, but in a soft tone. Eben had been her hero ever since she had been brought an orphan to the farm, and kindly Dame Tyler and Eben the elder had received her with open arms. The dame looked on with entire contentment at the fulfilment of one of her most ardent wishes. She knew that Susan would be a good wife and would keep the old farm-house trim and neat, as she had done herself, when the time came for her to resign the management. She could not have trusted anybody else with the care of the place and of her son. Eben had threatened at one time to mar her plans, but he had become sensible at last—as how could he help it, being in sorrow at the rejection of his love by Milly, and therefore sensitive to the sympathy and affection of tender-eyed Susan?

Old Eben had a broad grin on his face as he gave away the bride; he was happy in the arrangement, for everything had fallen out just as he had predicted. He found another proof of the correctness of his commonplace views of love affairs when Miss Arnold advanced to the bride, presented her with a pretty bouquet, kissed her, and wished her all happiness. Then she shook hands with Eben and congratulated him upon his good fortune in finding such a wife. He looked into her eyes with just the least bit of wistful remembrance of the Sunday afternoon in the meadows so long ago! Then he thanked her manfully and hoped they would see her often at the farm.

At that moment the joy-bells began their merry peal, and if there had been any confusion to hide on the part of the old lovers it was easily done in the bustle of leaving the church and getting into the carriages, whilst the bells rang loudly and gaily overhead and the children shouted as the newly married couple drove off amidst a shower of flowers.

"I told you it would be all right," chuckled old Eben to his wife as he took the reins; "why, losing a lover is like drawing a tooth—nasty to think about, but when it's over we are mostly glad of it, and *find we can eat as well as ever*. Bless you I lost many a tooth afore

"I squared matters with you, missus. I won't say how many I've lost since."

Milly, standing in the midst of the excited children, who were flinging the flowers as if they were snowballs, smiled and waved her handkerchief to the bride and bridegroom as they drove away. She received one last kindly look from Eben as the carriage wheeled round the corner, and then she knew that his face was turned to his wife.

"We must go to our lessons now," she said quietly, as the last carriage disappeared.

And she went to her lessons also. They were harder tasks than those of the children; but she indulged in very few sentimental regrets or longings. She did not think that Eben had been false to her: he had acted wisely and would be happy—she earnestly prayed that he would be happy. She had acted wisely also, and there would be happiness for her in the discharge of the duties which had fallen to her hands.

There was a shadow in her heart. There would come at times when she was alone a lingering thought of all that might have been if on a certain day she had said yes instead of no; but it cast no shade upon her face. The bright quiet smile was always there; the busy head and fingers were active as ever; and by-and-by the shadow, which had been at first like pain, became mellowed into a sad sweet memory, which she greeted with a smile.

She went to her lessons bravely, and performed them faithfully. Her father and the children were grateful for the happy home she made for them, and knew nothing of Milly's sorrow.

## V.

A summer day; the sun flashed upon the trees in their new dress, here showing a bright pale green, and there a darker hue; and through the openings of the trees were glimpses of cool green fields speckled with easy-minded cattle: the whole scene refreshing to the eye and to the soul.

A carriage was driving slowly along the white dusty road by the village green, where a donkey was solemnly regarding the movements of a noisy flock of geese. The red sign-board of the ale-house swung gently in the breeze.

In the carriage were two gentlemen: the one, a ruddy-faced white-haired man, who was the village doctor; the other, a jaundice-faced, thin, dried-up looking man, who seemed to be much older than the doctor, although he was at least twenty years his junior.



This was Montague Lewis, now a baronet, as his father had recently died. He had returned from India to live in happiness on the fortune his father had bequeathed to him, added to the fortune he had himself acquired at the Indian bar. But his chief happiness seemed to be confined to a series of consultations with physicians.

"What couple is this?" he asked, nodding indifferently towards two approaching figures; "the old gentleman appears to lean heavily enough on the lady's arm. What a capital figure she has! and a good face too. Is she a widow?—that old fellow can't be her husband."

The doctor laughed heartily at the jumble of comment and question which proceeded from his companion.

"That's right!—ha, ha!—I mean it's right that you should show interest in something else than your liver, and until now you have not done so since you came home."

"I can't stand jokes about my liver, doctor. Tell me who is the lady—what a calm face! She has never known what the worry and humbug of the world mean."

"Who can tell?" said the doctor, thoughtfully; "she certainly enjoys the world, and she makes other people enjoy it too. I have known the sound of her pleasant voice and one of her quiet smiles do more to relieve a patient in five minutes than all my skill and physic could do in as many weeks."

The doctor lifted his hat as the carriage drove past the lady and gentleman. Then he proceeded—

"Did you not recognise her?—she could not recognise you—it is Miss Arnold with her father. The poor old parson is laid on the shelf now, and the curate does all the work. All his children, except this one, have started off on their own account; the daughters are married, two of the sons are in business, another is at sea, and the eldest, William, has got a fellowship at Cambridge and is taking high rank in scholarship."

"Dear me, and is that Milly Arnold? I remember her quite well—the most lovely girl I ever saw. How the deuce is it she never got married?"

"I don't know. I have often wondered where the eyes of our young men were, that she remained single; but it has been a blessing for her family that she did so. They could never have pulled through without her. She has seen them all comfortably settled in the world, and now she devotes herself entirely to the old man."

"What a monotonous life!"

"Upon my word I think she enjoys it; she seems to be always

happy, and she has the knack of making everybody who comes near her happy too. She is the guide, philosopher, and friend of every man, woman, and child in Dunthorpe, and they go as near to worshipping her as she will allow them."

"I don't think she would have remained long a maiden if you had been a widower, doctor," said Lewis, grinning at the doctor's enthusiasm.

"Faith, I would have made her an offer, at any rate," answered the doctor, gaily.

"I once thought of it myself."

"And why didn't you do it?"

"Because I had not enough to keep myself; then came that appointment in India, and then—well, then came other distractions, and I forgot about her."

"More fool you."

"I must go and see her after luncheon."

The Vicar sat in the garden under the shade of a huge lilac tree, his hands placidly clasped before him. Milly stood near him, her finger marking the place in the book from which she had been reading to him. She was talking to a burly man who was on the verge of becoming rather too fat to be gainly.

"You must come, Miss Arnold," said this big Eben Tyler, "for to-morrow is Milly's birthday and the children all say they will have no fun unless you are there."

"I suppose I must go, then," she answered with a soft pleased laugh.

"You really must. I shall come down for you about eleven o'clock, and the drive will do your father good. Do you not think so, Mr. Arnold?"

"Whatever Milly would like to do, I am agreeable," said the Vicar.

Sir Montague Lewis presented himself and interrupted the conversation.

"You do not recollect me, Miss Arnold; but your father will remember his old friend Sir Henry Lewis—I am his son."

"What!" exclaimed the Vicar, with mild surprise, "are you young Lewis?—how changed you are!"

"Fifteen years in India make a change in most men. You may call me old Lewis now."

They shook hands, and expressed pleasure in meeting again. Eben wondered at the transformation of the gay, handsome youth into the withered old man; and Lewis marvelled how he had



managed to become so offensively fat. Milly was the only one of the party who appeared to retain the grace of youth; and her welcome was so genial that Lewis understood the doctor's enthusiasm about her. At the same time he began to have a glimmering idea that her life could not have been so monotonous after all; it had been full of pleasant duties, and she had been most happy in the work of helping others. Therefore she retained the fresh heart of youth.

But the passions of the old time barely ruffled the memory, and these three—Milly, Eben, and Lewis—were friends. So much so that the baronet, having heard of the birthday *fête* in honour of Miss Arnold's god-child—Eben's eldest daughter—begged to be permitted to join the party.

There were grand doings in the orchard at the farm on the following day. The trees were glowing with apple-blossoms and the grass was speckled with them. The white-haired Vicar, leaning on Eben's arm, watched the wild sports of the children, his daughter Milly being the youngest and merriest of them all, and yet contriving somehow to keep them within bounds.

"If I had not been such a withered old wretch, what a wife she would have made!" thought Lewis, as he observed Milly flitting to and fro; and then, with a short breath, he turned to Eben and the Vicar to continue his inquiries as to the chances of his election if he should offer himself as a candidate to represent the county in Parliament.

Sunshine, laughter, and the happiness of childhood; and Milly was the inspiration of it all. Her life had been one of noble devotion, and she was content. A game at hide and seek, and Milly was caught under the apple trees by a troop of merry children. The boys shook the branches, and a shower of apple-blossoms fell upon her.

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# THE GRAND TOUR A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

**T**HE year is 1720. We are about to start for a tour on the Continent.

George I., in the sixth year of his reign, is on the throne of Great Britain, Hanover, and Ireland. His ex-wife, now Duchess of Ahlden, is dragging out slow years, dark with one tragic memory, in Ahlden Castle, with a dreary outlook over the sandy wastes of Lüneburg Heath. Louis XV. being still a very minor, France is, after some scandalous sort, ruled by the Regent Orleans, who is ruled by the Abbé Dubois; and the country is in training for the French Revolution. Clement XI. is drawing near his end. Peter the Great is Czar of Moscovy. Frederick the Great is eight years old. From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow. Bolingbroke is in exile, and Swift in Ireland—that being a species of exile to the great and gloomy Dean. In the year preceding (1719) Addison had died at Holland House, and "Robinson Crusoe" had been first published. In 1720 Pope brought [out, with a] dedication to Congreve, the concluding volume of his translation of the "Iliad." The Jacobites, despite their defeat in 1715, were still intriguing actively and dangerously. Steele was forty-nine; Johnson, a boy of eleven, was at school at Lichfield; Hogarth, just out of his apprenticeship to Mr. Ellis Gamble, had himself designed and produced, on the 29th of April, an ingenious shop-card, announcing to all whom it might concern that he had just set up for himself at his shop in Little Cranbourn Alley, hard by the Golden Angel. Hogarth, in his abstract and brief chronicle of the time, keeps alive for us the men and women of his day. He has painted them for us in the costumes which they wore, and with the manners which then obtained. If we want to realise to our imagination the year 1720 we shall do well to keep before our mind's eye the figures, the furniture, the houses which Hogarth has drawn and painted.

About that time a notice appeared which informed the travelling public that—



*to London, or any other place on that Road; Let them Repair to the 'Black Swan' in Holbourn in London, and to the 'Black Swan' in Coney Street in York. At both which Places, they may be received in a Stage Coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole Journey in Four Days (if God permits), And sets forth at Five in the Morning.*

"Performed by { BENJAMIN KINGMAN,  
HENRY HARRISON,  
WALTER BAYNES."

For the further comfort of the travelling public a proclamation was issued on the 21st of January, 1720, in which a reward of £100 was offered for taking any highwayman within five miles of London or Westminster. Officers in the army saluted by "comporting" their half pikes according to certain "figures" contained in a curious manual, now before me; and the manual and platoon exercise for soldiers included, according to the same authority, such motions as "Handle your Primers," "Poise your Firelock," "Club your Firelock," "Shorten your Rammer," "Rest on your Arms," and the like. Privates wore small swords, standing out from stiff, wide skirts. The "Red Book" of to-day contrasts very quaintly with the "Manual of our British Foot" of the eighteenth century. The difference is as great as that which runs through all costume.

It was a time of stock-jobbing mania: of the South Sea Scheme; of Mr. Law, the "Plutus of France," and of his Royal Bank and Mississippi Company. In March, 1720, South Sea Stock rose from 130 to above 300; in May, it rose to 550; in June, to 890; in July, to 900 and 1,000; and in September it had dropped to 400. Nearly every one gambled. Smollett says, "During the infatuation produced by the infamous South Sea Bubble, luxury, vice, and profligacy increased to a shocking degree of extravagance." In 1721 the crash came; but in 1720 the bubble was blown to its greatest distension. This South Sea Scheme is the most distinctive event of the year. Ladies left the card-table for Change Alley; and the crowd of speculative "adventurers," in their habits as they lived, may be seen in Mr. Ward's well-known picture.

In 1720 Mr. William Hutchinson, of Goldesbro', in Yorkshire, and of Cambridge University, started with Robert Byerley, Esq., his tutor (always called by Hutchinson "my master"), for a grand tour. Mr. Hutchinson is my great-grandfather, and his curious unpublished journal and "account" of his travels has descended to me. The journal has been most carefully copied, in a fair round hand, into a bound book, paged and indexed, and furnished with an

exact comparative table of "the measures of different nations." The work has been transcribed with loving care and pride. It was not intended, apparently, for publication. The writer thought only of recording his travels—even in a day in which travelling was so rare—for the information, and, it may be, the admiration, of his family and friends. He would, probably, have refused to believe that portions, at least, of his work would see the light in 1876. The little volume has been scrupulously preserved in the family, and recently came to me by inheritance. The comparison which the journal suggests between travelling then and travelling now seems to me so striking and so curious that—apart from the quaintness and merit of the narrative itself—some few extracts from my ancestor's journal will, I feel sure, interest readers to-day.

Every one has some purpose in travelling. Let us hear Mr. Hutchinson's ideas on the subject. He says, in a kind of moral pretence for writing, or introduction to his journal:—

"There is certainly no place in the World where a man may Travel with greater advantage than in Italy. It is the great School of Musick and Painting, and contains in it all the Noblest Productions of Statuary and Architecture, both Antient and Modern: it abounds with Cabinets of Curiosities, and vast Collections of all kinds of Antiquities. No other country in the World has such a variety of Governments [remember this was written in 1720], that are so different in their Constitutions, and so refin'd in their Politicks. . . . One may observe among those who have written on Italy, that different Authors have succeeded best on different Sorts of Curiosities; some have been more Particular in their accounts of Pictures, Statues, and Buildings; some have searched into Libraries, Cabinets of Rarities, and Collections of Medals, as others have been taken up with Inscriptions, Ruins, and Antiquities." Here Mr. Hutchinson cites some of his predecessors in writing about Italy—as the Bishop of "Salsbury," Lassalls, Kay, M. Misson. Mr. Hutchinson proceeds: "For my own part, as I have taken notice of Several Places and Antiquities that Nobody else has spoken of, so I think I have mention'd but few things in common with others that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different Reflections." Now comes the Scholar, who tells us,—“I have taken care particularly to consider the Several Passages of the Antient Poets which have any Relations to y<sup>e</sup> Places or Curiosities that I met with. For before I entered on my Voiage, I took care to refresh my Memory among the Classick authors, and to make such Collection out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I



must confess it was not one of the least of Entertainments that I met with in Travelling, to Examine those Several Descriptions as it were, upon the Spot, and to compare the Natural Face of the Country with the Landskips that the Poets have given us of it."

So far our young student traveller is in sweet accord with the late ingenious Mr. Addison, who took particular delight in the same entertainment. "He passed Lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them." Macaulay says further—"The crowd of readers who expected (from Addison) politics and scandal . . . were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria: and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina." We shall see, shortly, how far our present guide looked at things only with a scholar's classic eye.

Now, in 1876, we need very little prelude to an excursion. We start to the Continent at very short notice and with very slight preparation. We arrange with our friend, or friends, to dine, probably at a club, and we are at Charing Cross in time to catch the 8.30. Mr. Hutchinson proceeded, necessarily, with more deliberation. He departed from Ravensworth, in Yorkshire, on the 17th of August, 1720, and reached London on the 27th of August. He stayed with "my master" in Queen Square, Westminster, until the 8th of September; on which day they embarked at Rotherhithe, in a foreign sloop, the captain being one "Mathew Skewering, a Dutchman born," and set sail slowly for Hamburg, "in Lower Germany." They anchored and dined at Gravesend. They often anchored, and indeed pursued their voyage with a comfortable leisure. They reached Hamburg, after a somewhat tempestuous passage, on the 18th of September; and there lodged at the "Klien English House," kept by one John May, presumably a countryman.

Travelling in those days was not connected with any idea of hurry. Mr. Hutchinson and his "master" remained in Hamburg until the 4th of April, 1721, when they quitted the Hanse city, "accompanied with Sir David Exeter, servant, and Mr. Charles Lister." During his stay in Hamburg our student was most diligent. There were then no guide books, and a man had to be his own "Murray." The travellers of that time studied assiduously and learned thoroughly. Our young friend in Hamburg, as at all other places, finds out for himself and records the latitude and longitude of the place; *its distance from other capitals; its products, trade, manufactures;*

its form of government and history; its noteworthy objects and monuments; and its habits and manners. All this knowledge was gained painfully, from special personal inquiry.

They travelled either with post-horses or, more generally, on horseback, armed, and accompanied by servants. Leaving Hamburg, they travelled through Westphalia and Bavaria, returning by way of the Rhine to Antwerp. My space is so limited that I can but skim this comparatively unimportant portion of the tour. Belgium in 1720 was for an Englishman much what it was in 1820. In the latter year the glories of Waterloo were fresh; in 1720 the many triumphs of Marlborough were recent enough to stir the patriotic feeling of a true Englishman. Our traveller evidently had a fair share of patriotic pride; he repairs to the scenes of Marlborough's wars, and records the fact when he visits any town that had "made submission" to the hero of Blenheim. Mr. Hutchinson visits Calais and Boulogne, and sees all that is seeable in cities and in country, until, on May the 9th, 1721, we find him arriving, in a state of some excitement, at Paris.

Pupil and tutor are therefore now in the Paris of the Regent Orleans. They lodged first at the "Hôtel d'Espagne," Rue Dauphin; and moved afterwards to "L'Hôtel de Florence," Rue de Tournon. No Louvre or Grand Hôtel then! We may imagine them enjoying a pleasure which we of a later generation have also enjoyed—that of walking, for the first time, about the streets of a strange, great city. Then begin their laborious studies towards the construction of their own "Murray." The tutor, probably, furnishes the history, the solemn notices about the "Merovingion, Carlovinion, and Capatine" dynasties; while the pupil does the observation and the "Reflections." "Paris," says our traveller, "is one of the Beautifullest Cities that I ever see; the houses well built, and very High; the streets large and extreemly well Paved, and always kept very clean." Concerning French character, we find it remarked that "the French are generally a Civil, Quick, and active Sort of people, but Extreemly given to talking, especially those of the Female Sex, who nevertheless are not only pleasing in discourse, but also of a gracefull and winning deportment. This people is thus characteris'd by some, that they are aiery, amourous, full of action, compleat masters of the Art of Dissimulation, and above all things Contentious." The bridges are highly lauded, "especially that of Pont House" (Mr. Hutchinson often spells by ear), "which is besett from end to end with little Booths, and Barracks, where all sorts of second-hand things are sold." The equestrian statue of



"King Henery the 4th" is commended. Our travellers saw the tombs of the Kings of France at St. Denis, all of which were destroyed in the Revolution. In the Bois de Boulogne they found "aboundance of a pertridge, phesants, &c." At Versailles he finds that "Lewis the Great" had "made it his pastime to Embelish, or Exceed Nature." He praises very warmly the influence of the French Academy; and points out, in connection with politics, that "there were antiently in this Kingdom many potent Dukes, Earls, and Lords, who claim'd and currently exercised great authority; but by the Endeavours of some Grand Minister of State (Richelieu?) the Power and Jurisdiction of the Nobility was so strangely impar'd that now they appear as so many Cyphers in the Nation. The Assembly of the Three Estates was likewise in great veneration of old, and the Regal Authority itself was thereby very much limited; but that Assembly not having been conven'd since 1614, their authority is now suppress'd finally. The Parlement of Paris was likewise of Power, and often heretofore oppos'd the designs of the Court; but that Assembly has been taught other things of late, and its wings so strangely clipt that it does not appear in the least against any Proposal which is hatched at Versailles (that being now the King's only Palace and Residence), so that the French Monarchy is now screwed up to such a pitch that it differeth but little, or Nothing, from any of the most absolute Empires in the World." Wise after the event, we know how the Government of that day was "screwed up," and we know to what it tended; but Mr. Hutchinson's evidence is, at least, curious. After seeing all that they could see, our travellers quitted Paris on September the 1st, 1721, "accompanied with Abm. Elton, Esq., and his son," who, however, left them on the day following.

And now our friends began to ride and drive through the greater part of France. To estimate at all the number of places which they saw, we must remember that they could only travel a few leagues a day, and had to sleep every night at a place not very far distant from the one they had left in the morning. We must imagine the French post-chaise, yellow and lumbering, of the day, and we must fancy a party armed with pistols in the holster, and swords by the side, with portmanteaus carried behind the saddle, wearing Ramillies wigs, and great-coats with wide capes; with mounted servant or servants behind, riding through a country which they would certainly have leisure to observe and to enjoy.

We can only touch at a place or two with them. At Angers there was, they tell us, an "Accademy for Rideing, Reckon'd to be the

best of Europe," to which many English resorted, in order, probably, to acquire the stately equitation of the *haute école*. These English gentlemen "set upp" their coats of arms in the school. They found there three friends, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Bramley, and my Lord Witherington. At Nantes they saw "a Gigantick man, whose Height was 8 foot, Nam'd Jean Boblist Casnove, aged forty years, a Vinetian by nation." On February the 18th, 1722, being "Merdy Gras," there was great rejoicing and masquerading in Nantes. Arriving at 11 p.m. at Bordeaux, they found the gates shut, and were forced to stay in the suburbs, "in a dirty Celler, where neither Meat, nor Beds fitt to lay In." At "Mersailes" they indulge in much learning; but here Mr. Hutchinson is recalled to England, and has to postpone for the present his visit to that Italy which was his chief attraction in travelling. Repassing Paris, they visit Normandy, and on May the 26th, 1722, N.S., reached Dieppe, lodging there at the "Chasse Royal." On the 27th of May they engaged with the master of a "very little vessell" for a passage to Hastings, paying for their passage 60 livres. In London Mr. Hutchinson lodged at "Maddam Tyndale's, in Devonshire Street, close by Red Lion's Square;" and then started to post to Goldesbro'. It may be interesting to note the stages of such a journey performed in our own country in 1722, and our young friend has recorded them for us with his wonted accuracy, giving even the number of miles between each town. The stages are "Henfield (Enfield), Ware, Roiston, P. Cekson, Huntingdon, Stilton, Stamford, Post Wilton, Grantham, Newark, Tuxford, Bawtry, Doncaster, Ferrybridge, Witherby, Goldesbro'." We may imagine the acclaim with which such a traveller was received by his own family, and in his native place.

His desire for travel had, however, only been whetted, for we find him, again with his "master," sailing on the 19th of July, 1723, on board the *Ann and Fane*, Captain John Wilkinson, from Hull to Amsterdam.

"Wee both sick," remarks Mr. Hutchinson, thereby connecting his day vividly with our own. A hundred and fifty years produce but little difference in that respect. They reached Amsterdam on the 24th of July. A slow passage, considering that they had a very "favourable gale." They were "conducted by the captain to 'John Morrison's,' at the Signe of the City of Edenborough, in de Marmoes Straat."

Mr. Hutchinson was very much delighted with Amsterdam, which, he says, is "without Dispute one of the most Beautifull, most Rare, and Important *Citys of the World*. The number of their Ships much



Surpasseth the Number of their Houses: they bring from the four corners of the World everything that the Creator has made Necessary and agreeable for man." He notices the sluices and the churches, and remarks that "here is no Coaches with Wheels allow'd, only to Strangers and Physicians, for fear of Shaking the Houses that is but built upon Piles, but there is vast numbers of Coaches that is Plac'd upon Sledges, but it goes very slow and is very disagreeable, so that few but old people make use of them."

He found in Amsterdam a Zoological Garden. We had not, at that time, one in London, and our young traveller is very much surprised and pleased. "There is one (bird) particularly to be taken Notice of; 'tis as big as a Goat, having Brisles upon it like a Hog; 'tis called Vogle Casuarious." This is probably our friend the cassowary, who was not, at that period, stained with the blood of the unfortunate missionary and his hymn book too. "There is several hundred more curiosities, but a whole volume would not contain all." They left Amsterdam, August the 28th, 1723, and visited all the chief places in Holland. From Antwerp to Bruxelles "the coach cost us five crowns,—and we lodged at L'Hôtel de Island, Rue de l'Hôpital. We left Bruxelles, my master in chaise, I on horseback, and again reached Paris on 20th September, lodging this time at L'Hôtel de Luisness, dans la Rue de Colombier, chez Monsieur Cabzinaque." The Duke of Orleans died at Versailles on the 2nd of December, 1723, while our friends were in Paris. They left on the 21st of February, 1724, and travelled in the old way through France. Sometimes "wee was very badly Lodg'd and leanly entertained;" and frequent mention is made of the exceeding badness of the roads, especially in Burgundy. From Maçon "wee could see at a vast Distance Stupendious Mountains, whose canded tops being cover'd with Snows, which seemed to Perce the Clouds. At the sign of the 'Golden Cup' wee found a very Perverse Landlady, which would not give us Victuals and Drink for Money;" and we had the happiness of falling in with two English friends, Sir Gerrard Aylmere and Mr. Scott.

Here I transcribe an amusing little incident of travel. "Next day coming down the River, Sir Gerrard see some Ducks, and ask'd me for one of my Pistols, which I lent him, to shoot at the Ducks. He shot one, and afterwards by Accident dropp'd my Pistol into the River. Wee came that Night to a little Village about a League and a half from Lyons, where we Lodg'd, being too late to reach the Town. When we came into the Inn Sir Gerrard ask'd for some meat, but being in Lent, the woman refus'd, and said she had none. Sir Gerrard, being a merry spark, goes into the yard, and found a

goose, which he beheaded, and order'd her to dress it, for which he payd Ten Livers, tho' being so old nobody could eat it. At Lyons our merry gentleman Sir Gerrard left us, and went to Geneva, the loss of his good company much Regret'd by us." We wondered at the famous clock—"the most curious and most machinal Piece of Workmanship that was ever made"—and we describe it at great length. The Roman remains at Nismes excite our enthusiasm and provoke our learning. Montpellier is found to be "Remarkable for Decriped People, especialy of the female kind, which misfortune may really be imputed to have its original in their Ludeness, being universaly Inclind to Laciviousness. In fine, the fair Sex is Pritty Hansome, and has something more atracting in them than in other Parts of France." The Jews at Avignon "dare not go out without their yellow Hatts, and the Women something yellow in their Caps." After a bad break-down of the chaise, near Moulin, "to my master's affliction," the travellers reach Marseilles, and are really on the high-road to Italy.

On June the 5th, 1724, we sailed from Marseilles to Genoa in a "shallop, or long boat," intending to make a coasting voyage. After passing Toulon, we arrived at night in a little creek, went ashore, and supped, believing that we were upon an uninhabited island. At Nice the "Prince's cook" was sent for to dress our dinner. We saw Monaco, then garrisoned by the French. Mr. Hutchinson here makes a "Reflection" to the effect that "without the Natural Benefit of the Climates, the Extreame Misery and Poverty that are in most of the Italian Governments would be Insupportable." Arrived in Genoa, we put up at the "Croix Blanche, *vis-à-vis* L'Anontiation;" and our longing is fulfilled—we are at last in Italy.

Our guide, philosopher, and friend is naturally much elated to find himself in the country which he had so ardently desired to visit. Passing over much learned disquisition, I come to a little picture of manners: "the Noblemen is Generaly dress'd in Black, with cloaks, and wears no swords." This absence of the sword would be very noticeable to a young gentleman of the first quarter of the eighteenth century. "At the procession of the Fête Dieu wee see the Senate in Corps. The Doge wears a Robe of a Crimson Colour, with a sort of square cap. They carry before him two maces, with a sword in the Scabert, two Senators at the side of him in Black Cloaks made after the same mode as his. They entitle the Doge, Serene; the Senators, Excellences; and the Nobles, Illustre. This last term signifies but very little in Italy, for one need but hang a Ribband at one's cravat to make one *Illustrissimo*."



In this famous procession "the Houses was hung with Tapistry, the Streets strew'd with Flowers, the Windows and Galleries thronged with Ladies, as well sett out as Possable, these Ladies having Baskets of Flowers, which they throw'd down upon the Procession according to the Different Motions of the Heart, sometimes for Devotion, sometimes for Inclination, or Civility, to the Gentlemen of their Acquaintance, whose Perukes were cover'd with Flowers at each handfull of Favors receiv'd. These Gentlemen made very submissive Reverences to their Benefactreses."

Mr. Hutchinson then narrates a pretty little love storiette, which seems to me so characteristic that it is worth preserving. He says that at the Church of "Saint Mary de Château they keep a Crucifix which is Particularly worshipped by Demoiselles." This is the reason:—"A certain Gentleman, who had made love to a young Woman, but with no intention to marry her, Notwithstanding, at the last he had promised her Marriage: this happen'd, as they say, in a certain Place of the City where there was then a Crucifix: in fine, the Gentleman Refus'd to perform his Promise, but the Woman had him before the Justice, but by Misfortune the Girl had no Eye Witness of the Promise; but when she see that she was like to be Disappointed of what she Pretended, she Remembred that he made the Promise in Presence of a Crucifix. She cry'd out, with Sorrow and Tears, that she would take that Cross in Witness against him. She desired that the Justice would Suffer it to be brought in Witness against him, which was granted, and it was Examin'd;—but truly he (*i.e.*, the Cross) opened not his mouth, but Bowed his Head; and the Questions y<sup>t</sup> they ask'd was Answer'd after such a manner that the Signs of the Head could not be explain'd but in favour of the Poor Afflicted Girl; so the Court ordered that the Marriage should be celebrated that very Day. With that the Husband's Heart grew so tender, that never any lived in more concord and satisfaction than these two." After this little romance our friend gives way, for a time, to erudition; but presently proceeds again to the learning to be acquired through the eyes. "Another thing I can't omit, having the object before my Eyes. The Footmen here keeps their Ladies, to Quilt and make their Cotillions, and Realy I believe Puts on their Smocks, for they are Generaly Presant while they are Dressing, as I have often seen out of the Window where wee Lodg'd." It may also be worth while to take our young friend's evidence on the state of the country. He says, "There is no Place *in Europe* so much frequented by Strangers, whether they come out of Curiosity, or such who are oblig'd to attend the Court of Rome."

Benedict XIII. was, by the way, now Pope. "Notwithstanding these Promising Circumstances, and the long peace that has so many years Reign'd in Italy, there is not a more miserable People in Europe than the Pope's Subjects. His State is thin of Inhabitants, and great part of his Soil is uncultivated. His Subjects are Wreckedly Poor and Idle, and have neither sufficient Manufactures nor Traffick to Employ them. These ill Effects may arise in a great Measure out of the Arbitrariness of the Government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascrib'd to the Romain Religion, which here shows itself in its greatest Perfection. It is not Strange to find a country half Unpeopled where so great a Proportion of the Inhabitants, of both Sexes, is ty'd under Vows of Chastity. . . . Nor is it less easy to account for the great Poverty, and want, y<sup>e</sup> are to be met with in a Country which Invites into it such a Swarm of Vagabonds, under the Title of Pilgrims; and Shuts up in Cloysters such an Incredible Number of Beggars, who, instead of increasing the Common Stock by their Labour and Industry, lie as a dead Weight on their Fellow Subjects, and consume the Charity that ought to support the Sickly, the Old, and Decrepid. . . . And when to these Natural Evils in the Government and Religion, there arises amongst them an avaritious Pope, who is for making a Family, 'tis no wonder if the People sink under such a Complication of Destempers."

Here, for the second time, for some cause at present unknown to this editor, Mr. Hutchinson was recalled to England; and accordingly, on Whit Sunday, May the 20th, 1725, N.S., he and his master embarked at Genoa on board the "Levant Gally, one hundred and eighty Tuns, Commander Captain Robert Wiliston," bound for London; but the winds being very contrary, the ship lay in the "Mold" (Mole) until Wednesday, the 23rd, when, the weather being very fair and the wind very favourable, they stood out of the port of Genoa under full sail.

Mentor and Telemachus are therefore now at sea, and homeward bound. They had a rather long and rather boisterous passage, the details of which are minutely recorded in the journal of the indefatigable younger traveller. In the Straits of Gibraltar "wee see a sail to windward, suppos'd to be a Rover; in the Evening made all in Readiness for fear of being surpris'd in the Night, but the next morning lost sight of it." "Next day wee spoke a Dutch man of Warr, they being in all seven Sail, cruizing for the Algarines." On the voyage they spoke several ships, as, for instance, the *Kent*, Captain Andrew Hixon, bound for Jamaica; but all these vessels have become very phantom ships to us now. Once, in the Mediterranean,



"the sea seam'd all in a flame." At length, on the 12th of July, "wee see St. Paul's Church," and at near midnight of that day we "moor'd over against Rotherhithe Church," and our voyages and travels are over.

On the 30th of July, 1725, Mr. Hutchinson again reaches dear old Goldesbro', where he will, no doubt, be warmly welcomed by his family and friends. He will have for some time a pleasant occupation in transferring his rough notes to the carefully executed volume now lying before me; and it may be hoped that, in addition to the natural admiration of a fond family, he may find some solace in the praise and estimation of a polite and learned circle in the University, and elsewhere. For it was something to be a traveller in those days, and our young friend may fairly boast that he has seen, studied, and recorded much. Rest to the traveller!

An attempt to give a clear idea of my ancestor's journal within the space of an article is something like the performance of presenting the Lord's Prayer within the compass of a sixpence. I have in my extracts rendered but little justice to Mr. Hutchinson's learning and research. I have, indeed, in all cases preferred to present pictures of men and manners. We do not very much care to learn from a traveller in Europe the history of the past. We can learn that from many other sources. We want pictures rather than erudition; we desire contemporary painting of the warm living life of humanity. Details can scarcely be too small. We want to know what the streets looked like, with the passengers and vehicles; we are curious about the appearance of houses, inside and out; we like to see the room in which the traveller lived with its furniture and fittings; we wish to realise to our fancy the smiling, obsequious inn-keeper; the brisk, lively *garçon* of the time; the captain of the ship, the postilion and his carriage; we should like to chat, as we can do, imaginatively, assisted by Sterne, with the *grisette* in her shop. Nothing is unimportant so long as the narrator can give it significance and depict it graphically. Pepys, dear old gossiping Samuel, with his love of detail and quaintness of presentment, would have been a model grand tourist.

The little, not unpleasant, tinge of pedantry in Mr. Hutchinson is the pedantry of a young University man of his day, who ascertained his learned facts from books rather than from guide books, who compared his knowledge with the monuments which he found existing; and who, probably, rather desired the reputation of *scholarship* amongst his own class and clique. Young men, unless they are poets, do not commonly have ideals—except in women;

and our friend seems to have voyaged without any fixed idea or theory, unless it were a longing for the enjoyment of travel, a longing which was blended with purposes of hard work and serious study. The early Greenlanders, as Heine tells us, were not attracted by the prospect held out to them of the Christian heaven, because the description conveyed no assurance of the existence there of seals. Our young friend had no morbid yearning for anything in travel which a seal would symbolise; but he seems to have had an "open sense." It may be that I have a latent, unconscious warp of kinship, but I certainly like the young fellow as I try to travel with him through the yellow pages of my inheritance—his journal. Language is a type of thought; and the thought of a man out of the past is typical of at least the thoughts of a class in his time. I like the queer spelling, the tangle of prepositions, the frequent capital letters, and the style of the journal; they are typical to me. He seems to have been modest, well-bred, cultured, with the culture of his day; full of respect for learning and of a desire to acquire knowledge. He was probably loyal and traditionally Conservative; for I find in the "Visitation of Yorkshire" a forbear, one Edward Hutchinson of Wickham, who died in 1653, and had been a Colonel of Horse in y<sup>e</sup> army of Charles I.

In these days we rush through in one swift sweep from Paris, say, to Geneva or Marseilles; but what do we see of the country between? Mr. Hutchinson travelled in short stages, and slept, while travelling between places of importance, every night in a different village and in a new inn. In remote parts of France you may still see the kind of vehicle in which pupil and tutor journeyed. Think how much more they saw than we do! Remember, also, that in their day such travelling as theirs was a solemn undertaking, never contemplated in connection with haste or speed. It takes a little time and some thought to realise the difference of European travel between 1720 and 1876. Such contrasts have, however, a quaint and piquant interest; and hence I offer to the readers of our day a glimpse of the travellers and travelling of a century and a half ago, as seen through the medium of the journal of William Hutchinson, Esq., of Goldesbro' in Yorkshire.

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# THALATTA.

BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL.



WHEN Love is fading from thy path, a faint remem-  
bered gleam,  
Whose wond'rous glory crowned thy crest in youth's  
triumphal morn,  
When Friendship yields a willow-wand, once in Love's generous  
dream,

Leaned on with all thy weight of soul, defying doubt and scorn,  
Once deemed inviolable, divine, an oaken staff, a stay,  
Never to fail thee at thy need in all the perilous way ;  
When thou art tossed from surge to surge, a helpless waif of ocean,  
While hell-born lusts and base-born gusts befool thee with vain  
motion ;

When foolish wants and angers in ignoble eddies whirl  
A human spirit, formed to front God's glory unashamed ;  
Nor any Cause colossal, like a catapult may hurl  
To splendid goals all powerful souls, chafing unloved, unnamed :  
Then, poet, seek alone resounding hollows of the sea,  
And plunge thy sullen soul in ocean's grand immensity !

Dare to scale the water mountains ! let them topple in  
loud ruin

O'er thee, lusty swimming from cliff-harboured sandy coves ;  
Though stress of tides impetuous threaten thine undoing,  
Or violent swirl of undertow, where seething emerald moves  
Around rude reefs and promontories, menace with swift death,  
Confront the glorious wild Power, who plays with human breath !  
Yea, let thy reckless shallop dare seas rushing round the caves,  
Smite with straining oar the kindling heavy night of waves !  
Climb the sea-crag, hand and foot, little careful of a fall !  
Storm shall be thy requiem, fairy foam thy pall.

Ah ! mighty boisterous blown breath, your siren song for me !  
I quaff exhilarating draughts of wine from forth the sea,  
Soft seething masses of fair froth luring deliciously !  
Vaporous blast ! voice of vast long sibilant sea-thunder !  
Bellowing explosions in abysmal cavern-halls !

*Storm my sense with sound imperial, with a joy sublime and wonder !*

Throned aloft in perilous places unto me the Mother calls.  
Hear Her! tremble not! but echo to the glowing spirit's core;  
It is Her voice; Her sons rejoice; they shout to Her again:  
By sacred river-fountains, in the desert blast, and roar  
Of bounding cataracts, in forest, by foam-mountains of the main,  
In the grand Atlantic chaos, in his elemental war,  
She converses; I have heard Her; I would hearken evermore!  
Ye, my brothers, loved and worshipped; all your music rolls with  
hers!

Human sounds inform the wind that like a trumpet stirs!  
. . . . Verily I deem I hear above the tumult of the blast,  
That takes my breath, and dashes all the salt spray over me,  
Not the sea-mew's cry, nor wind's wail,  
. . . . eerie tones of some who passed,  
Wailing in the wind's wail, shadows drifting desolately!  
For they say the drowned must wander on the cliffs or on the  
wave,

Where the fatal moment plunged them in their "wandering grave."

Travelling mountain range, following mountain range!  
Now the foremost wavering green crest begins to smoke;  
Breaks at one place, and suffers dark precipitous change,  
Arching slowly, solemnly; under where it broke  
A heavy shadow haunteth the grim wall; till emerald  
All the cliff falls over, tumbles a dead weight  
Of crushed and crashing water

. . . . yonder unenthralled,  
A monstrous buffalo in headlong strong tumultuous hate,  
Plunging wild haired upon the rock! immense white tongues of  
fire  
Are hurled around, enshroud, envelope with a cloud;  
Lo! where springs to Heaven a fairy fretted spire!  
Or is it a wan-warrior's arms thrown up in death's despair?  
Death white, baffled in grey air! . . . .  
Shattered upon his iron Doom in armoured onset there!  
Niagaras upthundering, foamy avalanches,  
Beetling, flickering huge crags of seething snowy spume,  
Wherein are caverns of green tint among pale coral branches,  
And white comets thwart more shadowy froth-precipice's gloom!  
Dark founded isles evanish in the flying mountain tomb;  
Albeit their wave-sculptured forms defiantly abide  
Under grey vapours hurrying o'er the sombre tide:  
Torn from parent shores, around their pillared isolation



Ocean revelling roars with terrible elation !

Afar, in the dull offing of a furrowed sullen sea,  
O'er yon rock-rooted Pharos rises awfully,  
Like a Phantom, rises slowly a white cloud,  
Scales the lofty lanthorn where three human hearts are bowed,  
Bowed awhile, involved within the Sea-Plume that ascends,  
Swallowing a hundred feet of granite ere it bends !

Behold ! the sweep of mighty crags, whose league-long fortress  
front,

Whose frowning granite arc defies with stature tall and steep  
Ocean's embattled billows : these have borne the brunt  
Of terrible assaults ! the cannon thunders, and a leap  
Of smoke ascends the ramparts of a breached and broken keep.  
At each discharge :

The Titan targe hath pinnacle and tower :

Or is the whole an organ for the surge to smite with power,  
That hath the turbulent storm-music for everlasting dower ?

Cathedral Heights of Titans, hewn by colossal Hands,  
Millennial ministers of flood and frost, wild earthquake and fierce  
fire !

Lo ! where a porphyry portal of the mountain heart expands,  
Portentous shadowy buttress, weather-goldened spire ;  
There multitudinous waters wander greyly in the gloom ;  
Within the high sea-sanctuary a god dispenses doom ;  
In and out they wander, sombre courtiers by the gate,  
Where a dim Sea-Presence broodeth in solemn sullen state—  
Where no mortal breath dare whisper, only hollow-sounding surges,  
A welter of wild waters with their melancholy dirges.

Behold ! they rave in echoing cave their wrath rent long ago ;  
Rent for a lair, where grim Despair rolls shouldering to and fro :  
To and fro they furious roll prodigious boulders,  
Rounding them like pebbles with huge Atlantean shoulders.

Beyond one vast rock-sentinel guarding the awful court,  
Surrounded and o'ershadowed by walls perpendicular,  
Before those palace-portals foamy serpents huge resort,  
Wallowing upon the wilderness, grey and cold afar ;  
While among the tumbled boulders, before the giant cave,  
Robed in royal purple, royal raiment of the wave,  
Lie crunched and shattered timbers, ribs of mighty ships ;  
Yea, and limbs of some who, craving one more kiss of loving lips,  
Were stifled in the violent froth, jammed beneath black stones,  
Whose glossy weed may dally with their coral-crust'd bones.

Tall, gaunt Phantom yonder, warding portals of the night,  
With silent, sweeping stature growing from the eastern wall,  
Lank long arms upraised, and curving with the vasty cavern's height,  
A beaked monster face between them, looking downward to appal!  
Art thou stone, or art thou spirit, fearful Shadow weird and grey,  
Daring mortals to advance beyond their precincts of the day?

All the cliffs are shrouded to the waist, or only loom  
Head and shoulders through a death-mist, but where the rollers  
boom

Their feet are bare and stern : pale sand I discern  
Near their ruined grandeur ; a chrysoprase pale green  
Narrow water isles it, with a restless flow ;  
The tidal heave advances ; cormorants of swarthy mien  
Squat on rocks about the cave, or dive in deeps below.

While sweet samphire, with tufted thrift, glows in clefts above,  
Ever and anon a sound, with ominous power to move,  
Wanders from the wilderness, a very mournful spell :  
Through the wind and wave embroilment ever tolls a passing bell.  
Whence the warning? what imports it? When I clamber, when I  
rest,

It seems to breathe foreboding in a fading air.  
Is it from the sombre church in lonely glen deprest?  
There, by old cross and coffin-stone, on immemorial chair  
Of rude grey granite, hoary ghosts in dark conclave may brood :  
Nay! but the tolling tolleth from the turbulent flood!  
Not from where the giants hewed them vasty seats of solid rock,  
Or Druid with poured human blood adored the Logan block :  
Not from where the Cromlech ponderous, and hoary cirque remain,  
Though we know no more who reared them, Celt or Dane, or  
Athelstane ;

Nor whose the mouldered dust in yonder urns of perished prime,  
Bard's, or warrior's, who flared a moment in the hollow Night of  
Time!

—There on dreary moorland haunteth owl and raven ;  
There at moonrise hoots the rocky earn, to confound the craven  
While fiends are hunting dark lost souls who are shut out from  
Heaven—

The knell is knolled by wild white arms of surges ramping round  
The fatal reef, where mariners are drifted to be drowned!  
It is the Rundlestone! He knolls for passing human souls :  
It is the voice of Doom from forth profound Eternity!



Weird dragon forms, roughened in storms, a foamy beryl rolls  
Ever around you, dumb and blind stones, who confront the sky !  
I feel that in your soul there slumbers a dim Deity.  
. . . . Were it not better to dissolve this chaos of the mind,  
And in the twilight of your world long consolation find,  
Restoring the proud Spirit to your elemental Powers,  
Dying into cliff, and cloud, and snowdrift of sea flowers?  
. . . . Vanishes the storm-rack in the gleaming West :  
A long wide chasm, glowing like a World of Rest,  
O'er the dusk horizon opens, whereinto  
Visionary domes arise, and towers of tender hue !  
A holy realm of Silence, a city of deep Peace,  
Where Death leads all poor prisoners who have won release !  
Long ranks of high surges, heaving dark against the bright  
Heaven, fall illumed 'thwart iron crags, whose frown relents to  
Light.

*Land's End, 1875.*



## RECOVERY OF PALESTINE.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

### I.—HOLY LAND AND CITY.

**T**WO projects are afoot for the recovery of Palestine. One project aims at the physical, a second at the historical, Recovery of the Holy Land. One aims at regaining lost soil, a second at regaining lost knowledge. In both cases the instrument to be chiefly used is the spade.

Colonel Gawler, Captain Warren, and other gentlemen have formed a society for colonising Palestine. Military and engineering science will not be wanting in the committee of management. Their purpose is to transfer the dominion of Palestine from the Turk and Arab to the Jew.

The means are pacific: purchase of the land, settlement in the towns, and cultivation of the soil. Money is to open Jaffa and Acre; industry is to transform the plains of Sharon and Shefelah into gardens; a new race is to drive back the Salhaan Rovers, and to hold the swarthy children of Goblan in check. The wells of Esdrælon are to be cleared out, the vineyards of Samaria to be planted, and the fish of Gennesareth to be





caught as of old. Hundreds of cities are to rise on the ridge of Judah, and the voices of the high-priests to echo from the synagogues of Zion. Believing, not merely in the literal fulfilment of prophecy, but in the duty of coming to the help of Providence, the members of this society are clearing ground and firing opinion for a physical restoration of the Jews to Palestine.

To these earnest men the argument for such a course appears complete. Palestine was promised to the seed of Abraham; in a narrowed sense to the seed of Jacob. The descendants of these patriarchs got possession, and for many ages held their own. Later on, driven out of Zion and Hebron on account of their offences, they left the land a prey to Greek, Roman, and Byzantine conquerors; and spread into foreign lands, where they had time to forget their ownership of the sacred soil.

From the conquest by Alexander the Great to the first invasion by Mohammed elapsed a period of time as long as that which divides the reign of Alfred from that of Victoria. During all those years the land was ruled by men who had no relation to the holy race. Then came in the children of Ishmael, bringing with them a new Judaism, conceived in the desert, built on the Jewish rituals, and fanned into vigorous life by the genius of Mohammed. Under many trials, with only two or three breaks, that new Judaism has been strong enough to hold the land for more than twelve hundred years. Israel wanders far and wide; Ishmael never quits the genuine East. "Find the date-palm, and pitch thy tent beneath its fruit," appears to be the unwritten law of Ishmael. Hence these children of the first-born of Abraham cling to Palestine, Arabia, Egypt; while their brethren, children of the younger-born, are found in Rome and Rio, in Warsaw and Cape Town, in Paris and Sydney, in London and San Francisco. The sons of Isaac have abandoned Palestine to the sons of Ishmael. I have met Hebrews pushing up the mountains of Nevada, and venturing into the Red Man's country, in search of settlements; but I have never seen a Hebrew colonist toiling up the hill-side of Judah or braving Bedouin spears in the fat plains of Esdrælon. It is only in his prayers that a Jew now turns his face towards Jerusalem.

A few stragglers have been gathered in, chiefly in Zion and Safed, Hebron and Tiberias; in all about nine or ten thousand souls. These people are regarded as strangers in the land. They own no soil; or so little as not to count. They follow no industry; or do so little work that it hardly counts. They live on alms, supported

in their sacred cities by pious persons at a distance; mainly by people living in England and America, who feed them out of "duty," while they neither speak their language, understand their creed, nor love their race. Scattered about the earth, there are supposed to be ten or eleven millions of Jews alive. Thousands of these people are rich, some of them own colossal fortunes. Rothschild could buy up the fee simple of Palestine. Goldsmid might rebuild the Temple of Herod. Montefiore has money enough to cast a golden statue of King Solomon. But of these wealthy Hebrews, not one is willing to go back. Rich Jews build charming villas in the gardens of Frankfort, round the slopes of Montmorenci, on the downs of Kent and Sussex. No returning Hebrew builds his villa under the bluffs of Carmel, in the groves of Jaffa, on the brows of Olivet, among the springs at Siloam. The seed of Israel cling to every soil except their own. "More need," urge Colonel Gawler, Captain Warren, and the earnest men associated in this enterprise, "for strangers to help their blindness and excite their patriotism." The work is all up-hill, and the hill is very steep; yet the motive of these helpers is so free from selfishness that every one must wish them a fair field in which to try their great experiment.

That physical Recovery of Palestine may be near, or may be far off; but the historical Recovery of Palestine is assuredly nigh at hand. To many persons the second event may seem of more immediate and more practical importance. A physical Recovery of Palestine concerns the children of Israel mainly; an historical Recovery of Palestine affects the whole community of Christian men.

The Recovery of which I propose to write a brief account in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is that of a true, detailed, and scientific knowledge of the Holy Land.

In April, 1865, a number of gentlemen, connected by their travels and studies with Palestine, met in the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, to consider the existing state of our knowledge of that country. Some of these gentlemen, such as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Mr. A. H. Layard, had special knowledge of the Eastern world. Others, as Dean Stanley, Dr. Tristram, and the present writer, had published books on the Holy Land. Still more, as Professor Owen, Dr. Pusey, Mr. George Grove, Dr. Hooker, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Fergusson, had devoted much time to the study of various details in connection with sacred history



and sacred sites. One gentleman, Mr. Tipping, had executed a remarkable series of drawings in illustration of the Jewish Wars of Josephus. Among lay students, interested in a more general way, were the Dukes of Devonshire and Argyle, Earls Derby, Russell, and Shaftesbury, Sir Gilbert Scott and Sir Antonio Panizzi, Messrs. Henry Reeve, Samuel Morley, William Longman, and John Murray. The Archbishop of York presided over our deliberations, supported by the Bishops of London, Oxford, Ely, and Ripon. On comparing notes we found the state of things not only shameful but incredible. Travellers in Palestine complained that there was no good map of the country, no accurate drawing of monuments and other remains. Naturalists gave proofs that we knew little of the fauna and flora of Palestine. It was startling to hear Professor Owen say, "That often as we read about fish in the Sea of Galilee we don't know what sort of fish exist in that inland lake." Geologists said the country was extremely notable in their science, yet hardly any of the facts required for a true picture of the country had been ascertained. We knew little of the ridge system of Judæa and Samaria. We knew still less about the River Jordan, and the strange ravine through which it flows. We knew nothing at all about the ancient and extinct volcanoes. In the department of hydrography a little had been done. Our Admiralty had caused a survey of the coast-line to be made; the American Government had sent Lieutenant Lynch to survey the Dead Sea. So far as soundings go, these works had been well done; but naval charts, though good in their way, add little to our knowledge of a country. Strange to say, Jerusalem was hardly better known than the land outside her gates. Lady Burdett Coutts had furnished funds for a survey of that city, and Captain Wilson was making his capital discovery of the vaulted chambers now known by his name, and otherwise conducting those inquiries of which he afterwards wrote the story in his *Notes to the Ordnance Survey*. But his discoveries were then unknown. The field was fallow. Looking at the matter in a broad way, the Holy Land was barren from the wilderness of Beersheba to the frontiers of Dan.

On these points there was no dispute, nor any as to the need for Englishmen to undertake a real recovery of Palestine from this condition of neglect. The Bible is an English book—the first of English books—and an exact knowledge of the sceneries of the sacred story is a permanent English want. Most people are pleased to read about the antiquities of London, York, and Chester; but for one English family that cares about ancient London, ancient York,



WILSON'S ARCH.



and ancient Chester, a hundred English families are anxious to have true pictures in their minds of ancient Jerusalem, ancient Bethlehem, and ancient Nazareth. Our interest in the Holy Land is like an article of faith. A good account of the Roman wall of London, with the situation of the several portals, may excite a languid curiosity at an archæological pic-nic; but a disquisition on the second wall of Zion, and on the real position of the Gate Gennath, is followed by thousands of people with rapt attention. Our concern with Roman London is archaic, our concern with Roman Zion is religious. Calvary lay outside that second wall. The way from Zion to the Sepulchre was through Gennath. That spot was the scene of the Burial, of the Watching, of the Resurrection. Time, in effacing the remains, deadens our interest in London Wall; but time has no power over the passions, every day born again, which cling to the Sepulchre of our Lord. If any spot on earth is holy ground, that spot is holy ground. So, in their degrees, are Bethlehem and Nazareth, Bethabara and Cana, Ænon and Capernaum. While reverence lives in the hearts of men we shall yearn with inappeasable hunger of the spirit for an exact acquaintance with the true locality and outward aspect of these sacred spots.

It was agreed by that meeting in Westminster Abbey that we should name an executive committee and go to work. Enough had been done with pen and ink; libraries had been written on the subject. We thought that for awhile we might drop controversy and excavate. The old was buried under the new. Truth had to be dug out of the soil. Our instruments were to be the spade, the aneroid, the sounding-line, and the measuring-chain. The highest skill was to be employed, and every point fixed as accurately as science can fix the position of hill and stream. Near and under the massive walls which yet remain we proposed to sink shafts and run galleries. Down through the dust of centuries we meant to pierce, not satisfied till we had reached the living rock, as the original builders had been forced to find the living rock. In this way, but in no other, we might hope to get on solid ground.

Since the time of Edward Robinson and Eli Smith nearly all our sacred places had been the objects of a snarling and suspicious criticism. These explorers had found the science of Biblical illustration very much as John Lightfoot and Adrien Reland had left it. Neither Lightfoot nor Reland ever set foot on Syrian soil. Learning, patience, and devotion they had in full measure; but sciences are not forwarded by men who learn their facts from books. Original research was needed. Robinson and Smith began original research,

and aided by the patronage of Karl Ritter, helped on a revival of interest in the Holy Land. Much honour is due to them, but the fruit of their labour is far from being an unmixed good.

Robinson and Smith were American citizens. They carried into an ancient land, where nothing changes in a thousand years, the mental habits of a country in which everything changes in a dozen years. They breathed, and boasted of breathing, the spirit of an independent and progressive Church. Robinson was a Dissenting minister and the son of a Dissenting minister. Smith was a Dissenting missionary, chosen on account of his sectarian zeal for the work of carrying the torch of free American thought to the benighted Arabs of Syria. They laid down the surprising rule that "ecclesiastical tradition is of no value" in relation to holy places; in other words, that the owners of an estate are not likely to know anything about their title-deeds! They hated monks and distrusted archimandrites. In the application of their singular rule, they assumed that all testimony of a later date than the reign of Constantine must be regarded as ecclesiastical tradition, and therefore of no value; another way of saying that owners who have held an estate for more than fifteen hundred years are sure to know nothing about the way in which it came into their possession! Pupils of Yale are not trained in habits of deference for ecclesiastical legends. Time is not sacred to an American, who, as a rule, believes in to-morrow, not in yesterday. Of the two explorers Smith was the more learned and experienced man. He knew something of Syria; he spoke and wrote Arabic. Armed at these points, he was far more cautious than his fellow-labourer. Robinson had all the superficial defects, as well as many of the substantial merits, of his countrymen. To a large stock of knowledge, and a great capacity for work, he added the qualities of suddenness and suspicion—of doubt approaching to cynicism, of credulity amounting to childishness. No man saw more quickly the weak point in a piece of evidence; no man ever showed more courage in setting historical evidence aside. Yet the critic who rejected the evidence of written records and architectural remains was ready to catch at any dubious phrase in an old writer, and to pick up any rubbish from a peasant on the road. It was hard for him to believe in what was old; still harder for him not to believe in what seemed new. At Jerusalem he rejected the evidence of history and architecture in favour of the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre; at Nazareth he caught at a peasant's word to dispute the historical identity of Cana of Galilee.

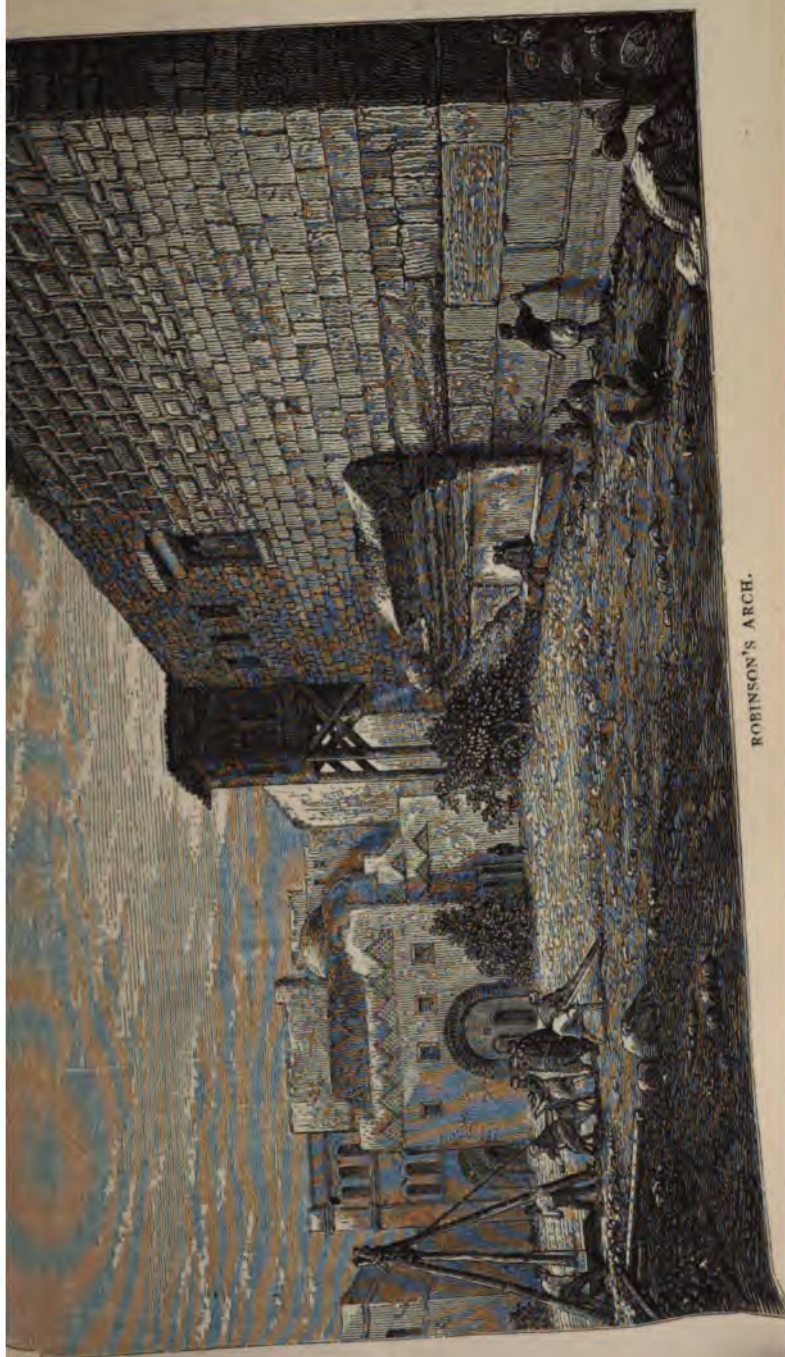


To deny the merits of Robinson and Smith would be most unfair. If they had done no more than notice that spring of an ancient arch in the Temple wall, which gave us the first theory for the Temple bridge, they would have deserved well of scholars ; but their credit has a wider range than anything due to one happy find.

They made many discoveries, and in the list of names connected with Biblical illustration, from Eusebius to Lightfoot, from Reland to Stanley, they will keep a place. They lose no part of their true fame when they are described as unnecessarily sceptical and unnecessarily credulous. No one will say that Greek ecclesiastics are always learned and always honest ; but the frauds of which Robinson accused them were beyond their power, if not beyond their desire. When buildings are once known changes of locality are not easily made, even under circumstances favourable to fraud. Can any man in his senses believe that our monks could have changed St. Paul's into St. Peter's, and sent pilgrims of Edward the Confessor to the edifice on Ludgate Hill ? I am not aware of any facts which prove that the Syrian monks and priests have practised conscious and systematic fraud. Where is the evidence ? Nothing is easier than to hint a calumny. "Finding the place out of the line of pilgrimage the monks have changed it to" so and so, is Robinson's style throughout. Not a single case of such removal is proved. A pupil of Yale does not stoop to reason with a patriarch of Jerusalem. At Bethabara the Dissenting minister pokes his pity at the deluded Greek pilgrim who bathes in one part of the Jordan, and at the equally deluded Latin pilgrim who bathes a few paces lower down. The Greek pilgrim may be Tricoupi, the Latin pilgrim may be Lamartine ; but in either case Robinson and Smith expect the learned and eloquent pilgrim to consider himself morally "whipt."

From Robinson and Smith came a school of critics noticeable, like their American masters, for audacious scepticism and puerile credulity. This school has tried to disturb our belief in all the more venerable Christian sites. The crowning work of this school was the theory which attempted not only to sweep aside the Holy Sepulchre, as Robinson and Smith had done, but to confuse Mount Calvary with the threshing floor of Araunah, and to find the basilica of Helena in the Dome of the Rock !

When the Palestine Society was founded we had no map of the Holy Land, nor any chance of getting one from the Turkish Government. Maps and charts, like roads and ports, are never things *essential* to an oriental. One day, as I sat smoking the pipe of



ROBINSON'S ARCH.



peace with a Syrian pasha, I inquired his reason for not sounding the coast and laying down buoys. "What good?" sighed the pasha, breathing tenderly through his chibouque. "Ships may come in safely," I replied. "Frank ships," he answered, in a tone which told me there was nothing more to add. Suraya, then at the Serai in Jerusalem, made a similar reply to my remonstrance on the bad roads in his pashalic. "We are a people of camels and asses; we have no need for roads." "But think of the foreigners who might come to Jerusalem." "You want me to make a practicable road for Russian guns?" These orientals had their way, which is not the way of making maps. No survey had been undertaken, even roughly. Hebron, Tyre, and Damascus are three of the oldest cities in the world; the triangle of country lying between them is the most historical in the world; yet the hills and valleys of that triangle were as little known to science as the snow-fields of Archangel and the sierras of New Mexico. Few positions had been accurately fixed. No road plan existed. Mounds, springs, and villages were put in wrong situations. Every traveller had drawn his own map. I had been forced to draw some parts of my own. No attempt had been made to distinguish modern camel tracks from Macedonian and Roman roads; yet this distinction is of the first importance in dealing with that difficult point—the personal journeys of our Lord. The Jordan was as much a mystery as the Nile; its parent source, its rate of flow, and its actual fall being equally unknown. The level of the Sea of Galilee had not been ascertained. The names, numbers, and positions of the Jordan fords were still to seek; nor could we say with certainty that we knew the course of any one ancient road. Some sacred sites had been placed in situations utterly at variance with the sacred texts.

The geology and natural history of Palestine were blanks in the book of knowledge. To geologists the depression of the Jordan valley is one of the most notable things on the earth's surface, yet nothing had been done towards settling the question of how that amazing trench was formed. Had the land sunk? Had the trough been filled by a great inland sea? Had that trough an outlet in the Gulf of Akabah? It was the same in regard to fauna and flora. As to cedar and sycamore, lily and lentil, eagle and raven, dove and sparrow, fox and jackal, little was known, and every point was in dispute.

So, again, with towns and cities. We were in doubt as to the true *Jericho*, the true *Gilgal*, the true *Capernaum*, and a hundred other

places. We had not settled on a true site for Bethabara, the scene of John's ministry and our Lord's baptism. There were disputes about Aenon near to Salem. Bethsaida was in doubt; Chorazin was in doubt. Some people thought Cana of Galilee had been "artfully confounded" by the monks. No man could lay his finger on Modin and Gerar. Quarrels had waged around Scopus, and the battle had spread to Mount Olivet. Nothing had yet been done to unearth the mysteries of Herodium. Mount Gerizim had not been searched for the sacred stones. We knew little of Cæsarea and Antipatris. The ports of Gaza and Jamnia awaited investigation. Askelon was unbroken ground. The remains of Jezreel and of Beisan courted inquiry. Hardly anything had been done at Sebaste, at Khersa, or at Athlit. In fact, the whole country was a mine of wealth, waiting for the working parties to come in.

Yet the chief labour was required in Jerusalem. It is a safe thing to say that, ten years ago, ordinary English readers had a more exact knowledge of ancient Athens and ancient Rome than they could pretend to have of ancient Jerusalem. No man had ever brought the positions of the Acropolis and the Capitoline into question. Writers may wrangle over the exact position of the Temple of Jupiter, as they wrangle over the exact position of the Temple of Solomon, but no one disputes the fact that Jupiter's fane stood on the Capitoline hill, and that Jehovah's fane stood on the Holy Mount. But with respect to the very site of Mount Zion there was fierce dispute.

Every one is aware that the sacred city stood on four hills—Zion, Acra, Bezetha, and Moriah. These heights are named in very early times. Zion is mentioned in the Book of Kings and in more than one of the Psalms. Acra is mentioned by Josephus, both in his "Antiquities" and in his "Jewish Wars." Bezetha is also mentioned many times by Josephus. Moriah is mentioned in Kings and Chronicles. These heights are about as far from each other, speaking roughly, as the Aventine and Capitoline, the Esquiline and the Quirinal in Rome. They are much more strongly marked by nature than Tower Hill, Ludgate Hill, and Holborn Hill in London. They were marked by walls, gates, palaces, and castles—structures as important and enduring as the Temple of Jupiter and the Palace of the Cæsars in Rome, as St. Paul's Cathedral and the White Tower in London. The house of David rose on Zion. Acra was the citadel, and after the dismantling of that fortress the site of a royal palace. On Bezetha stood the palace of Herod Agrippa. Moriah



was the Temple hill. Yet so late as ten years ago only one of these four hills was fixed beyond dispute!

No critic had displaced Moriah from the traditional site, though some critics had diminished the area and disputed the rock-plan of that holy mount. But theorists had denied the identity of Zion, Acra, and Bezetha. Clarke had maintained that the true Zion was the height now known as the Hill of Evil Council: very much like saying that the true site of Roman London was Greenwich Hill. Tregells had asserted that Zion stood on the eastern ridge—that is on Mount Moriah. Lewin had supposed that the city of David, the palace of David, and the house of David, all mentioned in Scripture, stood on the dropping ridge of Ophla, now called Ophel. Smith had assumed that the whole crest or back, starting from the Tower of Siloam, rising to the Temple platform, and running north to the present Birket Israel, was the original Zion. Acra was the subject of as many quarrels as Zion. Olshausen had placed Acra on the south of Mount Moriah. Porter had fixed it on the west; exactly west of the Dome of the Rock. Tobler had marked Ophel as Acra. Lewin had built his Acra, or fortress of the Macedonians, due north of the Temple, on the site now occupied by the Serai. Bezetha was unfixed. The texts of Josephus, which alone make it known to us, place it north of the Temple. Bezetha alone “overshadowed the Temple on the north,” so that the range of error was narrowed; yet within the limits of that text imagination had run riot. Porter had placed Bezetha on the north of Moriah. Tobler fixed it on the west and north-west, covering ground from the present Jaffa gate to the northern tower of the wall looking over the Fullers’ monument. Lewin had partially adopted Tobler’s view. A part of the ridge which they call Bezetha contains the Holy Sepulchre.

As with the four hills, so with the ravines which divided them. Which was the Asmonean valley? Where did the Tyropæan valley begin? Where lay the Cedron ravine, so often mentioned by Josephus during the great siege? Clarke contended that the Valley of Hinnom was the Tyropæan of Jewish history. Robinson confused the Cedron ravine with the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The true course of the Tyropæan was lost, and with it all means of determining the site of Acra and the boundary line of Zion. For Jerusalem this loss was like the filling in of Fleet Ditch, so that we could no longer trace the lines which parted Smithfield from Holborn and Clerkenwell.



So again with the great walls. In later times three walls surrounded and protected Jerusalem. The first wall dated from the reigns of David and Solomon ; the second wall was repaired and altered by Hezekiah ; the third wall was erected some years after the Crucifixion by Agrippa. The position of these walls was in dispute. I have before me at this moment sixteen plans of Jerusalem by eminent scholars and explorers. They are utterly unlike in outline and in detail. No two agree in all particulars.

Thus, when we began our labour in Jerusalem, every point was in dispute, down to the most elementary features of rock and ravine. Nothing could solve these problems but the spade, and we at once attacked them spade in hand.

*(To be continued.)*

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# MY OCEAN LOG FROM NEWCASTLE TO BRISBANE.

BY RED SPINNER.

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## PART IV.

**I**N the *Himalaya* troop-ship lying at the Tanjong wharf at Singapore I recognised the vessel in which I once made passage on a journalistic expedition, and I was not long in paying my respects to Captain Grant. Need I say that she was "alow and aloft" precisely what every English navy ship is wherever you may find her—a pattern of order and efficiency? Nor need I apologise for observing that when next day I stood upon the littered and lumbered decks of the Dutch troop-ship I remembered with pride the perfect discipline, sweet air, and irreproachable cleanliness of our own transport.

There is no place perhaps in the far East which has received greater immediate advantages from the Suez Canal than Singapore. Most of the vessels which pass Port Said without increasing its trade by so much as the value of half a dollar halt at this curious capital of the Straits Settlements. It is the half-way house between England and China on the one hand, and Australasia on the other. At the beginning of the present century it was a collection of Malay fishermen's huts. Even Sir Stamford Raffles, through whose forethought the island became part of the British possessions in 1819, could never have dreamt of the great commercial importance it would some day obtain. A convenience it was from the first; now it is a necessity. Fine docks have been built by the Tanjong Paggar Dock Company, near the western entrance of the roadstead, where the handful of fishermen have grown into a thriving population of over 26,000 persons, who are enjoying the advantages of European trade and English rule, and who, though chiefly orientals, are content and happy because well governed and prosperous. And there is no town in the far East which affords the traveller a better insight into certain phases of oriental life. At Point-de-Galle you are delighted

with the Eastern scenery and Eastern humanity, but it is Eastern humanity with a prevailing flavour of India. At Singapore you have the Malayan races at home, with all their national characteristics ; the Chinese quarters are as much Chinese as streets in Hong Kong or Canton ; and in smaller proportions, the singular diversity of races is increased by the Kling from Madras, the slender Bengali, the Parsee, the Chittie, the Armenian Jew, and the Arab. An Englishman fresh from home will be surprised at the busy appearance of the docks. Chinese carpenters and blacksmiths are hammering and sawing in the sheds, using tools as primitive as those which stood upon Joseph the Carpenter's bench eighteen hundred years ago. Nothing can induce these remarkable people to adopt modern inventions. They do their work well, but it must be in their own way, and at their own slow speed. The better class of Chinese artisans you may distinguish by the light clothing which they permit themselves to wear. The majority of the Chinese and Malays about the docks, like their compatriots up in the town, are content with a wisp of cloth fastened round the loins, to hang more or less (generally considerably less) to the knees. To be sure you have on your outward voyage, beginning at Port Said, become accustomed to this, and by the time you have travelled far enough to be able to look about you in the Singapore docks you regard any clothing exceeding in dimensions an ordinary handkerchief as a reckless and surprising extravagance in "the lower orders." Strong and lissome are some of these rice and fish fed fellows ; tall, straight, and displaying good muscles. That this semblance of strength and condition is not delusive you may perceive by the amount of work the Chinese or Malay coolies get through, and the weights they carry. As a rule it takes several orientals to accomplish one Englishman's labour, but this is a rule not without a wide margin of exception. Speaking of men as they find them, the European employers give the native mechanics and the copper-skinned hewers of wood and drawers of water an excellent character ; indeed, you will often be not a little pained to hear English employers speak better of them than of the British workman, who is taught to pity his dusky heathen brother bowing down to blocks of wood and stone. However, I wish to draw a picture, not to moralise. So we will leave the docks and the workmen there, many-tinted, from the sickly yellow of the fair Chinaman with his shaven pate and everlasting pigtail, down through every shade of brown until you come to the sable Hindoo with his glossy black ringlets. Before starting for the town, a mile



for English seamen and passengers. It is a reading-room, and travellers in a thirsty land scarcely welcome water with greater eagerness than that with which we, who had not seen an English newspaper for six weeks, charge at the files of the *Daily News*, *Punch*, *Fun*, the illustrated journals, and one or two of the cheaper magazines.

The gharries, driven generally by Bengali boys under strict Scotland-yard-like hackney carriage regulations, are drawn by capital ponies; they are Singapore specialities, born and bred in Sumatra and in certain portions of the Malay peninsula, and though diminutive they are perfectly shaped, safe, swift trotters, and hardy. As to colour they run a good deal to piebald; also they are most kindly treated by their owners. Along the Tanjong Pagar Road you continually meet carts heavily laden with merchandise—gambier and pepper, hides, or fancy woods from the interior, where the irrepressible Chinaman is gardener, woodman, and all else that is remunerative. To the carts are yoked hump-shouldered bulls, sleek-hided as a deer, mostly fawn-coloured, and as docile as the lamb. Fan palms, bananas, cocoanut and betel palms, tree ferns, tropical creepers and flowers, and vistas of strange and beautiful trees appear on either side of the well-kept road. Next you pass through a native street, probably holding your nose until you become acclimatised to the indescribable stench of the native quarters. There are "rows" on either side of the thoroughfare, very different from the picturesque covered ways of ancient Chester or the continental towns, but affording ample shelter from the sun for the inhabitants, who have a wonderful love of squatting on their hams outside their small primitive places of business—squatting in company, squatting in silence, squatting morning, noon, and night. There are miles of streets in Singapore, but in every one of them the people shall be found perseveringly engaged in this absorbing do-nothing occupation. Longfellow would be charmed with the perfect way in which they have learned, if not to labour, at least to wait. John Chinaman, of course, is everywhere. The little bazaars with the hieroglyphs over the door, the lanterns suspended from the ceiling inside, the idol over the candle-lit shrine, and the curtained-off inner apartment; the licensed opium shops, the places of the tailors, butchers, and bakers—these all mark the whereabouts of the Chinaman. In the heart of the town the native shops (all open to the street) admirably illustrate the industrious character of the Chinese artisan; illustrate also the teeming numbers of the race, their sobriety, their quietness, their skill. A blacksmith's establishment I was told contained sixty

inmates, who all slept in one garret. The great houses of the European merchants—Scotchmen predominating in the ratio of five to seven—are confined to the central and best portion of the town, near which is "The Plain," a fine promenade, with cathedral and public buildings around, and a wide and well-shaded lower road parallel with and close to the beach. Here in cool eventide the fair European ladies take their drives in gharry, waggonette, or buggy, reclining listlessly after their manner when once they deign to take wings to the East. Here the white robes and scarlet sashes of the Government House peons, and the pronounced colours of other great folk's liveries, flash amongst the green trees; here the young gentlemen of the place in spotless white trousers, gossamer morning coat, and solar topee saunter and smoke their manillas.

The wonderful markets, provision shops, and thickest centres of native population are not far off; an inner harbour and canals full of broad-sterned sampans and sharp-prowed Malay proas penetrating into their midst. You can buy almost anything you require at Singapore: costly goods at the European repositories, and odds and ends, chiefly Brummagem, at the petty Chinese stalls and shops. Native hawkers, their heads covered with a large circular disc of straw-work pointed on the outer centre like an ancient shield, trot about, their wares suspended in baskets from a bamboo pole balanced over the shoulder. Sometimes it is pork for the Chinaman, or rice or fish or fruit, or compounds unmentionable, but apparently all fairly clean and appetising, offered for sale by street cries which in an unknown tongue have still a family resemblance to those we have been accustomed to in the well-beloved home afar off. Here comes a regular Chinese swell, a young innocent-faced Flowery-Lander, into whose pigtail has been woven scarlet silk as a recognised hall-mark of gentility. He is attired in the wide loose trousers and wide loose smock characteristic of the clothes-wearing Chinaman in every quarter of the globe, but the materials are of exquisitely fine silk or cloth, and not the simple glazed stuff of the commonalty. Moreover, his head is surmounted by a natty drab English deer-stalker, and his umbrella and fan are of dainty workmanship. Then we have a native policeman, a Malay, or more probably a Kling, in the blue uniform of "the force," leading by their pigtails a couple of handcuffed thieves, upon whom the scantily-robed shop people come out to look with that expression of sweet smiling innocence which is as characteristic of the Chinaman as are his pigtail and his queerly placed eyes. At night there are certain streets all ablaze with lamps—a kind of oriental New Cut, where everybody sits on



his haunches and takes life easy, giving or receiving the purchased banana, cocoanut, mangosteen, pine-apple, durian, orange, betel nut and leaf wrapper, with an air of supreme indifference on both sides. The durian is the fruit by which some Europeans swear, while others hate it with a bitter hatred. They say you have first to overcome the stench of the thing, and they say truly; a skunk is nothing to it. The mangosteen is a delicious little fruit, confined to limited areas in the Malay Archipelago. It is round, apple-sized, and a deep dead purple in colour. You cut through the rind, which is a third of an inch in thickness, and pulling off half the cup discover a white pulpy interior in five, six, or seven sections. This, removed by a fork, becomes a mouthful for an epicure, blending in one happy sensation the flavours of sweet-water grape, mulberry, jargonelle pear, and *bona fide* Johannisberg. The natives eat bananas by the bushel. I bought three pine-apples, magnificent in weight as in flavour, for two-pence halfpenny; with three cents the thirsty coolie obtains a fresh cocoanut containing a pint and a half of refreshingly cool milk; and there are other fruits, all new to the European, too numerous to mention. Fish of grand size and quality are caught without much art or toil within half a mile of shore. You may pity these benighted barbarians, as it is the Christian Briton's duty to do; nevertheless they appear to enjoy life very tolerably, having few wants and an abundance of good things dropping into their very mouths, no tailor's bills, no religious or educational difficulties, no votes, no superfluous furniture. The Chinaman certainly has to provide himself with a brace of chop-sticks, but they are inexpensive; the Malay does without even these.

It was very interesting to me to visit the gaol under the guidance of one of the magistrates and to see the prisoners printing in English, Chinese, and Malay, weaving blankets, making superb rattan wicker ware, and working in the most orderly manner at the commonest trades. A few were "in" for piracy, some for assault, the majority for theft. This latter assertion of course is the same as saying that the majority are Chinamen. Some of our good reformatory workers at home would have been gratified beyond measure at the excellent way in which the present superintendent works the institution. The prisoners up to the present time have been housed—one might almost say caged—in general sheds and dormitories. Now, under the presence of pressure from without, the separate system is to be tried, and solitary cells are being built. The men, especially the Malays, are generally very tractable. All being in chains the prisoners move *about with the old-fashioned clank-clank familiar to the present*

generation at home only on the melo-dramatic stage. Out of 620 prisoners there were *only two women* (not bad for a set of heathens), and the few prisoners in the European quarter were soldiers and sailors who had been overtempted by the low grog shops (there are by far too many of these) into the commission of minor misdemeanours. Formerly there were not more than half a dozen European warders to manage this large prison, to which perhaps it should be mentioned are brought long-sentence men from other portions of the Straits Settlements.

Last year there was an outbreak, and Mr. Dent, the superintendent, was murdered. The plot was no doubt hatched in the common dormitory, or in the gangs, and for a wonder the conspirators united sufficiently to effect their purpose, a fact to be noted when it is known that the Malays and Chinese have different languages of their own, and that the Chinese and Malays have no fervid love for each other. Many readers will doubtless remember the story as briefly told in the English newspapers at the time, but I cannot call to mind that one particular incident was included in the account. I will give it for the benefit of the author of any projected work on "The Brave Deeds of Women." Fame has been acquired by less worthy pretences. For a while on the fatal evening it seemed as if the prisoners would overcome and, of course, massacre the authorities and overrun the town. The final obstacle to their complete success was ultimately found in the corner of the prison area defended by Mr. Lamb, an English or rather Scotch warder, who throughout behaved splendidly. He conceived and promptly put in action the bold idea of calling to his assistance and arming the handful of European prisoners under confinement. The project answered thoroughly. Pending its execution, however, Mrs. Lamb undertook the defence of a certain central door against which the howling mob of natives were concentrating all their fury and strength. The plucky woman seized a sword and hacked and slashed at the naked feet and legs of the foe, as often as they appeared through the space between the bottom of the door and the ground. The breaking down of this barrier was expected every moment, but Mrs. Lamb never flinched from the post or relaxed her attacks, and the good woman's bravery gave her husband time to bring up his reinforcement. This manœuvre was so effectual that when the Brigade Major, who happened to be the senior military officer within call, on requisition from the Commissioner of Police, hastened to the prison with what troops were then in Fort Canning the disturbance was virtually over. More than a dozen prisoners had been shot down, and others were in custody, to be afterwards hanged



or re-sentenced. The justices petitioned the Home Government to reward Mr. Lamb's services by a small annuity, but so far as I could hear no response has yet been sent out to this very reasonable suggestion. Of course such an oversight at the Colonial Office (if the petition has not already been granted) is an accident. Anyhow, Lamb and his courageous wife were mainly instrumental in checking what might have been a most dangerous outbreak of murderous criminals.


The Botanical Gardens are situated at Tanglin, about three miles from Singapore, and the drive over perfect road, with beautiful tropical scenery on either side, and here and there glimpses of jungle, is a treat no passing stranger should miss. The gardens owned by the Hon. Mr. Whampoa, the wealthy Chinese merchant recently invested with the order of St. Michael and St. George, should also be seen, both because of the rare plants and trees cultivated there and the quaint Chinese devices into which many of the shrubs have been clipped. The pretty orange coloured flower, which so profusely covers the hedges everywhere, in perfume and formation somewhat resembling our heliotrope, is a common jungle flower. Nearing the town on your return from the gardens look out for the Bengali washermen in the middle of the stream provided for them; you will then understand why your linen comes home so sadly perforated with unmendable holes. The small plantation of sugarcanes fringing the highway so prettily is evidence of the sweet tooth of the country; every other native you meet in the evening is munching his section of cane, for which he has paid some decimal portion of a farthing. As you drive to your quarters at night, the birds being silent and the lizards at rest, the insects are in loud concert in the hedges, gardens, and jungle; and the music may be heard high above the shrill rattle of the gharry. It will be necessary to look carefully after your mosquito curtains, and to be at all times prepared for a really elegant little lizard running up the wall, or a brown-winged cockroach, not much less than two inches long, scampering across your dressing table.

*(To be continued.)*

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## BERTRAN DE BORN THE TROUBADOUR.

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

HE old manuscripts in which the works of the troubadours are preserved to us frequently contain short biographical notices of the poets themselves, interesting alike by the personal incidents related and by the light which such anecdotes throw on the quaint and complex organism of mediæval life. In most cases, however, these biographies are confined to the relation, more or less romantically embellished, of those *affaires du cœur* which to a genuine poet of Provence were a matter of vital necessity. For one-sided and incomplete as is the idea of the troubadour as the expounder and nothing but the expounder of mediæval sentimentalism, it must never be forgotten that a favourite and indispensable subject of his song was love. It is true that the *sirventes*,\* or satirical poem, was a dangerous weapon in the hands of the Provençal singer, with which he ruthlessly attacked his enemies, private or political, clerks or laymen. But the great social influence derived from this self-assumed office of public censorship was naturally localised, and General History, although it records the deeds of many distinguished amateurs of the *gaya sabensa*, such as King Alfons of Aragon and our own Cœur de Lion, does not mention the names of any troubadours *quâ* troubadours with one exception—Bertran de Born.

Bertran de Born is a perfect type of the warlike baron of the middle ages, continually fighting with his neighbours or with his own vassals, and treating the villeins and clowns on his estate with a

\* The exact definition of *sirventes* is a matter of some difficulty. Etymologically it is no doubt derived from the Latin verb *servire*, and might therefore be rendered as "the song of a serving man," or the song sung in the service of some master or, it may be, cause. The *leys d'amors* (Laws of Love)—under which promising title is disguised an exceedingly dry scholastic treatise on Provençal grammar and metrical art—calls the *sirventes* "a song containing reproof and vituperation, and castigating the wicked and foolish; it also may treat of warlike deeds." This definition fairly describes the general character of the *sirventes* without, however, exhausting its scope and variety of subject-matter. The important point for our present purpose is to distinguish the *sirventes*, which never treats of the tender passions, from the *canzo* or love-song proper.



brutal contempt all the more unpardonable in his case as he openly and deliberately advocates such oppression in his songs. But his warlike ambition was not confined to the squabbles of petty feudal lords. With sword and song he fought in the great political struggles of the time, and the important part he played in the incessant wars of Henry II. of England with the King of France and with his own rebellious sons ought to secure Bertran a place in any comprehensive history of our Angevin kings. I am glad to see that Mr. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," has done justice to the bold troubadour's claims.

As to the exact date of Bertran's birth the manuscripts contain no information. By inference we find it must have been about the middle of the twelfth century. The old biographers call him Viscount of Autafort, a castle and borough of about a thousand inhabitants in the diocese of Perigord. His manhood fell into a stormy time of external and internal warfare.

The marriage of Henry of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. of England, with the divorced faithless wife of the French King was an abundant source of evil to the young adventurer. It is true that the possessions of Aquitain accruing to him from the marriage for the moment added to his power, but in the long run his large dominions in the west and south-west of France tended to divert his attention from the true focus of his strength—England. The tedious quarrels in which his continental possessions involved him with his feudal overlord, the King of France, greatly increased the troubles of his eventful reign. But far more disastrous were the domestic consequences of this ill-assorted union. History and popular myth have combined to depict Eleanor as the prototype of a ruthless termagant. Whatever may have been the provocations of her truant husband—provocations which, by the way, her own conduct hardly justified her in resenting too harshly—the charge remains against her that by her instigation her sons were first incited to rebel against their father. With much trouble and danger to himself Henry had in 1170 induced his English bishops to assist at a prospective coronation of his eldest son and namesake. Two years later the ceremony was repeated, young Henry's wife, the daughter of King Louis VII. of France, being included, having for reasons unknown been absent on the former occasion. The return which Henry received for this highest mark of confidence was the claim on the part of his son to be put in immediate possession either of Normandy or of England. The refusal of this outrageous demand became the cause of animosities between father and son. Eleanor fanned the flames

of discord, and it seems to have been by her advice mainly that young Henry at last broke out into open rebellion. He fled from his father's Court at Limoges and took refuge with the King of France at St. Denis, where three days afterwards he was joined by his two brothers Richard and Geoffrey. The war which ensued was carried on by both sides with atrocious brutality, not even relieved by bold exploits of arms. The name of the hirelings enlisted by the King of England—Brabançons, from Brabant, the country of many of them—has become a bye-word in history, and the utter want of filial piety, or indeed of any higher motive, on the part of the young princes is at once revolting and astonishing. More than once during his repeated wars with his sons the King's life was attempted, and on one occasion when he was going to a parley with young Henry he was received by a shower of arrows and slightly wounded. Sons who thus disregarded the demands of natural affection could not be expected to be more scrupulous where their country was concerned. Patriotism, more especially English patriotism, never was the strong side of the Plantagenets. In consequence the young princes did not hesitate for a moment to barter away some of the fairest portions of England for promises of assistance from the King of Scotland and the Earl of Flanders, and it was only by Henry's energy and good fortune that these disgraceful bargains were frustrated. The war dragged on till 1174, and ended with a semblance of reconciliation; Richard being the last to submit to his father.

It was necessary to dwell to this extent on these circumstances in order to gain a background for our centre-figure the Troubadour. There is no direct evidence that Bertran de Born took a prominent part in the first rebellion of the English princes, neither do any of his warlike songs seem to refer to it. But even in case his youth or other circumstances prevented him from being an actor in the events just described, he was sure to be an eager spectator. Soon afterwards we see him in the thick of the fight. He seems to have been on terms of intimacy with the three elder sons of Henry, as is proved by the familiar nicknames by which he addresses them. Young Henry he used to call "*Marinier*" (seaman), an interesting fact which shows that a sailor-prince in the Royal family is not altogether a modern invention. Geoffrey, by marriage Duke of Brittany, was "*Rassa*," a name without any distinct meaning to us; and Richard "*Oc e no*," that is "*Yes and no*," which might pass for an indication of straightforward and plain dealing, or, indeed, of the reverse, according to the terms on which prince and poet happened to be. Bertran's



attachment to Prince Henry, the "Young King," as he and the old chroniclers frequently call him, was of the utmost importance for the poet's life. It is, indeed, the redeeming feature of his character. From the first he seems to have espoused the young prince's cause, and no turn of fortune could ever make him waver from his fealty. It is sad to think that the influence thus acquired was used in further inflaming a nature already hot with pride and ambition. Bertran's biographers lay particular stress on this point. "Whenever he chose"—the old manuscript says—"he was master of the King of England and of his son; but he wished that the father should always be at war with the son, and the brothers with one another; and he also desired that there should be incessant feud between the Kings of France and England, and whenever there was peace or truce between them he was at great pains and trouble to undo the peace by means of his *sirventeses*, and to prove to each of them how they were dishonoured by such a peace; and he derived much good and also much evil from the mischief he made amongst them." In another place we are told that King Henry hated Bertran because the poet was "the friend and counsellor of the young King, his (Henry's) son, who had made war against him; and he believed Sir Bertran bore the whole guilt of it." Not without reason does Dante place the troubadour in the ninth pit of hell, where, with Mahomet Ali, Mosca dei Lamberti, and other disturbers of Church and State, he is made to do penance for his disastrous counsels. Dante describes him carrying his own head severed from his body in his hand. "Know then," says the spectre addressing the poet, "that I am Bertran de Born, he who gave evil encouragement to the young King, causing father and son to wage war against each other. Because I parted men thus joined together I now carry my own head severed from its principle of life, my body."

How his great influence over the young King was acquired the old manuscripts do not tell us. The first time that we hear of Bertran in history is in connection with the quarrels between Richard, at that time Count of Poitou, and his unruly barons in the south of France. Amongst these Bertran de Born took a prominent position. His worldly possessions were of comparatively small importance, but his fame as a poet, his personal valour, his indomitable fierceness and love of war made up for this want, and qualified him for the part of ringleader and prime intellectual mover of the rebellious party. A cause of quarrel between such an overlord as Richard and such a vassal as Bertran may easily be imagined; but beyond *these public grounds of mutual animosity* there seems to have been

some personal grudge between them. The manuscripts speak of a lady in whose heart the troubadour supplanted his princely rival, and in addition to this fact—perhaps in consequence of it—we hear of Richard's hostile interference in his adversary's private concerns. Bertran de Born had a brother, Constantine by name, with whom he shared the possession of Castle Autafort. He is described by the manuscripts as "a good knight, but not a man to trouble himself much about valour or honour." A man of this kind stood little chance of holding his own against our troubadour, and internal evidence strongly points towards the latter as the aggressor in the endless quarrels between the two brothers. This, however, Bertran's biographer does not acknowledge. He goes on to say that Constantine "hated Bertran at all seasons, and wished well to those who wished ill to Bertran, and he took from him the Castle of Autafort, which belonged to them both in common. But Sir Bertran soon recovered it, and drove his brother from all his possessions." At this juncture Richard interfered in favour of Constantine. Together with Aimar, Viscount of Limoges, and other powerful barons, he invaded Bertran's domains, which soon became the scene of atrocities such as are the usual concomitants of civil feud. Castle Autafort itself was threatened, but its master remained undaunted. In a powerful *sirventes* he hurls defiance at his enemies. A war-song more recklessly bold, more graphically real, has seldom been heard.

Let the reader judge. "All day long," Bertran says, "I fight, and am at work, to make a thrust at them and defend myself, for they are laying waste my land and burning my crops; they pull up my trees by the root and mix my corn with the straw. Cowards and brave men are down upon me. I constantly disunite and sow hatred amongst the barons, and then I remould and join them together again, and I try to give them brave hearts and strong; but I am a fool for my trouble, for they are made of base metal."

In these last sentences the poet discloses the secret of his power. It was the irresistible sway of his eloquence over men's minds, his "don terrible de la familiarité," as the elder Mirabeau puts it, which enabled Bertran to play on men's minds as on the strings of his lute, and to make them form and vary their purpose according to his impulse. In this very *sirventes* we gain an idea of the manner in which he lashes the hesitating barons into resistance against the common oppressor. Talairand is accused of indolence—"he does not trot nor gallop, motionless he lies in his cot, neither lance nor arrow does he move. He lives like a Lombard



pedlar, and when others départ for the war he stretches himself and yawns." Another baron, whose name, William of Gordon, strikes the English ear with familiar note, is warned against Richard's persuasive statecraft. "I love you well," Bertran says, "but my enemies want to make a fool and a dupe of you, and the time seems long to them before they see you in their ranks." The *sirventes* winds up with a climax of fierce invective against Richard himself. "To Perigeux close to the wall, so that I can throw my battle-axe over it, I will come well armed, and riding on my horse Bayard; and if I find the glutton of Poitou he shall know the cut of my sword. A mixture of brain and splinters of iron he shall wear on his brow."

Bertran's assertions of his dangerous influence over men's minds were not the idle boastings of poetic vanity. A terrible conspiracy was formed against Richard and the greatest nobles of the country. The Viscounts of Ventadorn, of Camborn, of Segur, and of Limoges, the Count of Perigord, William of Gordon, the Lord of Montfort, besides many important cities, are mentioned amongst the rebels. A meeting took place, and we may imagine the picturesque scene when "in the old monastery of San Marsal they swore on a missal" to stand by each other and never to enter into separate treaties with Richard. The special causes of this rebellion are not known to us. We may surmise, and indeed know in a general way, that the hand of their lion-hearted lord weighed heavily on the provinces of Southern France. But the veil which covers this portion of Henry II.'s reign has never yet been fully lifted, and till that is done we must be satisfied with such hints as may be gleaned from scattered bits of information in ancient writers. Our Provençal manuscript offers a clue not without interest to the historical student. It speaks of certain *rendas de caretas*, rates of carts or waggons, most likely a toll which Richard had unlawfully appropriated, and which in reality belonged to the "Young King," that is to Prince Henry, to whom they were given by his father. This latter circumstance connects our story with less obscure portions of history. It is well known that in 1182 King Henry demanded of his sons Richard and Geoffrey to do homage to their elder brother for the possessions respectively held by them, a demand indignantly refused by Richard. Hence the invasion of Aquitaine by young Henry, and hence perhaps also the latter's intimacy with our poet, who, as the intellectual mover of the rebellion against Richard, was an ally by no means to be despised. Thus the war between the brothers went on raging for a time, Bertran fighting in the foremost ranks, and at the

same time fanning the flame with his songs. We possess a *sirventes* in which he addresses the chief barons by name, reminding them of their grievances, praising the brave and castigating the waverers with his satire. Such were the means of diplomatic pressure in those days. But primitive though such measures of admonition may appear, they were none the less efficacious with those concerned. Papiol, Bertran's faithful minstrel, went about the country boldly reciting his master's taunts in the lordly hall of the baron or at the gate of the castle, where the throng of the vassals would listen to his song. By taking into account the excitability of the southern nature further inflamed by the struggles of the time, together with the general interest of the subject and the consummate art of treatment and delivery, one can form some idea of the dangerous influence of the troubadours, too dangerous and too generally acknowledged to be despised by the mightiest princes of the time.

Bertran de Born is evidently quite conscious of the force of his songs, and the use he makes of his power betrays great sagacity of political purpose. But with him the love of war for war's sake is so great that sometimes every deeper design seems to vanish before this ruling passion. His character is a psychological problem in this respect. A man who, after a life of wildest storm and stress, passed in continual strife with domestic and political foes, dies in peace and in the quiet possession of his usurped dominion, must have been endowed in a more than usual degree with calmness and deliberation. But there is no trace of this in his songs. They breathe one and all the recklessness and animal buoyancy of a savage chieftain who regards fighting as the only enjoyment and true vocation of a man. One of his warlike *sirventeses* ends with the naïve exclamation by way of *tornada* or *envoi*, "Would that the great barons could always be inflamed against each other!" In another he gives vent to his insatiate pugnacity with most unqualified openness. "There is peace everywhere," he says, "but I still retain a rag (*pans*) of warfare; a sore in his eye (*pustella en son hueth*) to him who tries to part me from it although I may have begun the quarrel. Peace gives me no pleasure, war is my delight. This is my law, other I have none. I don't regard Monday or Tuesday, or week, or month, or year; April or March would not hinder me in doing damage to those who wrong me. Three of them would not get the value of an old leather strap from me." \*

Things in Aquitaine began in the meantime to take a more peaceful

\* I must warn the reader not to mistake the above lines for an attempt at rendering a somewhat similar war-song generally ascribed to Bertran de Born.



turn than our warlike singer could wish or expect. King Henry appeared on the scene as peacemaker between his sons, and by his command young Henry had to declare himself satisfied with a money compensation for his claims of overlordship. This compliance drew on him the momentary indignation of our troubadour, who calls him "a king of cowards"; and adds that "not by lying asleep will he become master of Cumberland, or King of England, or conqueror of Ireland." The defection of their leader proved fatal to the league of the barons, who separately tried to make their peace with Richard and quietly submitted to his punishing wrath. Not so Bertran de Born. His first impulse was to give utterance to his contempt for the nobles who by their want of courage and union destroyed their last chance of safety. "I will sing a *sirventes*," Bertran exclaims, "of the cowardly barons, and after that not waste another word upon them. More than a thousand spurs have I broken in them, and never could I make them trot or gallop. Now they allow themselves to be robbed without saying a word. God's curse upon them." His next thought must have been to find a new head and centre for such remnants of the rebellious forces as still remained unsubdued. In this endeavour he was more successful than might have been expected under the circumstances. Geoffrey, Henry's younger brother, who had been commissioned by the King to facilitate the reconciliation between Richard and his barons, suddenly declared himself in favour of the latter, and began to invade Poitou with all the forces at his disposal. We have no direct evidence of Bertran's active participation in this matter. But we know of his intimacy with Geoffrey, whom after the desertion of the cause by young Henry he hails as a worthy pretender to the crowns of England and Normandy. We are therefore justified in conjecturing that the bold troubadour's advice may have had much weight with a prince of Geoffrey's ambition.

But here the matter was not to end. In this emergency young Henry offered his services to his father, promising to advise or if necessary to enforce a reconciliation between his brothers. But no sooner had he arrived at the seat of war than he also joined the league of the barons. Richard in his extreme need implored the

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and even translated into English as one of his poems. It is the magnificent *sirventes* beginning "*Bem platz lo gais temps de pascor*" (Well I love the gay time of spring), and so much is it in the spirit of our troubadour that even one of the old manuscripts has his name affixed to it. Unfortunately, however, the evidence of numerous other and better manuscripts is against this plausible surmise, and by their authority the poem must be ascribed to William de St. Gregory, a troubadour comparatively little known to us.

aid of his father, who immediately entered into alliance with Alfons of Aragon for the purpose of subduing his rebellious sons. The princes sought the support of the Count of Toulouse and other powerful nobles of the south of France. War on a large scale became inevitable, and this prospect was greeted by Bertran with an exuberance of joy. He revels beforehand in the brilliant and terrible scenes of a field of battle. "As soon as we arrive," he exclaims, "the tournament shall begin. The Catalans and the Aragonese will fall to the ground fast and thick. The pummels of their saddles will be of no use to them, for our friends strike long blows. And the splinters will fly up to heaven, and silk and samite will be torn to shreds, and tents and huts destroyed."

But once more Bertran's high hopes of victory were to be cut short by the hand of fate. King Henry was laying siege to Limoges, and his two rebellious sons were preparing a large expedition for the rescue of the threatened city, when suddenly young Henry was taken ill with a violent fever and died shortly afterwards. On his death-bed he implored his father's pardon and asked for a last interview, but the King, although deeply moved, was persuaded by his counsellors to refuse this favour. It is said that he feared a snare, and after his former experiences this suspicion was but too easily accounted for. He, however, sent a ring in token of forgiveness, which his son pressed to his dying lips. This death was a blow to both contending parties. In spite of their dissensions, King Henry had deeply loved his son, who, according to the unanimous testimony of his contemporaries, was a high-spirited youth of undaunted courage and noblest aspirations. Bertran's grief also was true, and, for the moment at least, unselfish. His unwavering friendship for young Henry is the one redeeming feature in the reckless warrior's character, and this feeling, which death itself had not destroyed, now inspired him with a song of noblest pathos. It is a dirge as sad and as true as ever friend has sung for friend. I have attempted the following literal translation of three stanzas, in which the metrical peculiarities of the original are strictly adhered to. These peculiarities, which frequently serve the troubadours for the display of their consummate skill, are here made the vehicle of genuine emotion, and give truth and colour to the poem. Note particularly the repetition of the same words at the end of the first, fifth, and eighth lines of each stanza, which strikes the note of unrelieved sadness with the monotony of a death-knell :—

If all the pain, the grief, the bitter tears,  
The sorrow, the remorse, the scornful slight



Of which man in this life the burden bears  
 Were thrown a-beep, their balance would be light  
 Against the death of our young English King.  
 Valour and youth stand wailing at his loss;  
 The world is waste, and dark, and dolorous,  
 Void of all joy, full of regret and sorrow.

All-present death, cruel and full of tears,  
 Now mayst thou boast that of the noblest knight  
 Whose deeds were ever sung to human ears,  
 Thou hast deprived the world. No fame so bright  
 That it could darken our young English King.  
 'Twere better, if it pleased our Lord, to give  
 Life back to him, than that the traitors live  
 Who to good men cause but regret and sorrow.

The world is base and dark and full of tears.  
 Its love has fled, its pleasure passed away;  
 A falsehood is its truth. Each day appears,  
 But to regret its better yesterday.  
 Look up, ye all, to our young English King,  
 The best among the brave and valorous!  
 Now is his gentle heart afar from us,  
 And we are left to our regret and sorrow.

With the death of young Henry the rebellion was practically at an end. Again the barons tried to make peace with Richard and the King; again they submitted to the most humiliating terms of submission; but again also Bertran de Born's courage remained undaunted, although against him, as the evil counsellor of young Henry, the wrath of the King was hottest. Soon the army of the allies arrived before Castle Autafort, and little hope of rescue remained. Still Bertran held out, and ultimately succumbed only to the treachery of a friend.

The manuscripts tell a curious story with regard to this latter point. The reader will remember that at the beginning of the war Henry had entered into a league with the King of Aragon. This king was Alfons II., well known as one of the most liberal protectors of the troubadours, who in return lavished their praise upon him. Bertran de Born was on terms of intimacy with him, and the manuscript tells us that "he was very glad that King Alfons was amongst the besieging army, for he was his most especial friend." It appears that Castle Autafort was better provided with meat and drink than the camp, for King Alfons, on the ground of their intimacy, asked Bertran for a supply of bread, wine, and meat. This the troubadour generously granted, but in return he asked another favour, which was nothing less than that the King of

Aragon should use his authority to remove the besieging engines from a certain side of the castle where the wall was rotten and would give way easily. Such a demand implied the fullest confidence in him to whom it was made, and this confidence unfortunately turned out to be misplaced. The King of Aragon immediately betrayed the secret to Henry; the assault was directed against the weak point of the defences, and the castle fell.

Such is the story as told by Bertran's biographer, and, if true, it fully accounts for the troubadour's implacable hatred evinced by many poetic onslaughts on the private and political character of Alfons. But we ought to hesitate in condemning on such doubtful evidence the conduct of a king who by the all but unanimous testimony of contemporary writers was a model of knightly virtues and wholly incapable of the base treachery here laid to his charge.

However this may have been, Bertran's castle was taken, and he was a prisoner in the hands of his bitterest enemies. But even in this extremity Bertran's genius did not forsake him, and it is on this occasion chiefly that we catch a glimpse of that undaunted strength of character which, combined with a keen insight into the secret springs of human impulse, explains his extraordinary sway over men's minds. I follow closely the graphic description of the Provençal manuscript:—"After the castle was taken Sir Bertran, with all his people, was brought to the tent of King Henry. And the King received him very ill, and said to him,

"'Bertran, Bertran! you have boasted that never half of your sense would be needful to you at any time, but know that now you stand in need of the whole of it.'

"'Sir,' replied Bertran, 'it is true that I have said so, and I have spoken the truth.'

"And the King said, 'Then now, it seems, you have lost your wits altogether.'

"'Sir,' said Bertran, 'it is true that I have lost all my wits.'

"'And how is that?' replied the King.

"'Sir,' said Bertran, 'the day that the valiant young Henry your son died I lost sense and cunning and consciousness.'

"And the King, when he heard Bertran's words, wept for his son, and great grief rose to his heart and to his eyes, and he could not constrain himself, and fainted away from pain. And when he recovered himself he called out to Bertran, and said, weeping,

"'Sir Bertran! Sir Bertran! you are right and wise in saying that you lost your sense for the sake of my son, for he loved you better than any other man in the world: and for the love of him I release



your person, your lands, and your castle, and I will receive you in my grace and favour, and I give you five hundred marks of silver for the damage you have suffered at my hands.'

"And Bertran fell at his feet, tendering him service and gratitude."

We may feel inclined to look upon the substantial data of the closing sentences with some amount of scepticism; but the consummate skill with which Bertran at first excites the curiosity of the King, the way in which he finally acts upon his feelings, all the more powerfully as his own grief is true and powerful—all this is much beyond the invention of a simple-minded Provençal scribe. These traits are too intrinsically real for mere fiction; they are inherent in the nature of a strong man and a great poet. It is also an undeniable fact that soon after the events described Bertran was again in possession of his castle, and that the remonstrances of his unfortunate brother Constantine were treated with scorn by both Richard and King Henry.

To the former Bertran now seems to have attached himself, and during the incessant feuds in which the lion-hearted monarch subsequently was involved with the King of France and his own unruly vassals the troubadour seems to have remained faithful to him, barring always such inclinations towards whoever might be the aggressive party which Bertran's unbounded love of fighting made excusable. We possess a *sirventes* dated many years later in which the poet rejoices at Richard's release from his German prison, "because now again we shall see walls destroyed and towers overthrown and our enemies in chains."

But I must not detain the reader with further stories of feuds and battles, of which most likely he has had already more than his fill. It remains to add a few words with regard to another side of Bertran's life and poetry, his love affairs. These, it must be hoped, will form a somewhat more harmonious conclusion to this account of a wild, reckless career.

Bertran's love-songs are not the emanations of a pure guileless heart, such as the *canzos* of Guillem de Cabestanh or Folquet of Marseilles. Upon the whole one is glad to find that they are not and do not pretend to be such; for a lover's unselfish devotion could be nothing but pretension in a man of his character. Bertran was, and appears even in his *canzos*, a man of the world, to whom his love affairs are of secondary importance. Yet these *canzos* are not without passion, and not seldom they have a peculiar charm of *simple grace*, all the more delightful because of its contrast with the *warlike harshness* of his ordinary strains. What, for instance, can be

more sweet and graceful than the following stanza, which occurs at the beginning of one of Bertran's *sirventeses* ?—

When the young blossoms of the spring appear  
And paint the bushes pink and white and green,  
Then in the sweetness of the nascent year  
I clothe my song ; at all times such has been  
The wont of birds ; and as a bird am I  
Who love the fairest lady tenderly :  
I dare to love her longing for love's fruit,  
But never dare to speak ; my heart is mute.

After such an opening the reader expects a love-song of tenderest pathos. But no. After another stanza, Bertran suddenly changes his mind. Perhaps the lady whom he silently adored did not understand or appreciate his passion. "As without a lady"—he now exclaims—"one cannot make a love-song, I am going to sing a fresh and novel *sirventes*." And forthwith he begins his ordinary strain of invective against a whole catalogue of hostile barons.

Of the objects of Bertran's passion—for we know of two, and there may have been others of whom we do not know—the old manuscripts give us a prolix account. We first hear of a Lady Maenz or Matilda of Montignac, wife of Count Talairand (for as a matter of course she was married), and sister to two other ladies celebrated by the troubadours for their beauty and courteous demeanour. The Lady Maenz was wooed by many noble knights and barons, and even three scions of royalty, the Princes Richard and Geoffrey of England and King Alfons of Aragon, are mentioned amongst her suitors. But Bertran's valour and fame as a poet gained the victory in her heart over power and riches. Such at least is the account of the old biography, founded, it seems, on a somewhat vague statement in one of Bertran's own poems, to the effect that his lady "refused Poitou, and Tolosa, and Bretagne and Saragosa, but has given her love to the valorous poor knight"—meaning of course himself.

Unfortunately the course of true love did not run smooth for long ; the blast of jealousy troubled its waters. Bertran had written a few songs in praise of another lady, the wife of his friend the Viscount of Camborn. Pure gallantry, he alleged, was the motive, but the Lady Maenz refused to view the matter in this innocent light, and angrily discarded her lover. Bertran was in despair ; he knew, the manuscript says, "that he could never regain her, neither could he find another lady so beautiful, so good, so gentle, and so learned." In this dilemma Bertran had recourse to the following pretty conceit of gallantry. Whether he had heard the story of the Athenian artist who, from the combined charms of the most beautiful women, moulded



the type of the Goddess of Love seems very doubtful; but the coincidence of ideas between the troubadour and the antique sculptor is striking. For Bertran de Born, the biographer tells us, went to the most beautiful ladies of the country asking from each the loan of her greatest charm (metaphorically it must be understood), and from these he reconstructed the ideal type of his lost love. The poem in which this is done is a model of grace and gallantry, flattering alike to the divers ladies whose beauties are commemorated, and to the one who in her being concentrates and surpasses the charms of all others.

But her heart was unmoved, and, in a fit of amorous despair we must suppose, the troubadour now offered his services as knight and poet to another lady, complaining at the same time bitterly of the cruelty of his former love. His offer was not accepted, neither was it disdainfully rejected. It would have been a breach of courtesy and good faith to deprive a lady of her lover, and much as the Lady Tibors (this was the name of Bertran's new flame) may have been desirous of the praise of one of the greatest troubadours of the time, she resisted the temptations of vanity. Her answer to Bertran is a model of good sense; at the same time it smacks a little of that technical pedantry with which the ladies of Provence were wont to treat difficult cases of love. "Either," said the Lady Tibors, "your quarrel is of a slight and temporary kind—and in that case I will try to effect your peace with your lady; or else you have been guilty of a serious offence towards her—and, if so, neither I nor any good lady ought to accept your services. But in case I find on inquiry that your lady has left you from fickleness and caprice, I shall be honoured by your love." The first of these surmises fortunately turned out to be true. By the interference of Lady Tibors the lovers' quarrel was settled, and in commemoration of the event Bertran was ordered to write a song in which he declares his immutable love for Lady Maenz, paying at the same time a grateful and graceful tribute to the kind peacemaker.

This is all we hear of the beautiful Lady Maenz. But Bertran appears presently as the passionate admirer of another lady, of much more exalted rank. It must have been soon after his reconciliation with Count Richard that Bertran met in his camp the Count's sister Mathilda, the wife of the celebrated Duke Henry of Brunswick. The inflammable heart of the troubadour caught fire at her beauty, and his enthusiastic praise seems to have been received with much condescension. It tends to prove Bertran's importance that it was by Richard's express desire that his sister showed kindness to the

troubadour, who, the manuscript adds, "was a renowned man and valorous, and might be of great use to the Count." In the praise of Mathilda Bertran wrote several beautiful *canzos*, one of which is particularly remarkable by an allusion in the first line to so prosaic a subject as dinner—the poem being composed, it is said, one Sunday when that meal failed to be forthcoming at the ill-provided camp.

In addition to these amorous entanglements Bertran was also married, although neither he nor his biographer deigns to mention so unimportant a personage as his wife. We know, however, that his children at Bertran's death came to a compromise with their uncle Constantine as to the possession of Castle Autafort and its dependencies. The exact date of this event we do not learn from the manuscripts. We only know that Bertran died at an advanced age, having entered a monastery not long before his death.

Such was the not inappropriate close of a life passed in the wildest turmoil of political strife. As a type of the warlike mediæval baron, reckless and ruthless, he stands unsurpassed in history or literature. But we have seen that the refining and softening influences of friendship, of love, of knightly courtesy were not wholly absent from his career.

Another consideration suggests itself. Would it not be worth while for the authorities of the Record Office to secure a competent hand to glean from the biography of this and other troubadours the many important and hitherto totally neglected facts bearing on the continental policy of the Plantagenets?

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## UNDER FOREIGN MAHOGANY.

BY FIN BEC, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF MENUS," "THE EPICURE'S YEAR-BOOK," &c.

### II.—HOTEL LIFE IN MILAN.

**I**T was at Brébant's. A frequenter, whose orders were always carefully attended to, complained that his *cotelettes soubise* were *mangues*, that they were not eatable. The *chef*, in great distress, appeared; and while the complainant poured forth his grievance gazed pensively out of window upon the bleak and wet boulevards. When the sermon was ended he turned upon his severe critic and said: "Yes, monsieur, I admit it. It is bad work. But, I ask you, can one do one's self justice in weather like this?" It is perhaps provoking, occasionally, to be served by artists with nerves so highly strung; but these gentlemen, with their many whims and airs, are the price we must pay for general excellence in a national *cuisine*. These are the exemplars who maintain throughout the mighty corporation of cooks a lofty ideal. Without the *grande cuisine* the *petite* will become poor and rough. The humblest scullion must carry in his girdle the flashing knife of a *chef de grande maison*. But neither the hotel nor the restaurant is the school in which the perfect cook is reared. A. B. de Perigord in the "*Trésor de la Cuisinière*" warned the epicure many years ago that he would not find masterpieces of the *cuisine* in the best restaurants of Paris. In the hurry and confusion of a restaurant kitchen it is impossible for a *chef* to give his mind entirely to any dinner. He loses the calm and gentle current of thought which are necessary to the perfect artist. He is seldom called upon to create a *menu*; he has descended from the position of creative artist to be the journeyman of the whims and incongruous tastes of a miscellaneous crowd of customers. Hence the very pretentious, and at the same time the very indifferent, cookery of great hotels as well as restaurants. The remark applies to some extent to crowded clubs. The *chef* of a great club is not at his best at the height of the season. Take him before all the world has come to town—say early in that excellent gastronomic month, February—if you would have him hold a quiet and pleasant conversation with you on a little dinner, and serve it up to you to

his own satisfaction and yours. When all the country members are in town and are giving scores of dinners to indiscriminating bucolic appetites, Monsieur Felix is flurried and has not time to distinguish between members who know how to eat and members who can hardly distinguish between a *consommé* and mutton broth. At this time of the year, when at the club, take your slice of broiled salmon, your cut at the lamb, and your dish of strawberries, and look for your *dîner fin* elsewhere. You may find it, possibly, at a small club, if you belong to one.

In the same way, although you cannot often eat well in a big hotel where the daily dinners are counted by the hundred, you may sometimes find an admirable *cuisine* in a small hostelry frequented by refined and fastidious travellers. Here the *chef* will be a quiet, conscientious artist with no ambition to cook for crowned heads, but with a sincere love of his art for its own sake. He will throw his whole soul into the *menu* of a *parti carré* even when the dishes are to be few and plain. He prides himself on giving the same care to *œufs sur le plat* as to a *suprême*; unlike his showy brothers who delight in sensation *menus* and leave nine-tenths of their work, like the late Mr. Soyer, to their underlings. I have dined in one or two little hotels in Paris as no man ever dined at the Louvre or the Grand. The best restaurants are small establishments. The Café Foy and the Riche, where the Bignons reign, are not extensive places.

Everybody's Palace is a highly ornamented establishment. It is an ancient noble's palace, in a corner of the bright and beautiful city of Milan, near the quaint Verziere. The state staircase, richly light with shrubs and flowers, leads to state rooms which suggest courtly ceremonies. The panelled walls are hung with ancient pictures and rare tapestry, and from the oaken ceilings ancient brass chandeliers are suspended. The furniture suggests Cluny rather than a prosaic nineteenth century hotel; and the spacious chambers have still a courtly atmosphere in them. You expect to meet the quiet, well-ordered retainers of the noble host in the corridors, and to be bowed to your room by a grand old gentleman—a Colonna at least. This ancient house of patrician splendours has courtyards in which stately gatherings of knights have taken horse. The double gates by the street, where high-voiced urchins are hawking the *Pungolo*, declare the former greatness of the place and the care with which the approaches to it were guarded.

But now the palace gates are thrown wide open night and day, and the noble passages, the banquetting hall, the chambers and



boudoirs are open to everybody—as the London Tavern was open to everybody, until it was bought up the other day. Within the massive gates of Everybody's Palace stands a porter in sky-blue, with moustache equal to that of the R<sup>e</sup> Galantuomo, his Sovereign. He is Everybody's retainer, with politeness always on hand, in the expectation of a lire or two when Everybody passes out of the palace. Around him the walls are covered with illuminated and illustrated posters of the hotels with which Everybody's Palace is on good terms. To this has the threshold of the noble been reduced!

As you pass to the grand courtyard your carriage, even your omnibus, is at once surrounded with respectful servants in black, standing a few paces behind the bare-headed host. He welcomes you to his ancient halls, inquires the number of chambers you want; and while you parley with him his *gens* take possession of your *impedimenta* and prepare to follow you to your quarters. They are in build and aspect unlike your ordinary hotel bedroom. Something of their original grandeur clings about them, and the servants are so nimble, quiet, and respectful that they prolong the illusion that you are the guest of a great noble. But on the door being closed you find a printed paper pasted behind it. You make a turn in your spacious chamber, and you light upon a second printed notice. Here you are made acquainted with the regulations of the palace, among them the strict and regular settlement of your bill being prominent; and there you learn the terms on which an Italian washerwoman will prepare your linen. A gaudy red book lies before you. It is a table of the prices on which your host is prepared to open his cellar to you. These prices are extravagantly high in Everybody's Palace; and the list is remarkable for the absence of every ordinary Italian wine. Your host, it is plain, is anxious that you should not waste your appetite on such vintages as Barolo and Barbera; he will not admit to his cellar the Chianti grape; he scorns the red Falernian (which, by the bye, the reader may taste to advantage at the Cappello Nero on the Piazza, in Venice), he gives a cold shoulder to the Capris white and red: I doubt whether his high mightiness has ever heard of such *petit bleu* as that of Conegliano. The wines which are cheap—which are of his native soil; which flow from the vines you have seen interlacing the fruit trees between Turin and Milan, and between Milan and Venice—are not for his cellar nor for his guests. So high is his respect for you that he will not permit your lips to be moistened with a *vin du pays*. He rather prefers to sell you a very ordinary Bordeaux, as St. Julien, at

the price a gentleman likes to pay for his wine—say something near double its honest value. His serving men are zealous promoters of his wishes, and when you are seated at table push the vintages that run between six and ten lire as those which they can recommend—all those below being of course kitchen wines, on which such folk as the porter in sky-blue and the *facchini* who shoulder your port-manteau make merry, upon a foundation of *polenta*.

In Everybody's Palace, in the centre of busy Milan, the commercial metropolis of Italy, it occasionally occurs to a guest that he would be pleased to taste of some of the national dishes. Milan, moreover, be it known to the untravelled epicure, has a *cuisine* of its own, and one which includes some excellent modest works of art. Of course cutlets in the Milanese way are famous now all the world over; and they are good items in a breakfast menu. But "Il Re dei Cuochi" (a portly volume of upwards of a thousand pages, which now lies before me) will soon demonstrate to the curious the claims which the *cuisine* of Milan has on the gratitude of the human creature who knows how to eat. How tantalising then is it to the guest at Everybody's Palace, who is naturally yearning for a dip into Italian flesh-pots, to find that the law of banishment put upon Italian wines extends to Italian dishes! While dressing himself for dinner his mind reverts to *maccheroni*, *ravioli*, *polpetti*; and he has a tooth ready for a *sabajon*, and a lip for a morsel of *bocca di dama*. He has heard of soups *alla lombarda*, *modenese*, and *romana*, *l'uova alla toscana* or *veneziana*, and of *trippe alla milanese*; of the Milanese *risotto* and *bodino*, of *croquettes*, of *polenta all' italiana*, of *crostatine di gnocchi alla bolognese*, of the Roman and Genoese *fritto*, of *dindo alla napoletana*, of *stufato alla lombarda*, of *cappone farcito alla milanese*, of *lepre alla milanese*, of *ovate alla romana con spinaci*; or of some of these, or of other items of the Italian *cuisine*. He is prepared accordingly for a series of pleasant experiments.

But great is his disappointment. The soup, the *entrées*, the *rôt*, and the *entremets* are French; and as for the diners, there is not an Italian among them. They are English and American, on their way to or from Venice or Como. The conversation is carried on with bated breath—when there is any conversation at all; and Miss Brown asks her brother Tom to pass the salt with the air and voice of a person communicating an awful event. The rule with the guests at Everybody's Palace is to sit bolt upright, with the eyes fixed on the opposite wall, until the waiters bring the next dish; then to eat of it in silence, and to become rigid again while the



plates are changed. The reader who has experience of an English *table d'hôte*, or of a foreign one, where his beloved countrymen and countrywomen air their angularities, pride, and prejudices, and feed like mourners bidden to funereal baked meats; will easily realise the kind of enjoyment to be had at the table of Everybody's Palace. Occasionally the host thrusts roast beef into his *menu*, and is rewarded by a relaxation of his guests' features which amounts almost to a smile. But the dishes are French as a rule: *Sagou au consommé, esturgeon sauce genevoise, longe de veau à la paysanne, pommes de terres sautées, cotelettes de mouton à la financière, choux-fleurs au beurre, dindonneau rôti au cresson, glace à l'orange, génoise au kirsch*. I quote from a *menu* before me. You perceive that there is not a single Italian dish. Let me remark, in justice to the *chef* of Everybody's Palace, that his *entrées* are fairly well put together—coarsely it may be here and there—but as hotel dishes go they are creditable second-rate performances. As a rule they are quite good enough, and often too good, for the company. What does the ordinary Englishman, who is travelling with his wife, and a brace of daughters of solemn aspect, and all clouded in blue veils, and armed with “Bädekers,” know about *sauce genevoise* and the delicate nuances of a *consommé*? The few who alight at Everybody's Palace happening to know what's what in gastronomic matters cannot be impressed by the French cookery of the Milanese. And so the host is wrong on several grounds.

Now, if in this ancient Italian palace—if in these splendid panelled halls—the host, who has everybody who can pay for his guests, would be true to himself and to his country, and would serve such a table as would content the fastidious Lombard nobles, who may be seen lounging in the afternoon on the shady side of the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, or airing themselves at the fashionable hour on the Bastioni; he would initiate the foreigner into the pleasant mysteries of the national *cuisine* on the one hand, and he would put money in his pocket (a process most dear to the Italian heart of avarice) on the other. He would be in a mild way a benefactor of his race, and in a decided way the friend of his children. Not that many of his grey flights of Anglo-American guests would analyse his Italian *menus*. The mass would eat in unbroken silence, and pass on to “do” Venice, and patronise the beauties of the Lake of Como. But the few would ponder while they ate, and would bear away with them discriminating notes on things to be remembered and imported. If only the *pâtes* of the peninsula were to be hereby spread far and wide, a great good would be done.

Consider how woefully poor and monotonous our British domestic fare is. Where the Englishman of the humble classes has three or four varieties of food, the Frenchman, the Italian, and the German have twenty. A peep into one of the paste-shops of Milan, where *maccheroni* and its congeners lie in dainty heaps, and in infinite varieties of shape and substance, from the broad *gnocchi* riband to the fine threads of *spaghetti* and *tagliatelle*, shows the many materials the Italian cook has at his command for supplying an infinitely various, as well as an economical, bill of fare.

The *maccheronis*, *polente*, and *risotti* offer to the host of Everybody's Palace an opportunity of showing the *cuisine* of his native country to advantage, and of imparting a little useful experience to carry away with them, to the *forestieri* who flock within his gates throughout the tourist season. He surely owes them this little concession in return for the submissive aspect his guests put upon his bills. Let him look upon them as birds whom he has a right to pluck at his leisure during twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours; but, in pity, he should devote the twenty-fourth to something for their good. This hour could not be better spent than in his kitchen, which he would turn into a practical school of cookery for the travellers of all nations.

A friend of mine who has travelled, and with his eyes open, in every quarter of the globe, once found himself stranded at Dresden—forced to spend three or four weeks there doing nothing. His wife and daughters were with him. The young ladies had completed their education. They had been under distinguished professors in half the capitals of Europe. Accomplished artists, facile linguists, excellent musicians, and endowed with a fund of common sense which is seldom possessed by your "finished" young lady, my friend Sir Anthony's daughters aspired to be efficient little housewives. A woman who can hold a palette and a frying pan with equal grace, and who can talk well about Bach and béchamel sauce, is a treasure not to be found in many *salons* as the world goes. Sir Anthony was a man who enjoyed no mean reputation in Paris and London as a refined *fourchette*, and had been begged to join the committee of his club as a gastronomic authority who could keep the *chef* in order. It occurred then naturally to him that the little month he was obliged to kill in Dresden might be used in giving his girls at least an elementary knowledge of cookery.

"My good girls," he observed to them one morning, "we shall have no time for you to set about any serious study here; it would be a pity to waste three weeks of your time; so I have an idea to



propose to you. The *chef* of this hotel is an artist far superior to those generally found administering to the tastes of travellers. I have had a long talk with him this morning on the propriety of imparting to young ladies who will in the ordinary course of things become household mistresses a fair knowledge of the cookery they will be called upon to direct and criticise. He is quite of my opinion; and observed to me, with much good sense, that the science of cookery, which is at so low an ebb in our country, would receive an important impetus if English young ladies were taught to distinguish between a good and a bad dish, and were able to draw up *menus*, and to lay their fingers on any mistake committed by the cook. As it is, a man, unless he can keep a *chef* or a very expensive *cordons bleus*, must trust to his club when he wants a *dinner fin* or has a mind for any delicate dish. This, you see, takes the husband out. But don't let us moralise; it isn't necessary. The advantage of having a lady at the head of one's house who can control and elevate the kitchen, *saute aux yeux*. Do you agree to this, girls? do you see it?"

The young ladies, being shown the kitchen through a wedding ring, vowed that it looked vastly attractive, and entreated their father to unfold his plan without further preliminary observations.

"Well, I have agreed with Monsieur Firmin, the *chef*, as to terms; and he is prepared to receive you into his kitchen at once, and teach you an elementary knowledge of his art—on one condition"—

"We agree to it, without knowing it," the young ladies cried.

"The condition is this. You must obey him as though you were apprenticed to him, and you must be prepared to do the dirty as well as the clean work. You will have to draw the poultry, scale the fish, wash the dishes and saucepans; I suppose, clean the knives and forks. And you will wear rough linen aprons of the most unbecoming appearance."

All this Sir Anthony's daughters agreed to do; and they were forthwith installed in the hotel kitchen under the tutorship of Monsieur Firmin. They worked bravely and gaily. One of them is said to have struck when first requested to draw a fowl, but she was soon brought to reason; and during the three weeks' course of instruction in the preparation of *consommés*, *suprêmes*, and *salmis* the baronet's daughters obeyed Monsieur Firmin, as he observed afterwards, "with an intelligent alacrity that made lesson-giving a pleasure to me." While the young ladies were busy one morning in the hotel kitchen their uncle arrived to present his newly-married bride

to his brother's family. The uncle, a very pompous gentleman, inquired for his brother.

"Sir Anthony," said the hotel-keeper, "is out with milady; but the young ladies are at work in the kitchen."

"In the kitchen! There must be some mistake! My nieces in the kitchen!" Before the uncle had recovered from his astonishment the girls had rushed into the room in their aprons, and had thrown themselves about his neck—covering him with kisses—and flour! The bride stood disdainfully apart, wondering that such an incident could happen in the bosom of one of the oldest families in England.

"What new-fangled idea will you hit upon next?" said Sir Anthony's brother when they met. "Why not set the girls to turn a mangle at once? You really should be warned by poor Lady Amber's example; she, poor woman, had actually become her own chambermaid and washerwoman before death put an end to her eccentricities. I am told that she had commissioned Mr. Richmond to paint her lord blacking his own boots for the good of the human race; and she insisted that the young viscount should go bare-footed. I ask you, Anthony, do we want any Lady Ambers in our family? Before the eccentricities of philanthropy are complete, we shall see a man wearing his own livery behind his own carriage. Are your boys good tailors yet?"

"Come, come," Sir Anthony retorted, "give your wit a holiday to-day, my good brother. My girls are learning to be efficient managers, not servants, of a household. They may marry poor men: well, they will be excellent economists—and keep a good table at half the price you will spend on yours."

I fear that the host of Everybody's Palace is with Sir Anthony's brother rather than with Sir Anthony; and therefore that he will never be brought to entertain the idea of turning his kitchen into a school of cookery for the travellers of all nations.

Fastidious travellers are the *bêtes noires* of hotel-keepers. The tourist who cannot read the *menu*, who eats stolidly and silently the dishes which are handed round to him, who never asks the price of the *table d'hôte*, who pays two lire cheerfully for the candles which light him to bed, who makes no remark when an extra sum is levied to indemnify the establishment for the trouble of carrying the morning cup of coffee to his bedroom—albeit he has paid a handsome daily tax for service, and is to be dunned by the servants all round when he is leaving; who puts himself with touching docility in the hands of the hotel *valet-de-place*, and buys in the shops to which the rogue



of a valet leads him, and where the varlet draws a commission on every purchase; in short, the tourist who submits with a lamb-like meekness to have his blood shed wherever his landlord can find an excuse for tapping it, is the welcome guest at Everybody's Palace. In that palace even the pictures which adorn the lordly walls are for sale: I believe the corner stone of the building is at the disposal of the *forestieri*—at a price.

I am not among those who pity the guests who slumber under the roof-tree of Everybody's Palace. If it pleased the host (and I wonder he has not thought of it) to make the use of a boot-jack just one lira a night, his guests would unbutton their pockets and beg him to be good enough to pay himself. But I do pity the poor men and women of refinement who cannot make autumnal tours because the rich vulgarians have tempted troops of banditti to post themselves along every continental highroad. Our American cousins are answerable for much of the mischief. They have trundled the almighty dollar along every bye-way of travel; and turned hundreds of old-fashioned inns where you could get the simple fare of the country in perfection, and at a price within the reach of the poorest student's purse, into execrable hotels, with peasants dressed up as waiters, regulations pasted behind the creaking doors, and a *cuisine* that would disgrace a *barrière gargotte*. At none of these places can you get the national fare. I write these pages in the depth of the Black Forest, where a village inn has been turned into the hotel of a *Kür*; and I am charged extra for a pat of butter with my morning coffee. In a belvedere perched on the woody height opposite my window the names of Washington Conk of Chicago and Ulysses Bagg of Cincinnati are cut deep into the wood; and I think of them when I pay for my butter, and I hope that for their sins of ostentation they were among the citizens of the Great Republic who got shut into Paris during the siege, and had reason to complain of "the slim pickings" even their dollars commanded during that tragic episode of our neighbours' history.

There is but one way nowadays of escaping from the dead and dreary level of the continental hotel *cuisine*. You must avoid the Beau Rivages, the Bellevues, the Hotels d'Angleterre, the Grand Hotels, the Etrangers, the Royals and Imperials. These are tourist traps where English is spoken and the French *cuisine* is travestied; and where no native of the land in which the hotel is situate is ever to be seen. Without wandering far from Everybody's Palace you will not fail to discover some quiet albergo where the country cousins of the flourishing Milanese take up their quarters

for a week, and where Italian commercial gentlemen or landowners (and there are some considerable ones hereabouts) abide, while they transact their business in the beautiful capital of Lombardy.

Let me take you to an albergo. The house is Italian from the gay landlord who bids you welcome to the laughing chambermaid who answers your bell—not very swiftly it may be, but merrily always—and attends to your wants with a song upon her lip. You have struck your bargain with the padrone, and now you have the run of the cheerful hostelry. You are in the midst of Italians (a most affable, light-hearted people), who make the day pleasant with their undying gaiety. It may be that many of these ladies and gentlemen who eat *maccheroni* and a cutlet at noon, and drink the padrone's excellent ordinary, of which there is neither stint nor measure, are bent on very grave commercial or family affairs; but they are playful as children in the meal-time, and give cakes to the wild *bambini* of the house, and laugh at the pranks of two white poodles, fantastically shaved, who frequent the *salle-d-manger*; and in short, are as easily amused as scholars just let out from school. The chambers are handsomely furnished, and they are furnished in the Italian style. In short, at the well-selected hostelry you are in Italy: in Everybody's Palace you are in the atmosphere of the Grand Hotel in Paris, or say the Langham in London. You pay a daily pension, which covers everything in the way of lodging and food. Your breakfast, your luncheon, and your dinner are served to you at your own hour; and any wishes as to particular dishes which you may express are heartily met. These dishes are for the most part Italian, and although no man of taste could compare the Italian with the French *cuisine*, Milan boasts many *mets* which are eminently wholesome, succulent, and toothsome. The beef *braisé* with *maccheroni*, Modenese sausage with lentils (not *en purée*, but boiled like haricots), the Lombard *fritto*, the *crostoni all' italiana*, the *pasta frolla alla lombarda*, the *panettone alla milanese*, with a delicate cream, are just one or two of the good things of the table. I pass over the long list of *pasticcini* and other sweet delicacies of Milan. But let me observe that whereas in Everybody's Palace everything is measured out, and the meats are cut (it must be by machinery) into slabs which led a lady at my elbow to remark she didn't like roast mutton of the thickness of foreign note-paper; at the cheery albergo where the Anglo-Saxon traveller seldom enters an appearance, and where the sweet Italian voices, if not always the *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, flow unceasingly in hall, corridor, and chambers; you have a sense of



plenty about you, offered to you in very good fellowship by the most sympathetic of hotel-keepers, who just hands you your little bill once a week formally, and then relapses at once to the friendly host who is always ready for a chat, and appears to take it as a personal favour that you occasionally ask his advice or suggest some little improvements in the adjustments of your chamber. He is on terms of personal intimacy with all his customers; and, if he is a little ceremonious now and then, it is in attending to the directions of the *contessa* who occupies the principal rooms, with the balcony fronting the Corso, where she sits by the hour fanning herself and bowing occasionally to passing acquaintances, who uncover with marked respect.

It was at the albergo that I had occasion to observe once more the friendliness which exists among all classes of Italians. Tourist Brown, of Balham, would have called it impudence, and would have remarked that Virginia the chambermaid would do well to learn to know her place; and he would have stared to see signor the hotel-keeper holding quite a friendly and familiar conversation with his gorgeously-decked hall-porter, or exchanging a pleasantry with one of the *facchini* outside. But I am not sure that it would not have done Brown good to see how men may hold their relative places in the world with proper dignity and self-respect, and yet feel brotherly sentiment towards their inferiors. I am sure I only felt my heart warm towards laughing, good-natured Virginia when she burst in upon me, and, pointing with vehement gestures to the deep blue Italian sky, implored the signor to put away his papers and go for a walk. "You cannot know," she added, "that the band is playing on the Piazza della Scala!"

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### III.—ON THE RIVA.

The Italian work-folk of the towns live on cheap and simple fare, but they have enough; the food is wholesome, and they look fat and merry on it. Under my window at Milan there was a cabstand, and every morning at eight I saw the merry cabmen (for even the cabmen are merry south of the Alps) lay out their breakfast. It was generally a fresh salad in a white bowl, with some fish, *friture*, a sausage, a rough kind of mayonnaise, and a lump of bread; and from under the box seat the cabman withdrew a bottle of wine. In the Galleria, at the hour of rest from work, workmen are to be seen pacing the marble floors eating their *polenta* and bread and some appetising morsels of a *fritto*, in pleasant converse, the meal being

ended by a drink at the fountain. The gondolier at Venice will sit in his boat and, in the hot weather, eat his dish of beans and bread, and sing the while, waiting for a fare—crying “*La gondola! la gondola!*” to passers by at intervals, to show that he is ready to put the feast aside at any moment. A lady told me that she interrupted a Poppe eating and reading, and that when he sprang up to attend to her he left upon the seat a volume of Tasso—his place marked by a lump of garlic. Here was plain living and high thinking! But although the frugality of the well-to-do gondoliers, who can trace back many generations of ancestors that have driven the silent and stealthy gondola under the shadows of the ducal palace and the Bridge of Sighs, is that of hard-working and far-seeing men; Venice includes a mighty host of lazy, vicious, brazen-faced vagabonds who will not work, even under the recent law which forbids them to beg. They love to lie about the Riva in the sun, chattering and singing, and spreading their vices among the young. All they want is a hole into which they can crawl at night, and a centime or two to buy a bit of fried devil-fish and vegetable in the morning. For clothes, they patch and mend from father to son. When it rains, the Riva vagabond will cast his garments, and tranquilly sit down beside them while they dry in the sun.

“They are too much for the authorities,” said a Venetian gentleman to me. “The only hope is to get hold of the children. The fathers and mothers are incurably lazy, and look upon begging as their right. They are gathered into fraternities, and almost command the charity of the *sestiere* in which they abide. I only know there are a few stalwart, insolent, and threatening beggars near me, whom I relieve as an act of prudence towards my own skin. But you strangers have done much towards perpetuating the race. You are the main support of the Riva rascals.” The only use of the Riva population, with their stately walk, their handsome faces, and the wonderful patches of colour which their costumes present, is as foreground to the artists. These delight in painting the splendid confusion of form and glowing tints which appears under an Italian sky when a fleet of the Chioggia boats puts in, and covers the marble quays with fish.

The easy terms on which body and soul may be kept together on the shores of the Adriatic are extraordinary, and help to keep up the mixture of pride, laziness, and *bon naturel* which make the Venetian character. The stately girls who pace the Riva in dazzling shawls and ribands, and gaudy slippers, disdain domestic service. They string the glass beads for which Venice is famous, and so earn



the few lire a week necessary to their existence, while they preserve the liberty to lounge and flirt and sing intact.

At the greengrocers' shops steaming hot vegetables and fruits are to be seen at all seasons. *Fagioli*, or brown beans, brocoli, potatoes, beetroot, *zucca* or pumpkin, are always ready. *Fagioli* cost eight centessimi a pound; potatoes, six centessimi; a good slice of pumpkin, one centesimo. These are eaten with plenty of oil and vinegar; and, with *polenta*, they form a nutritious and wholesome diet. The poorer working class have coffee with sugar and a small piece of bread at six o'clock in the morning; and at six in the evening they have some *polenta* and fried fish. The *polenta* they make themselves (it being cheaper than buying it ready cooked) with hot water and a little salt. The people who can afford it have a third meal at noon; but the rule among the poor is two meals. Fish enough for a small family may be had for about fifty centessimi. But what fish! Everything that swims goes into the Venetian cauldron. An octopus is freely devoured. On winter mornings hungry groups gather about the great saucepans of smoking fish which are cooked on the Riva in the open air; and for something like a halfpenny the hungry man can have his fill. A common Venetian *friture*, as you will find it smoking at a greengrocer's, seems to be the scouring of the bed of the ocean. Shrimps and other crustacea, soft crabs, little fish of all kinds, are in the mess of oil, and make a rich odour in the air, with the help of the popular neighbouring stew of brown beans, macaroni, oil, vinegar, and onion. These mixtures suffice for the daily creature wants of two-thirds of the population of Venice. The hot foods kept always ready are most welcome to the poor in the winter months, when the white mist falls upon the lion of St. Mark, and the east wind reaches the marrow of the Riva beggar's bones, but still is not keen enough to make him try his hand at honest work.

The remaining third of the population of the "superb" city lives—but let us step into the Cappello Nero, on the threshold of which we have been lingering, listening to the gossip of a Neapolitan friend who has his *couvert* laid daily at the more select *Quadri*.

At the old sign of the Black Hat, under the colonnade of the Piazza, will be found the Neapolitans of modest fortune, the naval officers of the P. and O., the Austrian Lloyd's, and other ocean going ships in the harbour; the superior officers of the garrison, Italian travellers who are not to be caught in the expensive meshes of the Victoria or Danieli's, and a sprinkling of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans. The Cannello supplies a good *bourgeois* table, at the prices of a second

class Paris restaurant. The fare is succulent, generally speaking, inclined to be greasy, like all Italian *cuisines*, and imitative of Paris. The *lista delle vivande* presents to the reader a wonderful array of corrupted words, and a dreadful confusion of *cuisines*:—*Fricandò, côtelette, rosbif, zigò de moutone, beefsteack—con uovo! pasticcio di Strasburgo, crem-versé, omlette, blan-mangé*; mixed up with *tagliatelle, gnocchi al burro, trippa, risotto, carcioffi alla romana, funghi alla corbolyon, mortadella, olive verdi, beccafichi, uccelli fini, ortolani, gorgonzola, zabajon!* The Italian dishes are the best. The *paste* are all excellent, and so are the creams, and so are the Italian *fritti*. They have an admirable dish at the Black Hat—a macaroni pie—*au jus*, which would be an easy and a most welcome and wholesome addition to the *bourgeois* kitchens of London, if English cooks had the sense or spirit to add a single dish to their narrow round of roast and boiled.

But it is not here that the diner who hath a sweet tooth can revel. There is the eternal *zabajon*—a delightful cream custard, flavoured chiefly with rum—which flows over many tarts and tartlets, or may be taken alone. But the *gourmets* of the Cappello Nero seem to prefer it in the company of *bocca di dama*. Ladies' lips! Did ever pastrycook hit upon a more delightful name for a triumph of his sweet art? And yet *bocca di dama* is but very tame jam tart—with the jam almost lost in the paste.

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## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

### VIII.—THE DUODECIMO DANDY.



ON my way home after a pleasant sojourn in the Vosges I stayed a day or two at Paris, and there first learned from *Galignani* the recent death of M. Decluseau. His later years had been spent in seclusion and obscurity at Amiens with some aged relatives, on whose bounty he was glad to subsist. Born and brought up in England, he had throughout his gay and glittering career retained little of his French extraction but his name. His father had been naturalised on taking up his residence at Bath soon after the emigration of 1791. Although he himself had never had the advantages of a public school or university, he enjoyed from almost his outset in life companionship with not a few young men of family and fortune. Old Decluseau was, I have been told, a man of culture and refinement who had luckily contrived to recover the greater portion of his property near Paris when the waters of the Revolution went down. Nothing would, indeed, induce him to abandon the security of his adopted country or return to that from which he had been compelled to fly. But during the days of the Consulate he realised the whole of what he was worth, and invested in the English Funds what was after all no more than a decent competency. He would probably have shrunk from allowing his son to take military service against France had she been governed by any branch of the old Monarchy. But Bonapartism he regarded as mere usurpation which it was lawful by any means to resist or if possible overthrow. He gladly availed himself, therefore, of the offer of a commission for *Narcisse* as soon as he was of military age; and though the war terminated soon afterwards the young cadet remained under the colours for several years, and attained the rank of captain long before he sold out.

In all the tricks of manner and demeanour requisite to early entrance into West End life and quick advancement there he had had excellent training. Old Decluseau had himself nipped the

shell of experience in the laughing days of unbelief in female constancy, patriotic self-devotion, or earnest faith in any kind of good beyond arrow-shot of Voltairian epigram which marked the reign of Marie Antoinette over French society. He came of one of the old Parliamentary families whose chiefs furnished judges to the provinces, whose younger sons became *abbés* without cure of souls, staff officers without campaigning, or farmers-general of taxes; and whose pretty sisters became sometimes the wives, often the mistresses, of *grands seigneurs* for whose use and benefit society appeared to have been made. Even they laughed at it all in their comic moods, or marvelled at the indolent endurance of mankind in general when a fit of indigestion made them peevish or philosophical. But the disintegration of the old belief and the materialism of the new philosophy had rotted away too completely the nerves and sinews of privileged life; and the classes that lived by law, literature, and art were morally and socially too imitative of Court and fashion to allow any notions to grow up or find acceptance other than those which prevailed at Versailles. It was the last grand revel of "Eat, Drink, and Die"; and the education of a gentleman was directed mainly to the acquisition of the accomplishments and knacks by which the greatest amount of plunder could be got by him individually out of the public revenues, civil or ecclesiastical; and how the produce could be most sagaciously laid out in personal pleasures from day to day. A varnish of sentimentalism continued to be in vogue, like rouge and hair powder, which was used in degrees that varied with the whim of the hour; but nobody mistook it for being genuine or natural, or fancied it was used for any other purpose than to fill up ugly wrinkles or hide unbecoming flaws. Scruples about right and wrong were as much bygone and forgotten as the belief in witches or the philosopher's stone. The strong-minded mother of the Queen had on her dying bed muttered, after receiving the last rights of the Church, "I am going to see what truth there is in the *grand peut-être* which Liebnitz says is all we know." With Cardinal de Rohan for a confidant and a dull machinist for a husband, the fair and frivolous Goddess of Trianon had hardly one about her capable of telling her the truth or startling her from her fatuous dream that to-morrow should be even as yesterday, or yet more abundant.

When the flood came it was too late to repent or retrieve indeed, there is little evidence that any of the survivors changed essentially their natures or their notions. Those who could not escape dressed picturesquely for the scaffold and picked their steps daintily from the tumbrel to the foot of the guillotine. Those who got away in



time were fain to become teachers of irregular verbs, translators of irregular plays, officers of irregular horse, or companions of irregular folk in Russia, Germany, or England, where the corn and wine and oil of aristocracy had not failed. In the shelter of genial hospitality their graceful versatility returned, and even in the flicker of northern sunshine they were glad once more to be gay. But disinherited and disenchanting, in what were they to believe? They had survived a Church whose prelates had apostatised; an order that had committed suicide; a country that had burnt its almanack for fear of being reminded that it had a yesterday. The Duke of Brunswick and Mr. Pitt had promised to float them all back in an ark of counter revolution, with Du Mourier for a pilot and Louis Dix-huit for a figure-head; but the ark foundered, the pilot disappeared, the unadventurous Pretender grew fat and forgiving in Hertfordshire; Germany made terms with the Republic; and Mr. Pitt, after wrecking his reputation and half ruining his country, died of old age at forty-seven. It would have been strange indeed if the *émigrés* had been able to bring up their children with any deep convictions of the worth of right or the good of consistency. They had believed in little before the general overturn; they believed in nothing after it, except that if a man could make himself pleasant and popular he would probably eat a better dinner and possibly might get on. "Dress and address are the two great things to understand," said the exiled father to his bright-eyed son. That was the philosophy of life according to old Decluseau. In those days everybody wore nightcaps, and Narcisse never forgot a showy specimen of that article of luxury which dropped out of its wrapping of tissue paper when his father was packing his best clothes into a portmanteau before leaving his lodgings in Soho for a three days' visit to a great house in the country. "I never saw this before," he exclaimed; "do you ever wear it?" "Oh! dear, no," was the reply, "I only lay it on the dressing table before going down to breakfast, that it may be seen by the servants." The youth grew up in the secrets of petty imposture, and learned at last to apply the science of imposition to all things.

In vain the sister of his mother tried after his mother's death to awaken in the youthful heart at first some unworldly notions of conscientiousness; and failing that, somewhat of the maternal sense of delicacy and some romance of higher ambition. While he was a child her tenderness was of course delightful, and he kissed her hand as she read him to sleep with moral narratives from "Tales of the Castle." But at fourteen she found out to her dismay that he was already an adept in tricks at cards and acquainted prematurely with other vices

of which she had not dreamed. Her brother-in-law, when spoken to on the subject, replied only with a shrug, and "thought he was not much older himself when he began." Time wore on, and at twenty there was nothing hard or coarse in London life with which young Decluseau was unfamiliar. If he did not become actually *blasé* before his noon it was rather owing to his constitutional exemption from strong impulse or strong passion. His curiosity was boundless, and to gratify it he would take any amount of trouble and spend any amount of time. An instinctive facility of adapting his voice and person to various characters enabled him better than his fellows to gratify his love of adventure. He was by nature a comedian, and could not only take with ease and grace his part in private theatricals, where he bore off more than his share of applause; but every now and then he would in disguise leave home, and for days remain away on some social adventure of whose details he was seldom communicative and about which Aunt Justine gradually ceased to ask from a painful uncertainty as to how much she could venture to believe. Her love for him did not abate as her faith in him died. She still hoped on that some day he might encounter a being better and subtler than himself by whose ascendancy over him he might yet be redeemed from cynicism, insincerity, and self-worship. Must not there still be in him something of his mother's nature, gentle, pure, believing, self-denying, and must it not come to the surface soon or late, if there was any reliance to be placed in the doctrine of transmissible qualities or the value of a mother's prayers? Justine added her own daily in secret; and if no appreciable answer came in his habits of demeanour, her own sore tried and lonely heart was soothed and consoled by the hope, however dim and distant, which her inextinguishable faith in pious importunity served to keep alive.

When offered a commission, through the kindness of one of his father's friends, in a regiment under orders for Canada the young idler about town (somewhat to his father's surprise) did not object. He would like to see something of the world before settling down. The notion of his wishing to fight anybody, or kill anybody, or of keeping to the killing business as a pursuit for life, would be of course ridiculous. Political or national feeling he did not pretend to; and without money to purchase steps, or connections to job for one, the profession was not worth following: but the name of it and the uniform would at six-and-twenty be trump cards worth holding; Why throw them away? He actually spent, I believe, three or four years in colonial garrisons, and at the end of that time, having put



together a report on the undeveloped resources of a district he had traversed in search of game, he was so commended by the military governor, who sent it home with attestations of its value, that he found little difficulty in obtaining permission to exchange. Barrack life in Lancashire or Munster was harder to bear, however, than at Quebec or Bermuda; and after the first hunting season was over he resolved to sell out and set up in business in St. James's Street as a man about town. Crockford's was then in its glory. Every sprig of quality who sought the reputation of spending money, and every scamp of fashion who sought in a gentleman-like way to gather it up, frequented its glittering saloons. It was to the oligarchic régime of gambling what Carlton House had in the preceding decades been to the dynastic. When the First Gentleman in England gave up dancing he likewise gave up high play, and contented himself for the rest of his days with the endless pleasures of cookery, tailoring, and worrying his Ministers. To men of old family or new wealth a regal palace of ruin no longer opened its doors, but the right of going to the devil splendidly remained, and the elective principle was introduced into the constitution of hell. The King retired to Brighton, and the dandies reigned in St. James's. Almack's was said to be a revolutionary innovation, as such encroachments have ever been, by the sprightly ambition of a malcontent few women of quality. Its exclusiveness was as arbitrary as that of the Court in its crankiest days had been; but the caprices of eight independent fine ladies balanced or checked one another, and widened the sphere of waltzing liberty. So, too, in the transition stage of gambling emancipation. If epicurean supper-tables were to be spread in rooms of palatial luxury, the circle of contribution, whether by joint-stock or the more elegant and elastic way of general pluckability, must be kept up and the means of access must be widened. Dandyism was not prepared, indeed, to vulgarise its vices, as had been done in Paris since the days of the Revolution. The very name of democracy was odious; and there must be no shaking hands with ungloved paws. If nameless fellows wanted to be robbed let them go to Frascati's, or some of the noisy places of the Palais Royal; but English society had not come to that. Nobody could pass the swing-doors of the building opposite White's who was "not known." *Facilis descensus Averni* was all right and proper among gentlemen; but the steps should be double carpeted and nobody should tread them who was not well bred or at all events well dressed: and at the first suspicion of not playing fair, he must disappear.

It was in the heyday of dandyism that young Decluseau first appeared above the horizon. Brummel had indeed passed the meridian of impudence, and no rival had as yet succeeded him in notoriety. But there were aspirants to the most conspicuous place in the world of foppery. Tom Duncombe starred it in the green room; Henry Mildmay on the box-seat; and Lytton Bulwer in the last new novel. But the hour and the man had not come, for D'Orsay had not yet begun to reign. With him the dazzling day of coxcombray reached the climax of affectation and then faded for ever into forgetfulness. Soon after his coming into England Decluseau *père* had been of use to D'Orsay in getting him credit with a saddler and a wine merchant, and I have heard that Decluseau *fils* had shown him the way to his first hatter's. A choice among tailors was not so easily made. That required deliberation and study of character. At first, I have been told, the Count tried to import a Parisian cut and colour, especially in his nether garments; but the sagacity that distinguished him from all his competitors in folly quickly led him to perceive that to be lord of the ascendant in the Park and Pall Mall he must be in all things undetectable to the vulgar eye as a foreigner; while incontestably the most exquisitely attired among those who lounged or ambled up or down among the native-born lords of the creation. D'Orsay disdained the tricks and arts by which less refined practitioners in imposture had been wont to make men stare and women ogle. He remained, indeed, patriotically faithful to the gloves and boots of his country, but in the residue of his garments he was scrupulously English; and his adoption of the plain black frock was in itself a proof of his profound confidence that it was his destiny to rule the coats of men. I have myself seen Pelham not only in his early but in his latter days indulge in a combination of tints and hues in the putting on of apparel that would sound fabulous were I to depict it. D'Orsay piqued himself upon being a master in the severer school of classic dandyism. He contended that true art shone in the firmness of a collar, the expansion of a lappel, the expression of a hat, not in the mere exaggeration of these articles, which was "*gauche* and see-ly." Everything about him was elaborately studied, not merely for the sake of its own form and tone, but with reference to the unrivalled being who was to enjoy and use it. His cabriolet (what a cabriolet it was!) had nothing showy about it; and horse and tiger, harness and whip, were in equal perfection of keeping with the elastic vehicle which was his ambulatory throne. Tradesmen vied with one another for permission to have their productions advertised



by his patronage, and he came at last to be regarded as the most approved method of letting the paying world know how it could be served.

Little Decluseau had sufficient *nouse* to win the fancy friendship of the illustrious fop. At first he was a walking dictionary, then an active vidette; always a pleasant and presentable guest at a pinch, and always versatile and handy as a friend in a scrape; never at a loss for an answer or the show of one; up to everything that was going on, no matter how good or how bad; having the name of every jockey, duellist, actress, politician, painter, or puppy at his tongue's end; and above all with a knowledge, partly derived from experience and partly from hearsay, of where it was best worth while to dine. In public Decluseau took care never to affect the air of more than a passing acquaintanceship with a Master of Modes. At the Opera he seldom stayed long in his box, and at Crockford's it would have been waste of time to play at the same table. None but real intimates knew of their real intimacy; and this had been settled from the outset without a word of stipulation or arrangement, but simply by the instinctive sense on the part of the little dandy of what the great dandy would like best. Never was the duodecimo seen to rest upon the imperial folio; never did he allow any one to suspect him to be an abbreviation or abstract of that wonderful production of human thought and skill. Rivalry or jealousy never entered his clear calculating little head. Height, beauty, nobility of birth, and skill as an amateur sculptor were possessions past praying for. But to live luxuriously without fortune; to marry brilliantly without land or title; and to dress, drive, and dine, as a friend of D'Orsay's ought to do, by gains at Crockford's and Tattersall's, was a vocation worthy of any one, even though he were only five feet four without his boots. Beneath the narrow shadow of a well-designed hat he looked three inches more; it was, however, a tender subject with him; and the only occasion I am told on which he was seen to lose his temper from the pitiless badinage of D'Orsay was when he heard himself introduced to a pretty woman as "a diamond and gilt-edged edition of Man." To this susceptibility likewise was no doubt due his insuperable antipathy to be modelled by the subtle caricaturist in clay. It might be all very well to make statuettes of Napoleon le Grand, or the victor of Waterloo, but the vanity of Decluseau could not betray him into sitting or standing even for five minutes the result of which might be at his expense to furnish his best friends with food for ineffable fun.

The astute Count was not slow in discovering, moreover, after a

touch or two of playful pressure, that his small familiar had a hide of pluck as hard as steel beneath the delicate epidermis which women-kind so much admired. Without an angry word beforehand, or condescending to more than a sardonic smile of indifference afterwards, Decluseau had gone out two or three times, and one of his antagonists had been lamed for life by him. As he became indispensable, the Count made up his mind that it would not be kind to vex him, and he never did so.

I first met the greater and the lesser dandy together at the house of a City banker whose wife was ambitious of inclusion in the muster roll of fashion. Many had been the costly banquets spread by her in Grosvenor Street without the coveted presence of any one of real note. At length she became acquainted with the Duodecimo, who was never known to throw away a chance of making himself agreeable to a hospitable banker or an aspiring beauty. Both might be made exceedingly convenient upon occasion, if dexterously piqued on his part by a proper degree of inattention. Without being in the least degree puppyish or supercilious, he made it a rule to be difficult at first and rather disappointing. His engagements were so many, and so provokingly long dated, that he was constantly unable to accept what he should have greatly preferred, and "greatly" was uttered in a bewitching tone, and with a look to match. For Little Luxury, as he was sometimes called, was in his way a perfect actor; and he knew how to play upon the weaknesses and foibles of those surrounding him with an air as effortless and natural as if he existed only for their amusement. Very amusing he was indeed; quizzical to the last degree of those who were not present, whose peculiarities and mistakes furnished him with materials of pleasantry for the next set of people amid whom he found himself. Indulgence in the pleasure of impertinence he left to his friend, and few men took greater licence in this way. Our hostess on the occasion in question was in a low fever of anxiety about dinner; for she had accomplished at last a long deferred desire of having two notorious coxcombs for her guests: and anxiously she looked for any indication of approval or the contrary in their impassive features. Decluseau was not to be detected in the faintest show of dissatisfaction, and he took care to drop an audible commendation more than once of what was set before him. But D'Orsay, as he explained to a remonstrating friend on another occasion, had a conscientious scruple about lending his sanction to imperfect cookery or carelessly decanted wine. He had a character to support, a reputation to maintain; and if people would provoke his judgment, they must take it, even though it were unwelcome.



Few really good things, however, were said by him, and by his faithful aide-de-camp still fewer. What amused people was the intensity of the impudence which put resentment fairly out of countenance, and made even an affront rather forget itself in laughter. In an evil hour Decluseau caught the infection, prevalent for a time among the dandies, of going into Parliament, for which he had no qualification of any sort, and where his emptiness was soon found out. His maiden speech was well got up, and delivered with ineffable *sang froid*. He had nothing particular to say, but he said it well; and had he taken D'Orsay's advice against risking detection by a second attempt he might possibly have kept up the delusion of being a sort of success. But his vanity would be drowned and nobody should save it. His second performance was so ineffective that it was not reported, and for his third he could not get even a hearing. Before the end of a short Parliament he was at a sad discount with the electors of Swillington; and his discomfiture was attended with circumstances, I believe, of a pecuniary kind which led to his betaking himself abroad by the end of the year. How he had contrived to live and thrive and wive; to ride a good horse; frequent the Opera, and obtain a seat at St. Stephen's the plodding crowd never knew. But when he was gone the story ran that he had been indefatigable and fortunate at play; and that if he had had the sense to keep out of politics he might have floated down the stream a good while longer without capsizing.




RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS  
KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.  
BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART XIII.—LEIGH HUNT AND HIS LETTERS.

(Continued.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Novello and Mr. and Mrs. Gliddon,  
*imprimis*; secondly, to Mrs. Novello alone. (Favoured  
by Mrs. Shelley.)

Albaro, July 25th, 1823.

EAR FRIENDS,—I send you these modicums of distributive justice—first because, though now getting well again, I have been unwell, and secondly because I have so much to do with my pen just now that, as I wish to keep a head on my shoulders for all your sakes, I am sure you would not willingly let me tax it beyond my strength. I shall answer, however, whatever letters you have been kind enough to send me by the box separately and at proper length. But lo! the box has not yet arrived, and when it will arrive *box* knows. Meanwhile let me introduce to you all in a body the dear friend who brings you this letter, and with whom you are already acquainted in some measure both privately and publicly. You will show her all the kindness and respect in your power, I am sure, for her husband's sake, and for her mother's sake, and for my sake, and for her own. I am getting grave here. So now we are all in company again I will rouse my spirits and attack you separately; and first for "Wilful Woman":—

Mary Novello,  
I know not your fellow  
For having your way  
Both by night and by day.

It was thus I once began a letter in verse to the said Mary Novello, which happened not to be sent; and it is thus I now begin a letter in prose to her because it is of course as applicable as ever—is it not, thou "wilful woman"? (Here I look full in the face of the same M. N., shaking my head at her: upon which she looks *ditto* at me—for we cannot say ditto of a lady—and shakes her head in return, imprudently denying the fact with her good-humoured twinkling eyes and her laughing mouth, which, how it ever happened to become wilful, *odd* only knows—odd is to be read in a genteel Bond Street style, Novello knows how.) So I understand, Wilful, that you sometimes get up during the perusal of passages of these mine



epistles and unthinkingly insist that tired ladies who have a regard for you should eat their dinners, as if the regard for me, Wilful, is not to swallow up everything—appetite, hunger, sickness, faintness, and all. Do you HEAR? The best passage in all Mr. Reynolds's plays is one that Mary Shelley has reminded me of. It is where a gentleman traveller and the governor of a citadel compliment each other in a duet, dancing, I believe, at the same time:—

*Dancing Governor!*  
*Pleasing Traveller!*

Now you must know that the Attorney-General once, in an indictment for libel, had the temerity to designate me as "a yeoman"—"Leigh Hunt, yeoman." However, the word rhymes to "Woman," which is a pleasing response: so I shall end my present epistle with imagining you and me on a Twelfth Night harmoniously playing at cross purposes, and singing to one another—

Wilful Woman!  
Revengeful Yeoman!

God bless the hearts of you both.—Your affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—I send you a ring of my hair, value 2s. 8d. When I can afford another such splendid sum I will try and get some little inscription engraved on it, and would have done so indeed already had I thought of it in time. I'd have you to know, at the same time, that the gold is "right earnest," which, if you mention the sum, I'd be glad you'll also let the curious inquirers understand. So don't be ashamed, now, but wear it. If you don't I'll *pinch back*.

The ring *was* worn by "Mary Novello," and the name of "Leigh Hunt" was engraved upon the small piece of "gold" as an "inscription." It is now in our possession, mounted on a card, bearing these memorial lines:—

#### SONNET ON A RING OF LEIGH HUNT'S HAIR.

Nor coal, nor jet, nor raven's wing more black  
Than this small crispy plait of ebony hair:  
And well I can remember when the rare  
Young poet-head, in eager thought thrown back,  
Bore just such clusters; ere the whitening rack  
Of years and toil, devoted to the care  
For human weal, had blanch'd and given an air  
Of snow-bright halo to the mass once black.

In public service, in high contemplations,  
In poesy's excitement, in the earnest  
Culture of divinest aspirations,  
Thy sable curls grew grey; and now thou turnest  
Them to radiant lustre, silver-golden,  
Touch'd by that Light no eye hath yet beholden.

To M. S. N.

Albaro, August 21st, 1823.

WILFUL WOMAN !—And so you have got a great large big Shacklewell house, and a garden, and good-natured trees in it (like those in my Choice)—

And Clarke and Mr. Holmes are seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;

and you are looking after the “things,” and you are all to be gay and merry, and I am not to be there. Well, I don’t deserve it, whatever Fate may say, and it shall go hard but I’ll have my revenge, and *my* house, and *my* garden and things, all at Florence ; and friends, fair and brown too, will come to see me there, though you won’t ; and I’ll peep, *without* being seen, from forth *my* alleys green.

We go off to-morrow, and I shall send you such accounts as shall make you ready to ask Clara’s help (she being the bigger) to toss you all, as she threatened, “out of the windows.” There is nobody that will do it with so proper and grave a face. So there’s for your Shacklewell house and your never-not-coming-at-all to Italy. And now you shan’t get a word more out of me for the present, excepting that I am your old, grateful, and affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

Mrs. Hunt joins in love to all the old circle.

To V. N. (favoured by Mrs. Payne.)

Florence, Sept. 9th, 1823.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—You must not imagine I am going to send you all the pleasant people I may happen to meet with ; but I could not resist the chance of introducing you to the grand-daughter of Dr. Burney, daughter of Captain Cooke’s Burney, niece of Evelina’s and Camilla’s Burney, friend of Charles and Mary Lamb, and a most lively, refreshing, intelligent, good-humoured person to boot, who is also a singer and pianoforte player. All this, at least, she seems to me, in my gratitude for having met with a countrywoman who could talk to me of my old friends. I cannot write farther, for I hear the voices of gentlemen who have come to go with me, to take leave of her and her husband : but whether she happens to bring this letter or not, I could not help giving you the chance I speak of, nor that of knowing you and yours, your music, &c., which is the best return I can make her for the recreation she has afforded me : and, besides, this will show you we were going on well. Florence, besides its other goods, has libraries, bookstalls, and Cockney-meadows ; and we begin to breathe again. I hope by this time you and Mrs. Shelley have shaken cordial hands.—Your affectionate friend,

L. H.

To V. N. and M. S. N.

Florence, January 9th, 1824.

Happy New Years for all of us : and may we all, as we do now, help to make them happier to one another.

*Vincenzo mio*, I have at length found out the secret of making you write a whole letter. It is to set you upon some painful task for your

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friends; so having the prospect now before me of getting out of my troubles, I think I must contrive to fall into some others, purely in order that you may be epistolary. Dear Novello, how heartily I thank you! I must tell you that I had written a long letter to my brother in answer to his second one, in which I had agreed to submit the whole matter to arbitration, and had called upon your friendship to enter into it, especially in case you had any fears that you should be obliged in impartiality to be less for me than you wished. His third letter has done away with the necessity of sending this, and he will show you the letter I have written to him instead. All will now proceed amicably; but if you think me a little too inordinate and haggling, I beg you first of all to count the heads of seven of your children with their mother besides them. I have no other arithmetic in my calculations. But I will not return to my melancholy now that you have helped to brighten life for me again. I assure you it was new-burnished on New Year's Day, for then I received all your letters at once. . . . But enough. Judge only from what a load of care you have helped to relieve me, and take your pride and pleasure accordingly, you, you—you Vincent, you. Observe, however:—all this is not to hinder from the absolute necessity and sworn duty of coming to see us as you promised. *It will be sheer inhumanity if you do not*; always excepting it would make you ill to be away from home (Mary Shelley will laugh to hear this); but then you are to have companions, who will also be very inhuman to all of us, if they do not do *their* duty. The cheating of the Italians in conjunction with all the other circumstances have made us frightened, or rather agreeably economical (a little difference!). We have taken wood, oil, and every possible thing out of the hands of the servants, locking it up and doling it out, and even (oh, new and odd paradise of sensation!) chuckling over the *crazie and qualtrini* that we save. I tell you this to show you how well we prepare for visitors. But wine, and very pleasant wine too, and wholesome, is as cheap in this country as small beer; and then there will be ourselves, and *your* selves, and beautiful walks and weather, and novelty, and God knows how many pleasures besides, for all are comprised in the thought of seeing friends from *England*. So mind—I will not hear of the least shadow of the remotest approach to the smallest possible distant hint of a put-off. All the “*Gods in Council*” would rise up and say, “This is a shame!” So in your next tell me when you are coming. I must only premise that it must be when the snows are well off the mountain road. You see by this how early, as well as how certainly, I expect you. I must leave off and rest a little; for I have had much letter writing after much other writing, and I am going to have much *other* writing. But my head and spirits have both bettered with my prospects; at least the latter have, and I have every reason to believe the former will, though I shall have more original composition to do than of late. But I shall work with *certainities* upon me, in my old paper, and not be tied down to particular dimensions. As you have *seen* all my infirmities, I must tell you of a virtue of mine, which *is*, that having no pianoforte at present, I lent, with rage and *benevolence* in my heart, all the new music you sent me to a lady,

who is going to Rome. It is very safe, or you may believe my benevolence would not have gone so far. Besides, it was to be played and sung by the Pope's own musicians. Think of that, thou chorister. I shall have it back before you come, and shall lay aside a particular hoard to hire an instrument for your playing it. Thank Charles Clarke for his letter, and tell him that he will be as welcome in Italy as he was in my less romantic prison of Horsemonger Gaol. I am truly obliged to him, also, for his kindness to Miss Kent's book, and shall write to tell him so after I have despatched a few articles for the *Examiner*—all which articles, observe also, are written to my friends.—Your affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

To Mrs. Novello.

Oh thou wilful—for art thou not wilful? Charles Clarke says no, and that your name is Brougham; "but I, Mr., calls him Bruffam"—but art thou not always wilful woman, and oughtest thou not for ever to remain so, seeing that thy will is bent upon "inditing a good matter," and that thou sittest up at midnight with an infinitely virtuous profligacy to write long and kind and delightful letters to exiles on their birthdays? Do not think me ungrateful for not having answered it sooner. It is not, as you might suppose, my troubles that have hindered me, saving and except that the quantity of writing that I have had, or rather the effect which writing day after day has upon me, made me put off an answer which I wished to be a very long one. Had I not wished that, I should have written sooner; and wishing it or not, I ought to have done so; but your last letter shows that you can afford to forgive me. Latterly, I will confess that the pitch of trouble to which my feelings had been wrought made it more difficult for me than usual to come into the company of my friends, with the air they have always inspired me with; but I bring as well as receive a pleasure now, and wish I could find some means of showing you how grateful I am for all your sendings, those in the box included. Good God! I have never yet thanked you even for that. But you know how late it must have come. My wife has been brilliant ever since in the steel bracelets, which she finds equally useful and ornamental. They were the joy and amazement of an American artist (now in Rome), who had never been in England, and who is wise enough to be proud of the superior workmanship of his cousins the English, though a sturdy Republican. (Speaking of Rome, pray tell Novello to send me the name of the musical work which he wanted there, which I have put away in some place so very safe that it is undiscoverable.) The needles also were more than welcome. As to the pencils, I made a legitimate use of my despotic right as a father of a family, and appropriated them almost all to myself. "Consider the value of such timber here." Here the needles don't prick, and the pencils do: and as to elastic bracelets, you may go to a ball, if you please, in a couple of rusty iron hoops made to fit. Do you know that I had half a mind to accept your offer of coming over to take us to England, purely that you might go back without us—including your stay in the meantime. *You must not raise such images to exiles without realising*



them. I hope some day or other to be able to take some opportunity of running over during a summer, though Mary Shelley will laugh at this, and I know not what Marianne Hunt would say to it. Profligate fellow that I am! I never slept out of my bed ever since I was married, but two nights at Sydenham. As to coming to England to stay, it is quite out of the question for either of us at present. The winters would kill her side and my head. On the other hand, the vessel in her side is absolutely closing again here in winter time, and our happier prospects in other respects render the prospect happier in this. Cannot you as well as C. C. come with Novello? Bring some of the children with you. Why cannot you all come—you and Statia, and Mrs. Williams, and Mary S., and Miss Kent, and Holmes (to study), and every other possible and impossible body? Write me another good, kind, long letter, to show that you forgive me heartily for not writing myself, and tell me all these and a thousand other things. I think of you all every day more or less, but particularly on such days as birth-days and Twelfthdays. We drank your health the other night sitting in our country solitude, and longing *infinitely*, as we often do, for a larger party—but always a party from home. What a birthnight you gave me! These are laurels indeed! Tell me in your next how all the children are, not forgetting Clara, who threatened in a voice of tender acquiescence to throw us all out of the window, herself included. All our children continue extremely well, little Vincent among them, who is one of the liveliest yet gentlest creatures in the world.

Pray remember me to Mr. and Mrs. B. H. I would give anything at present to hear one of her songs; and I suppose she would give anything to have a little of my sunshine. Such is the world! But it makes one love and help one another too. So love me and help me still, dear friends all.

L. H.

To M. S. N.

Florence, November 13th, 1824.

OH, WILFUL!—Am I to expect another birthday letter? If so (but two such birthdays can hardly come together), I will do my best to be grateful, and send you a *mirth*-day letter. Do you know that however differently-shaped you may regard yourself at present at Shacklewell, here at Florence you are a *square*? and that I am writing at present in one of your second stories at Mrs. Brown's lodgings, who can only find me this half sheet of paper to write upon? I should have thought better of you, considering you have the literary interest so much at heart. Your name is *Sancta Maria Novella*, and there is a church in a corner of you, which makes a figure in the opening of Boccaccio's "Decameron." So adieu, dear Sancta.—Ever yours, sick or merry,

L. H.

To Mrs. Novello, to Mrs. Gliddon, to "dear Arthur."

Florence, September 7th, 1825.

The Ladies first—To Mrs. Novello,

MADAM,—My patience is not so easily worn out as your Wilfulness imagines. I allow you have seen me impatient of late on one subject; but I beg you to believe I confine my want of philosophy to

that single point. That is the wolf in my harmony. On all other matters (a three-years-and-a-half's dilapidation excepted) you will find me the same man I was ever—half melancholy and half mirth—and gratefully ready to forego the one whenever in the company of my friends. So, Madam, I'd have you to know that I am extremely patient, and that if I do not *take* courage it is because I have it already; and you must farther know, Madam, that we do not mean to live at Plymouth, but at a reasonable distance from town; and also that if we cannot get a cottage to go into immediately we shall go for a month or two into metropolitan lodgings: *item*, that we shall all be glad to hear of any cottage twenty or twenty-five miles off, or any lodgings in any quiet and cheap street in London; farthermore, that besides taking courage, we have taken the coach from Florence to Calais; and finally, that we set off next Saturday, the roth instant, and by the time you receive this shall be at the foot of the Alps. "I think here be proofs." We go by Parma, Turin, Mont Cenis, Lyons, and Paris. Mrs. Shelley will be better able to tell you where a letter can reach us than I can—yet a calculation, too, might be made, for we travel forty miles a day, and stop four days out of the thirty-one allotted to us: one at Modena, one at Turin, one at Lyons, one at Paris. Can we do anything for you? I wish I could bring you some bottled sunshine for your fruit-trees. It is a drug we are tired of here. Mud—mud—is our object; cold weather out of doors, and warm hearts within. By the way, as you know nothing about it, I must tell you that somebody has been dedicating a book to me under the title of "A Day in Stowe Gardens" (send and buy it for my sake), and it is a very pretty book, though with the airs natural to a dedicatee, I have picked some verbal faults with it here and there. What I like least is the story larded with French cookery. Some of the others made me shed tears, which is very hard upon me, from an Old Boy (for such on inspection you will find the author to be); I should not have minded it had it been a woman. The Spanish Tale ends with a truly dramatic surprise; and the Magdalen Story made me long to hug all the parties concerned, the writer included. So get the book, and like it, as you regard the sympathies and honours of yours, ever cordially,

L. H.

To Mrs. Gliddon.

Well, Madam, and as to you. They tell me you are getting rich: so you are to suppose that during my silence I have been standing upon the dignity of my character, as a poor patriot, and not chosen to risk a suspicion of my independence. Being "Peach-Face," and "Nice-One," and missing your sister's children, I might have ventured to express my regard; but how am I to appear before the rich lady and the Sultana? I suppose you never go out but in a covered litter, forty blacks clearing the way. Then you enter the bath, all of perfumed water, and beautiful attendant slaves, like full moons: after which you retire into a delicious apartment, walled with trellis-work of mother-of-pearl, covered with myrtle and roses, and whistling with a fountain; and clapping your hands, ten slaves more beautiful than the last serve up an unheard-of dinner: after which,



twenty slaves, much more beautiful than those, play to you upon lutes; after which the Sultan comes in, upon which thirty slaves, infinitely more beautiful than the preceding, sing the most exquisite compliments out of the Eastern poets, and a pipe, forty yards long, and fresh from the Divan, is served up, burning with the Sultan's mixture, and the tonquin bean. However, I shall come for a chop.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR,—I am called off in the midst of my oriental description, and have only time to say that I thank you heartily for your zeal and kindness in my behalf, and am sure Novello could not have chosen a second more agreeable to myself, whatever the persons concerned may resolve upon. I hope soon to shake you by the hand.

The following one affords a specimen of the manful way in which Leigh Hunt dealt with depression, and strove to be cheery for his friends' sake, in acknowledgment of their friendship for him:—

To V. N. and M. S. N.

Paris, October 8th, 1825.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I can write you but a word. We shall be in London next Thursday, provided there is room in the steamboat, as we understand there certainly will be: but we are not certain of the hour of arrival. They talk here at the agency office of the boats leaving Calais at two in the morning (night-time). If so, we ought to be in town at one. This, however, is not to be depended on; and there will not be time to write to you again. The best way, I think, would be to send a note for us to the place where the boat puts up, stating where the lodgings are. The lodgings (by the night post) you will be kind enough to take for us (if there is time) in the quietest and airiest situation you have met with. We prefer, for instance, the street in the Hampstead Road, or thereabouts, to the one in London Street, to which said street I happen to have a particular objection; said particular objection, however, being of no account, if it cannot be helped. Should any circumstance prevent our having a note at the boat-office we shall put up in the neighbourhood for the night, and communicate with you as fast as possible. . . . I write in ill spirits, which the sight of your faces, and the firm work I have to set about, will do away. I feel that the only way to settle these things is to meet and get through them, sword in hand, as stoutly as I may. If I delayed I might be pinned for ever to a distance, like a fluttering bird to a wall, and so die in that helpless yearning. I have been mistaken. During my strength my weakness, perhaps, only was apparent; now that I am weaker, indignation has given a fillip to my strength. But how am I digressing! I said I should only write a word, and I certainly did not intend that that word should be upon any less agreeable subject than a steamboat. Yet I must add, that I remember the memorandum you allude to about the balance. I laid it to a very different account! Lord! Lord! Well, my dear Vincent, you have

a considerable fool for your friend, but one who is nevertheless wise enough to be, very truly yours,

L. H.

P.S.—Thanks to the two Marys for their kind letters. I must bring them the answers myself. This is what women ought to do. They ought to be very kind and write, and read books, and go about through the mud for their friends.

The three next give an excellent idea of Leigh Hunt's manner of writing to a friend suffering from nervous illness: by turns remonstrating, rallying, urging, humouring, consoling, and strengthening—all done tenderly, and with true affection for the friend addressed:—

To V. N.

30, Hadlow Street, Dec. 6th, 1825.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—I expected you at Harry Robertson's, and I looked for you last fine Wednesday at Highgate, and I have been to seek you to-day at Shacklewell. I thought we were sometimes to have two Sabbaths, always one, and I find we have none. How is this? If you are not well enough to meet me at Highgate, and will not make yourself better by coming and living near your friends somewhere, why I must come to you at Shacklewell on a Wednesday, that's all; and come I will, unless you will have none of me. I should begin to have fears on that score, when I hear that you are in town twice a week, and yet never come near me; but in truth, coxcomb as I have been called, and as I sometimes fear I show myself when I talk of prevailing on my friends to do this and that, *this* is a blow which would really be too hard for the vanity of, and let me add, the affection of your ever true friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

Will you not give us a call this evening, and at what time? Have I not a chop for a friend? And is there not Souchong in the town of Somers?

*(To be continued.)*

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# THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### VICTORY.

**I**T was the work of a moment for Rohan, exerting all his extraordinary strength, to hurl back the two ladders, the highest rungs of which rested against the foot of the *Trou*. Fortunately, those upon them had not climbed far, and fell backwards shrieking, but little harmed; while, urged to frenzy by the appearance of the besieging crowd, Rohan straightway commenced to hurl down upon the mass the ponderous fragments of rock which he had placed, ready for use, at the Cave's mouth. Shrieks, cries, oaths arose; and the men withdrew tumultuously out of reach. Then a voice shrieked "Fire!" and a shower of bullets rained round the deserter's form; but all missed their mark.

It was now quite clear that Pipriac, weary of so long waiting, had made up his martial mind to carry the position by storm. Under cover of the firing a number of *gendarmes* advanced again, and the ladders were once more placed against the dripping wall of the "Altar"; but in another moment the besiegers were again baffled and driven back by terrible showers of rocks and stones. More like a wild beast than a human creature, Rohan flitted above in the dark mouth of the Cave: silently, with mad outreaching arms, gathering and discharging his rude ammunition; gazing hungrily and fiercely down on the cruel faces congregating below him; taking of the bullets pouring around him no more heed than he might have done of falling rain or hail. In their excitement and fury the men aimed wildly and at random; so that, although his body was a constant target for their bullets, the deserter remained unharmed.

Presently, discovering all attempts to be unavailing, the *gendarmes* withdrew back out of reach in eager consultation. Behind them, filling the aperture of the Gate, gathered villagers of both sexes, from whose lips from time to time came low cries of terror and amaze.

Finding the position his own and his security no longer assailed, Rohan withdrew back into the Cave.

But the patience of the besiegers had been long exhausted, and the suspension of attack was not destined to last long. Now that they possessed scaling ladders and other implements of attack ready to their hand, they were determined at any risk to unearth the creature who had resisted them so calmly for so prolonged a period. Dead or alive, they would secure him; and that night. The storm which was raging all around did not interfere with their manœuvres; on the contrary, it facilitated them; and from time to time, when the moon was veiled under the clouds and all was darkness and confusion, the assault seemed easy.

Under cover of a sharp fire of bullets given by a file of *gendarmes* told off for that purpose, a number of men again advanced to the attack. Lying flat on his face, Rohan kept himself well concealed behind the heap of rocks and stones which he had accumulated at the mouth of the Cave; so that, although he presented no mark for the bullets, his arms were ready to precipitate his heavy missiles on those below. So soon as the advance was made, and the ladders were rested against the face of the cliff, the defence began anew.

Showers of rocks, great and small, rolled down from the *Trou*. Had some of the larger missiles struck their mark the result would speedily have been fatal; but the besiegers were wary, and by their rapid movements escaped much of Rohan's point-blank fire. From time to time, indeed, there was a yell of fury when a stray stone struck home and caused some furious besieger to limp or crawl back to his comrades in the safe part of the Cathedral; but as yet no man was dangerously hurt, and ere long the ladders were again safely placed against the cliff, and men began rapidly to ascend. It was now that Rohan, springing erect and holding high in the air a huge fragment of rock, dashed it down with incredible force and fury on one of the ladders. Fortunately, no human being had reached the point where the rock struck; but the rungs of the ladder snapped like dry faggots, and amid a yell of execration, the entire ladder itself collapsed, and those who were climbing fell back heavily, bleeding and half stunned.

"Fire! fire!" shrieked Pipriac, pointing at the figure of Rohan, which was now distinctly visible above him in the moonlight. Before the command could be obeyed Rohan had crouched down under shelter, and the bullets rained harmlessly round the spot where he had just stood.



"Devil! deserter! *chouan!*" yelled the infuriated Sergeant, shaking his fist impotently at the *Trou*. "We will have you alive or dead!"—and turning again to his men, he cried, "Forward again! to the attack!"

Again the body of men moved forward under cover of fire, and again the extraordinary contest was renewed.

It was a scene to be remembered. The dark masses moving and crying in the Cathedral, with glistening of bayonets and flashing of guns; the wild astonished groups of villagers congregated at the Gate, far without which the sea was roaring and gleaming in furious storm; the great black cliffs above, reaching up as it were into the very heaven, and ever and again gleaming like sheet lightning under the sudden illumination of the moon; and high up above the Cathedral floor the lonely Cave, with the wild figure of a man coming and going across it like a ghost. To the cannonade of wind and sea, before which the mighty crags seemed to shake to their foundations, there was added the sharp sound of the muskets and the hoarse roaring from the throats of men; but at intervals, when all sounds ceased for an instant, both the roar of the elements and the disturbing cries of mortals, the stillness was deathlike though momentary, and you could distinctly hear the cry of some disturbed sea-bird far up among the crags.

The conflict grew tumultuous. As a succession of huge clouds came up obscuring the moon for many minutes together, there was frequently almost total darkness.

Only the extraordinary impregnability of Rohan's position prevented it from being carried twenty times over; for as the time flew, and the attack continued unabated, the man's strength began to fail him. Hours passed, and he still succeeded in keeping his enemies at bay; but his hands were bleeding from the sharp rocks, his head seemed whirling round, his eyes were blinded with fatigue, and he heard rather than saw the crowd that raged and climbed beneath his feet. For remember, he was spent with hunger, worn with long watching and waiting, and he possessed only a tithe of his old gigantic strength.

Again and again the besiegers were repulsed; more than one was wounded and had crept away; but the shower of rocks continued terrific whenever they approached again. Over all the other tumult rose the voice of Pipriac urging on his men.

Had the *gendarmes* been marksmen Rohan would have fallen early in the fight; but partly from want of skill, and partly from excessive excitement, they fired at random, until their ammunition was almost spent.

Many hours had passed away when the besiegers made a final attack, more desperate than any that had taken place before. Advancing under cover of darkness, they set their ladder against the cliff, while their comrades covered the mouth of the Cave with their guns. In a moment Rohan had sprung up again, and had hurled back the ladder with tremendous strength. There was a flash—a roar—and once more the bullets rained round him. He drew back startled, and before he could recover himself the assault was renewed.

Simultaneously with the central attack two *gendarmes*, taking off their shoes and holding their bayonets between their teeth, began, completely unseen and unsuspected, to make their way upward by the fissures in the rock at the side of the "Altar." Rohan had twice again hurled back the ladder, and was in the act of discharging down a fresh volley of stones, when he was startled by the apparition of two human faces arising at his feet and glaring upward. A wild exclamation burst from his lips, and stooping down, he loosened from the rock at his feet two convulsive human hands.

With a shrill cry the man fell backward into the crowd below; fortunately his fall was broken by the moving heaving mass, and although he was half stunned and had half stunned several others, no life was lost. Meantime his companion, fearful of meeting the same fate, had rapidly descended.

But in the meantime the ladder was again fixed and held firmly down against the cliff, while more men were rapidly climbing. By this time Rohan was well nigh exhausted and yielding rapidly to a species of vertigo. He no longer saw his enemies, but, seizing rock after rock, he hurled them down furiously into the darkness! Suddenly, however, he became conscious of dark figures rising to him from below. His head swam round. Uplifting with all his strength a gigantic fragment of rock, almost the last remaining of his store, he poised it for one moment over his head, and then, with a wild cry, hurled it downward at the shapes he saw approaching! There was a crash, a shriek; under the frightful weight of the rock the ladder yielded, and the figures upon it shrank groaning down; horrible cries followed, of agony and terror;—and then, overcome by his excitement and fatigue, Rohan swooned away.

How long he lay unconscious he could not tell; but when he opened his eyes he was lying unmolested in the mouth of the Cave. The wind was still crying and the sea was still roaring, but all other sounds were silent; and when, remembering his recent peril, and



half expecting to find himself face to face with his enemies, he started up and gazed around him, he saw no sign of any human being. The moon was out without a cloud, her beams were flooding the Cathedral of St. Gildas; and lo! the foaming tide had entered the Gate and was rapidly creeping nearer and nearer to the great Altar. The silence was now explained. The besiegers had withdrawn as before at the tide's approach, and left him master of the situation.

Peering over into the gloom he saw the shingle below thickly strewn with huge rocks and stones, the *débris* of the recent struggle, but of any lingering human being there was no sign. Indeed, for any one remaining in the Cathedral, and lacking the skill or power to ascend to the Cave, there would only have been one doom—a swift death in the cruel crawling tide. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the stormy waters were coming in, and already the great Cathedral floor was half paved with the liquid shimmering pools.

Well, the battle was over, and he had conquered; and, indeed, properly provisioned for the purpose, and duly recovered from the effects of his long privation, he could have held the position for an indefinite period against hundreds of men. But now, alas! all his force had gone from him. Hunger and cold had done their work, and the last citadel of his bodily strength seemed overcome. Trembling and shivering he looked around him, conscious of no feeling save a sense of utter desolation and despair. He had held out bravely, but he knew that he could hold out no longer; he was safe for a little space, but he knew that his persecutors would soon return; and altogether both man and God seemed against him, as he had feared and believed from the beginning.

The Gate of the Cathedral was now full of the boiling, rushing, whirling waves, and the floor was more than two-thirds covered. A roar like thunder was in the air, and the salt flakes of foam were blown by the wind up into his very face. As he stooped again, gazing down, he beheld for the first time right under him in the moonlight something which rivetted his attention, something dark and moveless, extended on the shingle immediately below the Cave, and towards which the tide was rapidly rushing, with white lips ready to touch and tear!

He gazed on for some moments in silent fascination, with his heart quite cold and sick with dread; then, eager to satisfy a wild curiosity, he prepared to descend the face of the cliff.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE MIRAGE OF LEIPSIK.

SLOWLY, swinging in the darkness, Rohan descended the face of the cliff until he reached the narrow place of shingle below, on which the troubled tide was momentarily creeping; and suddenly the moonlight came out anew upon the Cathedral, flooding its weedy walls and watery floor with streams of liquid silver. The wind still shrieked and moaned, and the sea roared terribly without the Gate; but within the Cathedral there was a solemn calm, as in some consecrated temple made by hands.

Slipping down upon the wet shingle, and involuntarily looking from side to side in dread of a pursuer, Rohan saw the sea rushing in through the Gate with a roar like thunder and a snow-white flash of foam; and the waters as they entered boiled in eddies whirling round and round, while the great faraway heart of the ocean uplifted them in one throbbing pulsation till they washed and splashed wildly against the dripping walls. Overhead the moving heavens, roofing the great Cathedral, were sailing past, drifting and changing, brightening and darkening, in one wild rush of wavelike shades and gleams. So loud was the tumult that it would have drowned a strong man's shriek as easily as an infant's cry.

But the light of the moon increased, illuming the boiling surge within the Gate and creeping onward until it touched the very feet of the fugitive. Rohan shivered, as if a cold hand had been laid on his shoulder; for the rays fell luminously on something horrible—on a white face upturned to the sky.

He drew back with a shudder. After a moment he looked again. The face still there, touched by the glimmering fingers of the moon; and half resting on the shingle, half submerged in the waters of the still rising tide, was the body of a man.

One of the great rocks hurled down by Rohan in his mad fury had struck the creature down; and hence, doubtless, that wild shriek of horror which had arisen from his pursuers before they fled. The rock still lay upon the man's crushed breast, for death had been instantaneous. One white hand glimmered from beneath, while the awful face looked with open eyes at heaven.

Words cannot depict, human language is too weak to represent, the feelings which at that moment filled the soul of Rohan Gwenfern. A dull, dumb sensation, morally the analogue of the physical feeling of intense cold, numbed and for the time being paralysed his faculties; so that he staggered and almost fell; and his own heart



seemed crushed under a load like the rock upon the dead man's breast. Fire flashed before his eyes, with a horrid glimmer of blood. He was compelled to lean his head against a crag, breathing hard like a thing in mortal pain.

His first wild emotions of wrath and bloodthirst had worn away, now that his enemies were no longer near to fan the fierce flames to fury. The battle was over, and he was the victor, standing alone upon the field; and at his feet, the slain.

If at that moment his persecutors had returned he might have renewed the fray, have struck again, and have been thenceforth insensible to blood; but it had been so willed that his victory should be complete as well as single; his enemies would not return that night, and they had left behind them, glimmering solitary in the moonlight, their dead!

Bear in mind that Rohan, like all men of his race and religion, had been familiar with Death before, under other and more beautiful conditions. The gentle sleep of men and women dying in their beds; the low farewell of wearied out old age, blest by the Church and consecrated by the priest—these he knew well; and he had loved to hear the solemn music of the Celtic dirge sung round the shrouded forms of those who had passed away under natural circumstances. His hands were bloodless then. He had now to realise, under the fullest and most terrible of conditions, the presence of the cold Phantom as it appears to the eyes of murderers and of uninitiated men upon the battlefield. He had now to conceive, with a horrible and sickening fascination, that his hands had destroyed that strangest and solemnest of mysteries—a breathing, moving human life.

True, he was vindicated by the circumstance that he had merely stricken in self-defence; but what is circumstance to one whose soul, like Rohan Gwenfern's, is fashioned of stuff as sensitive as the feelers of the gleaming medusæ of the ocean? For him there was but one perception. A blinding white light of agony arose before him. He, whose heart was framed of gentleness, whose nature was born and bred in love and kindness, he out of whose hand the lamb ate and the dove fed, who had never before destroyed any creature with life, not even the helpless sea-birds of the crags, had now done dreadful murder, had hurried into eternity the miserable soul of a fellow man. For him, for Rohan Gwenfern, there was no vindication. Life was poisoned to him; the air he breathed was sick and sacrificial. This, *then*, was the end of all his dreams of love and peace!

*The clouds drifted above him with flying gleams of moonlight, the*

wind shrieked and the sea roared with hollow cannonade beyond the Gate—as, partially recovering his self-possession, he stooped down to look at the face of the murdered man. In his terror he was praying that he might recognise some bitter enemy—Mikel Grallon, for example,—and thus discover some partial justification for his own deed. The first look made him despair. The man wore uniform, and his hair and beard were quite white. It was Pipriac himself, gazing with a bloodless face at heaven !

Strangely enough, he had never, although Pipriac led the besieging party, looked upon him in the light of a deadly foe. He had been his father's boon-comrade ; under all his fierce swash-buckler air, there had ever existed a certain rude generosity and *bonhomie* ; and after all he had only been doing his duty in attempting to secure a deserter dead or alive. In his own mind, moreover, Rohan knew that Pipriac would cheerfully have winked at his escape, had such escape been possible.

Death gives strange dignity to the commonest of faces, and the features of the old Sergeant looked solemn and venerable in their fixed and awful pallor. The moon rose high over the Cathedral, within which the tide had now grown calm ; but the waters, the deep ululation of which filled the air, had now reached to Rohan's feet. Above, the mighty crags rose black as jet, save where at intervals some space of moist granite flashed in the changeful light. . . Rohan listened. Far overhead there was a sound like human voices, dying faintly away.

And now, old Pipriac, all thy grim jokes and oaths are over, all thy voice is hushed for ever, and the frame that once strutted in the sunshine floats idly as a weed in the shallows of the tide. Bottle of red wine or flask of corn brandy will never delight thee more. Thou, too, hast fallen at thy post with many a thousand better men, in the cause of the great Colossus who bestrides the world ; and though thy fall has been inglorious and far away from all the splendours of the busy field, thou hast fulfilled thine allotted task, my veteran, as truly as any of the rest. After all, thou wert a good fellow, and thy heart was kindly, though thy tongue was rough. So at least thinks Rohan Gwenfern, as he bends above thee, looking sadly in thy face.

Ah God, to kill !—to quench the living spark in howsoever base a heart it burns ! To strike down the quivering life, to let loose the sad and perhaps despairing soul ! Better to be dead like Pipriac, than to be looking down with this agony of the heart, as Rohan is looking now.



The heavy rock still lies on Pipriac's breast; but now, stooping softly, Rohan lifts it in his arms and casts it out into the tide. The corpse, freed from its load, washes upward and swings from side to side as if it lived, and turning over on its stomach, floats face downward at Rohan's feet. And now the place where Rohan stands is ankle-deep, and the tide has yet another hour to rise. With one last despairing look at the dead man, Rohan turns away, and slowly, with feet and hands that tremble in the fissures of the rock, he reascends to the Cave above.

Scarcely has he reached his old position when his sense is once more attracted by the sound of voices far above him. He starts, listening intently, and looks upward. Then, for the first time, the reality of his situation returns upon him, and he remembers the consequences of his own deed. Though he has slain a man in self-defence, rather than become an authentic and accredited slayer of men, his act, in the eye of the law, is murder, and doubtless, sooner or later, he will have to die a murderer's death.

Stooping over from the Cave, he gazes down on the spot where he so lately stood. The floor of the Cathedral is now completely covered, and there, glimmering in one gleaming patch of moonlight, is the sight he dreads. He utters a wild cry of agony and despair and falls upon his knees.

Hear him, O merciful God, for he is praying! Have pity, and hearken to his entreaty, for he is in Thy hand! Ah, but this wild cry which rises on the night is not a gentle prayer for pity or for mercy; say rather, it is a frantic wail for redress and for revenge. "I have been innocent in this thing, O God; not on my head be the guilt, but on his who hunted me down and made me what I am; on him whose red Sword shadows all the world, on him who points Thy creatures on to doom, let the just retribution fall! As he has cursed my days, be his accurst; and spare him not, O God!" Even thus, not in such speech, but with the same annihilating thought, prays—or curses—Rohan Gwenfern. Then, rising wildly to his feet, careless now of his life, he follows the dizzy path that leads up the face of the cliffs.

The date of that night is memorable. It was the 16th of October, 1813.

The circumstance which we are now about to relate is variously given by those familiar with Rohan Gwenfern's life-history. Some, among the more credulous and superstitious, believe that the man actually on that occasion beheld an apocalyptic vision; others,

although admitting that he seemed to see such a vision, affirm that it must have been merely mental and psychical, due to the wanderings of a naturally wild and temporarily conscience-stricken imagination ; while the purely sceptical, forming a small minority, go the length of affirming that the fancy only occurred to the man in after years, when mind and memory were so confused as to blend all associations into one extraordinary picture. Be that as it may, the story, resting on the solemn testimony of the man himself, asserts that Rohan Gwenfern, as he fled upward that night from the scene of his conflict and left the body of Pipriac floating in the sea below him, was suddenly arrested by a miraculous Mirage in the heavens.

The moon had passed into a cloud, whence, as from the folds of a transparent tent, her light was diffused over the open sky ; tumultuously, in troubled masses, the vapours still continued to drift in the direction in which the wind was blowing ; when suddenly, as if at the signal of a Hand, the wind ceased, the clouds stood still, and there was silence both in sky and sea. This terrible silence only lasted for a moment, during which Rohan hung his head in horrible expectation. Gazing up once more, he saw the forms of heaven again in motion ; and lo ! they had assumed the likeness of mighty Armies tumultuously passing overhead. The vision grew. He saw the flashing of steel, the movement of great bodies of men,—the heavy squadrons of soldiers on foot, the dark *silhouette* of the artillery rapidly drawn !

The Mirage extended. The whole heavens became as the moonlit earth, crossed by moving bodies of men, and strewn with dead and dying ; and in the heart of heaven was a great river, through which the tumultuous legions came.

Clear and distinct, yet ghostlike and unreal, the Shapes passed by ; and far away as the faces loomed he seemed to see each one distinctly, like that dead face from which he was flying. Presently, however, all his faculties became absorbed in the contemplation of one Form which rose gigantic, close to the transparent cloud which veiled the moon. It sat on horseback, cloaked and hooded, with one hand pointing onward ; and though its outline was gigantic, far exceeding that of any human thing, its face seemed that of a man. He saw the face clearly, white as marble, cold as death.

Slowly, as a cloud moves, this Form passed across the heavens ; and all around it the flying legions gathered, pointed on in flight by the index finger of its hand ; but the head was dejected, the chin drooped upon the breast, and the eyes, cold and pitiless, looked down in still despair. Awestricken, amazed, Rohan stood stretching his



hands upwards with a cry, for the lineaments on which he gazed seemed almost godlike, and the Form too seemed divine. But as he looked the features took another likeness and grew terribly familiar, until he recognised the face which had so long haunted his life and which the white Christ had once revealed to him in dream!

Column after column moved past, the whole heavens were darkened, and in their midst, satanic and commanding, moved the Phantom of Bonaparte.

It was the 16th of October, 1813, and at that very moment the French armies were in full retreat from Leipsic,—with Bonaparte at their head.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“HOME THEY BROUGHT THEIR WARRIOR DEAD.”

WHEN the besieging party returned to the Cathedral they found the body of the Sergeant stranded high and dry near the Gate. Not without fear and trembling, they again placed their ladders against the wall, and mounting without opposition they searched the Cave. However, not a trace of Rohan was to be found; horror-stricken, doubtless, at his own deed, he had fled—whither they knew not, nor did they greatly care just then to know, for the death of Pipriac had filled them with terror and amaze. By this time dawn had come and the storm had ceased. Dejectedly enough, followed by a crowd of villagers, they bore their burthen away—out through the Gate, up the Stairs of St. Triffine, and along the green plateau towards the village. It was a sorrowful procession, for with all his faults the Sergeant was a favourite.

Passing underneath the bunch of mistletoe which hung as a sign over the door of the little cabaret, they bore in their burthen and placed it down on the great table which stood in the centre of the kitchen. Then Hoël, the *gendarme*, took off his greatcoat and placed it over the corpse, covering the blood-stained face from sight. Poor old Pipriac! Many a morning had he swaggered into that kitchen to taste the Widow Ploriet's brandy! Many a time had he smoked his pipe beside that kitchen fire! Many a time also, with a wink of his one eye, had he wound his arm in tipsy affection round the waist of the red-haired waiting wench Yvonne! It was all over now, and there he lay, a statelier and more solemn figure than he had ever been in life; while the trembling widow, in honour of the sad occasion, distributed little cordial glasses all round.

The cabaret was soon full, for the dreadful news had spread far

and wide. Ere long the little Priest, with a face as white as a sheet, entered in, and kneeling by the dead man's side said a long and silent prayer. When he had finished he rose to his feet and questioned the *gendarmes*.

"And the other—Rohan—where is he? Is he taken?"

The *gendarme* Hoël shook his head.

"He is not taken, and never will be taken, alive; we have searched the Cave, the cliffs; but the Fiend protects him, Father Rolland, and it is all in vain."

There was a loud murmur of astonishment and acquiescence.

"How did it all happen?" pursued the Priest. "You attempted to take him, and he struck in self-defence; but then?"

This was the signal for Hoël to launch forth into a long description of the latter part of the siege, during which he was ever and anon interrupted by his excited comrades. The consensus of testimony went to show that Rohan, in his maniacal resistance, had neither been alone nor unassisted; but that, in the shadow of the night, and amid the loudness of the storm, he had conjured to his aid the powers of darkness, whose hands had hurled down upon the besiegers fragments of rock far too huge to be uplifted by human strength. That he had sold himself to the Devil, who had formally undertaken to protect him from the Emperor, was a statement which received general affirmation. "Master Robert," it was well known, was ever on the look out for such bargains; and the belief that he had been leagued with the deserter against them flattered alike the vanity of the *gendarmes* and their superstition.

Down from his cottage stumped the old Corporal, followed by the remnant of his "Maccabees"; and when he looked in the dead man's face his eyes were for a moment dim.

"Peace to his soul—he was a brave man!" ejaculated the veteran. "He did his duty to the Emperor, and the good God will give him his reward."

"And after all," said the Priest in a low voice, "he died in fair fight, as it might be on the open field."

"That is not so," answered the Corporal, firmly, looking very white round the edges of his mouth. "That is not so, *m'sieur le curé*, for he was foully murdered by a coward and a *chouan*, whom God will punish in his turn. Hear me—I say it, though the man was flesh and blood of mine."

The little *curé* shook his head dolefully.

"It is a sad thing, and it all comes, doubtless, of resisting the laws and the Emperor; but look you, it was a thing of life and death, and



if he had not stricken in self-defence he would have been taken and slain. After all, it was one man against many."

"One man!—a thousand Devils!" cried Hoël, unconsciously repeating his dead leader's favourite expression.

"He was wrong from the beginning," pursued the Priest moralising. "One man cannot set the world right if it is in error; and it is one's place to obey the law, and to do one's duty to God and the Emperor. He would not obey, and now he has shed blood, for which, alas! the good God will have a reckoning late or soon."

To such purpose, and in so many words, moralised Father Rolland; and those who heard shuddered and crossed themselves in fear. It occurred to no one present to reflect that Pipriac had fallen in fair war, in a war, moreover, in which he was the aggressor; and that Rohan Gwenfern was as justified in the sight of Heaven as any qualified licentiate of the art of killing. So strange a law is it of our human consciousness, that murder loses its horror when multiplied by twenty thousand! Those who would have calmly surveyed a battlefield strewn with dead could not regard one solitary corpse with equanimity. Those who would have adored Napoleon as a great man, who would have kissed his raiment hem in reverence and tears, turned their hearts against Gwenfern as against some base and abominable creature.

"Aunt Loïz, it is all true!—Pipriac is dead, and they have carried his body up yonder; but Rohan is yet alive. Yes, he has killed Pipriac."

"What could he do? It was a fight for life."

"And now no man will pity him, for there is blood upon his hands; and no man will give him bread or yield him shelter; and till he yields himself up no priest will shrive his poor soul and make his peace with God."

"Is that so, Marcelle?"

"Yes, they all say it is murder—even Father Rolland, who has a kind heart. But it is false, Aunt Loïz!"

"Of course it is false; for what could he do? It is they who are to blame, not he, not my poor persecuted boy. May the good God forgive him, for he struck in self-defence and he was mad. O my son, my son!"

They sat together in the cottage under the cliff, and they spoke with sobs and tears, clinging to each other. The horror of Rohan's deed lay upon them like some terrible shadow. It seemed like horrible blasphemy to have struck down the emissary of the great

Emperor ; and they knew that for such a deed, however justifiable, there would be no mercy, that for such a murderer there would be no pity. Rohan was outlawed for ever, and every human hand would now be raised against him.

To them, as they sat together, came Jàn Goron, with more tidings of what was going on in the village. The *gendarmes*, furious and revengeful, had been searching the Cave and scouring the cliffs again, but not a trace of Rohan could now be found. In the darkness and confusion of last night's storm he had doubtless sought some other hiding place.

"There is other news," said Goron, anxious to change the sad subject. "The King of Saxony has deserted the Emperor, and the armies of France have fallen back on Leipsic. Some say the Emperor is meeting his match at last, and that all the Kings are now against him. Well, he has eaten half a dozen Kings for breakfast before now, and will do so again."

At another time these tidings would have greatly excited Marcelle Derval ; but now they seemed almost devoid of interest. The fortunes of France and the Emperor were utterly forgotten in her individual trouble. However, she shrugged her pretty shoulders incredulously when Goron hinted at defeat, and said listlessly—

"At Leipsic, say you?—both Hoël and Gildas will be there." And she added in a low weary voice, "We had a letter from Gildas last week, and he has been three times under fire without so much as a scratch or a burn. He has seen the Emperor quite close, and he says he is looking very old. Hoël, too, is well... Ah God, if my cousin Rohan were with them as he might have been, happy and well and strong, fighting for the Emperor!"

As she spoke her tears burst forth again, and Mother Gwenfern answered her with a bitter wail. Yes, this doubtless was the bitterest of all : the feeling that Rohan had been madly flying from a mere phantom, and that, had he quietly accepted his fate, he would still have been living honoured and happy, like Hoël and Gildas. By doing his duty and becoming a brave soldier, he would have avoided all that series of troubles and sins which had been the consequence of his resistance. Blood he might have shed, but only the blood of enemies ; which, as all good patriots knew, would have been of small consequence ! It was not for simple women like these to grasp the sublime truth that all men are brothers, and that even staunch patriots may wear the livery of Cain.

*Night came on, black and stormy. The wind, which had fallen*



during the day, rose again, and heavens and seas were blindly blent together. In the cottage, which quaked with every blast and cowered before the fierce torrents of rain, Marcelle still lingered, having sent word home that she would not return that night.

The turf fire had burnt nearly out, and the only light in the hut was cast from a miserable lamp which swung to the rafters. Side by side, now speaking in whispers, now silent, the women sat on the rude form before the fire; feeling all the world against them, heart-broken, soul-stricken, listening to the elements that raved without and echoed the hopeless wail of their own weary lives. Suddenly, above the roaring of the wind and the beating of the rain, they heard a sound without—something tapping at the pane.

Marcelle rose up and listened. The sound was repeated, and followed by a low knocking at the door, the latch of which was secured for the night.

"Open!" cried a voice without.

Something in the sound woke a wild answer in their hearts. The mother rose to her feet, white as death; Marcelle tottered to the door and threw it open; and silently, swiftly, crouching like some hunted animal, a man crept in.

There was no need for one look, for one word, of recognition; swift as an electric flash the recognition came, in one mad leaping of the heart; and before they could grasp his hand or gaze into his face they knew it was he—the one creature they held dearest in the world.

Rapidly, with her characteristic presence of mind, Marcelle secured the door; then, while Rohan ran shivering across to the nearly extinguished fire, she carefully drew the curtain of the window, closing all view from without. It was a terrible moment. Then, too excited to speak, the women stood gazing with affrighted eyes at the new comer. Ragged and half naked, soaking and dripping, with his wild hair falling over his shoulders, and a beard of many weeks' growth covering his face, he stood, or rather crouched, before them, with his eyes on theirs.

Certainly the dark heavens that night did not look down on any creature more pitiable; and most pitiable of all was the white light upon his face, the dull dead fire that burned in his eyes.

With no word or sign of greeting he gazed round him; then, pointing with his hand, he cried, hoarsely—

"Bread!"

Now for the first time they remembered that he was starving, and *knew that the mad light in his face was the light of famine.* Swiftly

without a word, Marcelle brought out food and placed it before him; he seized it fiercely, and devoured it like a wild beast. Then the mother's heart broke to see him eat. Kneeling by his side, while he was eagerly clutching food with his right hand, she took the other hand and covered it with kisses.

"O my son, my son!" she sobbed.

He did not seem to heed; all his faculties seemed absorbed in seeking sustenance, and his eyes only moved this way and that like a hungry hound's. When Marcelle brought brandy and placed it before him—he drank; then, and not till then, his eyes fell on hers with some sort of recognition, and he said in a hard and hollow voice—

"Is it thou, Marcelle?"

She did not reply, but her eyes were blind with tears; then he laughed vacantly, and looked down at his mother.

"I was starving, and so I came; they are busy up there, and they will not follow; but if they do, I am ready. You have heard of Pipriac; the old fool has got his deserts, that is all! What a night!"

There was something in his tone so reckless, so distraught, that they almost shrank away from him, and ever and anon he gave a low mindless laugh, very painful to hear. Presently he gazed again at Marcelle, saying—

"You keep your good looks, little one; ah, but you have never known what it is to starve! But for the starvation, look you, it would all have been a good joke. See, I am worn to the bone—I have no flesh left—if you met me out of doors you would say I was a ghost. How you look at me! I frighten you, and no wonder, Marcelle Derval. Ah, God! you are afraid!"

"No, Rohan, I am not afraid!" answered the girl, sobbing.

For a moment or two he looked fixedly at her, then his breast heaved painfully, and he held his hand upon his heart.

"Tell me then," he cried quickly, "why do you look at me like that? Do you hate me? Mother of God, answer! Do you hate me, *now*?"

"No, no!—God help you, Rohan!"

And she sank, still sobbing, at his feet; and while the widow grasped one hand, she held the other, resting her head upon his knee. He sat spell-bound, like one between sleep and waking, while his frame was shaken with the sobs of his mother and his beloved. Suddenly he snatched his hands away.

"You are mad, I think, you women; you do not know what you



are touching; you do not know whom you are embracing. God and man are against me, for I am a murderer, and for murderers there is no mercy. Look you, I have killed Pipriac, who was my father's friend. Ah, if you had seen—it was horrible! The rock crushed in his breast like a crab's shell, and in a moment he was dead—old Pipriac whom my father loved!"

Their answer was a low wail, but they only clung the closer to him, and both his hands were wet with tears. His own soul was shaken, and his feverish eyes grew dim and moist. Reaching out his trembling arms, he drew the women to him with a low heart-broken cry.

"Mother! Marcelle! You do not hate me, you are not afraid?"

They looked up into his face, and their features shone with that love which passeth understanding. The old worn woman and the pale beautiful girl alike looked up with the same passionate yearning, holding him the dearer for his sorrows, even for his sins. His eyes lingered most on the countenance of Marcelle; *her* devotion was an unexpected revelation. Then across his brain flashed the memory of all the happy past, and hiding his face in his hands, he sobbed like a child, but almost without tears—for tears his famished heart was too dry.

Suddenly, while they watched him in awe and pain, his attitude changed, and he sprang wildly to his feet, listening with that fierce look upon his face which they at first had feared so much. Despite the sound of wind and rain, his quick ear had detected footfalls on the shingle without the cottage.

Before they could say another word a knock came to the door.

"Put out the light!" whispered Marcelle; and in a moment Rohan had extinguished the swinging lamp, which, indeed, had almost burnt out already. The cottage was now quite dark; and while Rohan, crawling stealthily across the floor, concealed himself in the blackest corner of the chamber, Marcelle crossed over to the door.

"Within there!" cried a voice. "Answer, I say! Will you keep a good Christian dripping here all night like a drowned rat?"

"You cannot enter," said Marcelle; "it is too late, and we are abed."

The answer was a heavy blow on the door, which was only secured by a frail latch.

"I know your voice, Marcelle Derval, and I have come all this way to find you out. I have news to tell you; so open at once. It is I, Mikel Grallon!"

"Whoever you are, go away!" answered Marcelle in agony.

"Go away? Not I, till I have seen and spoken with you. Open the door, or I will break it open—Ah!"

As he spoke, the man dealt heavy blows upon the frail woodwork, and suddenly, before Marcelle could interfere, the latch yielded, and the door, to which there was no bolt, flew open. Mother Gwenfern uttered a scream, while amid a roar of wind and a shower of rain, Mikel Grallon entered in. But white as death Marcelle blocked up the entrance, and when the man's heavy form fell against her, pushed it fiercely back.

"What brings you here at this time, Mikel Grallon?" she demanded. "Stand still—you shall not pass another step. Ah, that Alain, or Jannick, or even my uncle were here, you would not dare! Begone, or I shall strike you, though I am only a girl."

The reply was an imbecile laugh; and now for the first time Marcelle perceived that Grallon was under the influence of strong drink. His usually subdued and deliberate air was exchanged for one of impudent audacity, and his voice was insolent, threatening, and devil-may-care.

"Strike me!" he cried huskily; "I do not think your little hand will hurt much; but I know you do not mean it—it is only the way of you women. Ah, my little Marcelle, you and I understand each other, and it is all settled; it is all settled, and your uncle is pleased. Now that that coward of a cousin is done for, you will listen to reason—will you not, Marcelle Grallon? Ah yes, for Marcelle Grallon sounds prettier than Marcelle Derval."

Leering tipsily, he advanced, and before she could resist had thrown his arms around her; she struggled in his hold, and struck him with her clenched hand upon the face, but he only laughed. Strange to say, she uttered no cry. Her heart was too full of terror lest Rohan, whom she knew to be listening, should betray himself or be discovered.

"Let me go!" she said in a low intense voice. "In God's name, let me go!"

So saying, with a powerful effort, she shook herself free, while Grallon staggered forward into the centre of the room. Recovering himself with a fierce oath, he found himself face to face with Mother



Gwenfern, who, with wild skeleton frame and gleaming eyes, stood before him like some weary ghost.

"Aha, you are there, mother!" he cried as his eyes fell upon her. "Well, I suppose you have heard all the news, and you know now what to think of your wretch of a son. He has killed a man, and when he is caught, which will be soon, he will be tortured like a dog. This is your reward for bringing cowards into the world, old woman; I am sorry for you, but it is you that are to blame."

"Silence, Mikel Grallon!" said Marcelle, still terror stricken; "silence, and go away. For the love of God go away this night, and leave us in peace."

She had come quite close to him as she spoke, and he again reached out his arms and seized her with a laugh.

"I have come down to fetch you back," he said, "for you shall not sleep under this roof. As sure as you will be Marcelle Grallon you shall not stay; the home of a *chouan* and a coward is no place for you, and Mother Gwenfern knows that as well as I know it. Do not be obstinate, or I shall be angry—I who adore you. Ah! you may struggle, but I have you fast."

His arms were around her, and his hot face was pressed close to hers, when suddenly a hand interposed, and seizing Grallon by the throat with terrific grip, choked him off. It was the work of a moment; and Grallon, looking up in stupefaction, found himself in the hold of a man who was gazing down upon him with eyes of murderous rage. Then his blood went cold with terror, for even in the dimness of the room he recognised Rohan Gwenfern.

"Help! the deserter! help!" he gasped out; but one iron hand was on his throat, and another was uplifted to smite and bruise him down.

"Silence!" said Rohan, while the wretch groaned half strangled; then he said in a lower, more intense voice, "I have you now, Mikel Grallon. If you know a prayer say it quickly, for I mean to kill you. Ah, wretch! to you I owe so much that I have suffered; you have hunted me down like a dog, you have driven me mad with hunger and cold, but now it is my turn. Pipriac is dead, but you are more guilty than Pipriac, and you shall follow him to-night."

Grallon struggled and gasped for breath; sober now through sheer excess of terror, he glared up at his captor and writhed in vain to set himself free. It would doubtless have gone ill with him, had not the two women interfered and called in agonised tones upon Rohan *not to take his life*. The sound of their beseeching voices seemed

to allay the fury in Rohan's breast and to call him to a sense of his own danger. He thrêw off Grallon, and made a movement as if to approach the door.

At this juncture Grallon, finding himself free, and seeing Rohan about to escape, had the indiscretion to interfere once more.

"Help!—the deserter!—help!" he shrieked in a loud voice.

Before he could repeat the alarm Rohan had turned again upon him, uplifted him in his powerful arms, and dashed him down with great force upon the hard earthen floor, where he lay senseless as if dead. Then Rohan, with one last wild look at his mother and Marcelle, passed out through the door and disappeared into the night.

*(To be continued.)*

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## TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

MR. JOHN HAMPDEN favours me with a letter consequent upon my note of last month touching his theory of the flatness and immobility of the earth. I cannot call it a reply, because he does not condescend to take any notice of the fact, which I mentioned in proof of the rotundity of the world, that if a traveller journeys in an easterly or a westerly direction till he arrives at his starting point it is a long journey of some twenty-four thousand miles if he keeps from first to last in the heat of the tropics, and a shorter journey in proportion as it is a colder journey, whether the voyage is made on the north or on the south side of the equator. My argument is that if the earth is a plane, bounded so far as the possibility of human exploration goes by impassable barriers of ice, the largest possible circuit the traveller can take is also the coldest possible circuit: and this is contrary to experience. I did not expect Mr. Hampden to take any trouble over my merely amateur reference to the problem which he discusses with so much fierceness; but since he has not disdained to write to me on the subject of my paragraph I think he might have pointed out the fallacy in my illustration. Instead of doing so this is what he says politely:—

Pray do not expose yourself and your want of common sense by talking about "arguments." I want facts—palpable, proveable facts. What have arguments to do with simple measurements?

I imagine that every demonstration whatever is made up partly of facts and partly of arguments. I laboured under the impression that I had stated a simple and well-known fact when I pointed out that the man who travels in the direction in which the sunlight travels makes the largest possible circuit if his whole voyage is a very hot one, and the smallest possible if his journey is a very cold one. This fact appears to me to be incompatible with the plane earth theory. Instead of kindly pointing out the weak place in this little fact and inference, Mr. Hampden asks with some impetuosity—

Where is my antagonist? Bring him forward if you know where to find him. I complain that I have now but a set of dastardly cowards to deal with, who dare not come forward as defenders of the "arguments" of my opponents. Where are these arguments? The entire system rests on the *ipse dixit* of some one who has never attempted to argue on the subject. . . I assert and affirm that a

globular sphere *must* have a curvature somewhere upon its surface ; this curvature has never yet been discovered. . . . It is a matter of measurement, and not of argument. Do pray bear this in mind. I can show a thousand miles of *flat* ; can you show ten miles of a curve ?

If Mr. Hampden can really show a thousand miles of flat he will prove his case, and there need be no more of the "argument" to which he seems to have so much aversion. He sends me a pamphlet by Mr. William Carpenter dealing with Mr. J. Norman Lockyer's demonstration of the curvature of the earth by the fact that the hull of a ship at sea becomes invisible while the masts can still be seen—for Mr. Carpenter, it appears, is a believer in the plane earth theory ; and Mr. Hampden asks :—

Why don't you call upon Mr. Lockyer to defend himself from the attacks made upon him in this pamphlet ?

I have read the pamphlet, and I do not see that it in any way confutes Mr. Lockyer's demonstration. Mr. Carpenter attempts to account for the first disappearance of the hull of the vessel by stating that it is a law of eyesight that the surface of earth and sea appears to rise to the level of sight. But if that is so, what becomes of that part of the surface of the sea which washes the hull of the vessel ? Why should that portion be hidden by the intervening surface ? I have read a good deal of Mr. Hampden's writing as well as that of Mr. Carpenter, and nowhere have I found the slightest valid explanation, on the plane earth theory, of the apparent disappearance of the hull of the vessel before the masts are lost to sight.

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LAST month I quoted, from a MS. sent me by Mr. Muddock, some legends of the Azores which struck me as being in character curiously like the Bushman traditions on which I introduced some gossip a month or two before. Turning back this month to Mr. Muddock's memoranda, I find some interesting traditions of another sort, fantastic enough in themselves, but yet accepted, apparently, as indubitable history by the devout Roman Catholic inhabitants. Here is one of them, called the Legend of the Furnas :—

The Valley of the Furnas (or caverns) is situated at the eastern end of the Island of St. Michael's. It abounds in some of the wildest and most romantic scenery. But its greatest wonders are the boiling springs which arise in all parts. In a small cavern at the foot of a fantastic rock covered with sulphur and dark slate-coloured mud is the *Bocca d'Inferno*. Nothing more weird or awful could be found in any part of the world. It is the entrance to a crater, and here the scalding lavatic mud is pumped out, and falls back again into the hollow with a terrible noise, while immense volumes of sulphurous vapour ascend into the air. One may stand so close to this place as to be splashed with the mud, and may



feel the earth tremble beneath his feet, while the cavern spits and fumes and the little pool of mud boils terrifically. It appears that in the beginning of the fifteenth century a convent was situated in the Valley of the Furnas, and during a *Festa* the villagers were singing and dancing near the convent. One of the women went out to draw some water from a spring that had hitherto been noted for its purity and coolness. But what was her astonishment and terror to find now that the water was so hot as to scald her hands. Rushing back to the dancers, she called wildly on them to stop their festivities, as the Day of Judgment had come. But the people only laughed at her, and said "You are not God to tell us of Judgment." And so they continued their sports. The terrified woman next appealed to the friars, and when one of them went with her to the spot flames were bursting forth from the place where the water had issued. But as the friar carried the crucifix, and held it above the woman, the flames did not harm her. She hurried back to try and persuade her friends to fly, but they decided to continue their revels, for they had all drunk much wine and were careless, and so the woman went by herself. A little while afterwards the sky was darkened. There was a terrific eruption, and Satan was seen to rise in a column of fire. All the houses were destroyed, and many of the inhabitants were killed. When the eruption ceased those of the people who had been fortunate enough to escape from the valley sorrowfully returned to search for their lost household treasures. They found that from what had once been the beautiful spring boiling hot mud was being forced up, and so they named the place the *Bocco d'Inferno*, that it might ever serve to remind them of their sins.

There are old stories of this kind connected with natural wonders and extraordinary events everywhere, but nowhere can they be so profitably studied as in a country like these Western Isles, where mediæval civilisation is crystallised, and where the peasantry repeat such legends in perfect good faith, as if they were telling you what happened yesterday in the presence of abundant living witnesses. A day will come, perhaps, when primitive and antiquated states of human intelligence can only be speculated upon as phenomena which have gone out of the range of human observation; but that day is not yet, and the Anthropological Society might find it worth the trouble to make a more searching analytical examination of psychological phenomena on the Azores than was possible to Mr. Muddock in his brief stay at St. Michael's. From fables and theological legends I will turn to pure romance. This is a very good story illustrating the marvellous vicissitudes possible in the times not long after those islands were first peopled by pious Portuguese colonists. It is the Romance of San Miguel:—

Several centuries ago a young and beautiful maiden was one day walking on the northern coast of the island of St. Michael when she was suddenly surprised by a band of Moorish pirates, who made her a prisoner and carried her off to Africa. There she was sold into slavery, and after a time resold and taken by her new master through Arabia and into Persia. After many troubles she was at length taken to a town in Western China, and remained there in bondage. In

her highland home of St. Michael this maiden had been betrothed, and after her captivity her lover fell into the deepest despair, and thinking to deaden his sorrows in a reckless life he became a soldier. In a little while he was sent to Goa in India, and here he gave himself up to the wildest excesses. But at length a change came over him, and repenting of his sins he left the army and became a Jesuit priest. In this capacity he was sent on a mission to Thibet, and one day while in a little town on the borders of China he was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. For a long time he suffered intense agony, but no one could understand his language. At last it was suggested that the unknown tongue resembled that spoken by a slave who had been brought to the town many years previously. The slave still dwelt there, and so the people brought her to the bed of the dying man. She was an old and decrepid woman, but in the stricken priest her woman's heart enabled her to recognise her long lost lover. Then she threw up her arms and cried "José, my beloved, God is good, for He has permitted us to meet once again." The priest turned his dying eyes on the withered face of the speaker, and in a little while his dazed brain comprehended that the idol of his youth stood before him. He pressed his parched lips to her forehead and murmured, "Katrina, darling, we will never part more." Then the lovers were very still, and when the astonished onlookers touched them it was found that they were dead. They were buried in one grave, and soon afterwards a very large and beautiful rose tree was seen to be growing over the grave; and among the branches of the tree two bulbuls came to dwell. And as the people listen to the songs of the beautiful birds they say that it is the souls of the lovers that sing.

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A REGULAR reader of these pages of Table Talk adds one more to those notable coincidences in literature of which my correspondents sent me so many a few months ago. In John Webster's tragedy of "The White Devil" occurs the following passage on natural death :—

O, thou soft natural death, that art joint twin  
To sweetest slumber; no rough-bearded comet  
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl  
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf  
Scents not thy carrion.

Place this side by side with the following lines from Lord Lytton's "Last Words" :—

I shall sleep into death; night sleeps; the hoarse wolf howls not near;  
No dull owl beats the casement; and no rough-bearded star  
Stares on my mild departure from yon dark window bar.

In quoting parallel passages from time to time I have not cared to run too easily to the conclusion that the second in point of time would not have been written had the author not seen the first; but here the images are so unusual in form, and they follow each other in such close relationship, that it is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that Lord Lytton's thoughts on death are a reproduction of Webster's apostrophe. It is interesting to note that while the one



passage is little more than a paraphrase of the other the widely different characteristics of the two authors respectively find distinct expression in the one and the other. In Webster's words we see something of the "supernumerary horrors" with which his work has been said to be charged, and are reminded of that "intenseness of feeling" which according to Charles Lamb "seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates" in the play of "The White Devil." Somehow even while declaring their absence Webster suggests the presence of the hoarse wolf, the beating of the owl against the casement, the staring of the rough-bearded comet : but the very tone of Lord Lytton's muse gives assurance and comfort of the absence of these horrors. In Webster's mind thoughts of terror intrude upon the picture to which no terror belongs ; in Lytton's picture the ruling feeling is one of comfort and peace enhanced by the absence of horrors that might have been there. Webster's tragedy was put upon the stage (and failed) about two hundred years before the appearance of Lord Lytton's "Last Words." Here is a charming example of the fine pathetic texture of the work in "The White Devil" :—

I found them winding of Marcello's corse,  
And there is such a solemn melody  
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies  
Such as old grandames watching by the dead  
Were wont to outwear the nights with ; that, believe me,  
*I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,*  
*They were so o'ercharged with water.*




THE  
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AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR.

BY HELEN MATHERS, AUTHOR OF  
"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "THE TOKEN OF THE  
SILVER LILY," ETC.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.—NINON.

" AH!" said Rose Nichol, "he is besotted,—mad, the winds would pause to hearken better than he; and all," she added bitterly, "for a foolish, flighty, waxen white doll!"

"Nevertheless, it is a fine thing to be made of wax when it gives you the handsomest man, the best cottage, and the longest purse in Lynaway!"

Rose did not reply. She was thinking that not the best cottage or the longest purse aroused her envy, but the man Michael, who would have been beautiful in her eyes though he had been a houseless, homeless beggar.

"It was a great pity Michael's going away to foreign lands," continued Martha, wisely; "he went away just one of ourselves, and he came back with his head all filled with learning and thoughts, though they didn't prevent his going down before Ninon like a lad of twenty!"

"Ye see," said Enoch, speaking for the first time, "he was niver in love afore, an' so"——

He did not finish his sentence, but looked out at the sea beyond, that seemed in the stillness of the June evening to mirror back the faint blue green of the sky overhead. A boat was putting off from the shore, a lugger was coming slowly in, from the beach below floated up a snatch of children's laughter; over all was the peace and repose of the *evening hours*, when work is accomplished and laid



aside, and the only rest worth the taking—the rest that lies between the cessation of one duty and the commencement of another—begins.

"T' will be a gran' day for the weddin' to-morrow," he said, as Martha went back into the cottage. "Eh! but 'tis you an' I as should be climbin' the church stairs to-morrow, for we've been courtin', my dear, a matter o' "—

"Two years," she broke in abruptly, "and we're not able to be married yet, while that Ninon girl, who only came here six months ago, and has had more lovers than one, is to be married in a real silk gown—to-morrow!"

"Tut!" he said, laying his brown hand on her shoulder, "our turn will come in good time, an' 'tisn't always the married sweet-hearts as is the happiest, my dear!"

The girl's frowning face softened. Although this man's love could not content her, it was nevertheless sweet; and his unfailing trustful tenderness always came to her like a solace, hiding for a moment from her own regard the restless, passionate, bitter-hearted self that she knew so well, and bringing forward the one, not beautiful or noble in any way, but lovable and bright, that Enoch thought he knew and loved.

"Thou wast never giddy, dear heart," he said, drawing her nearer to him; "an' I shall have no cause to fear for thee, as Michael may for yon pretty heedless Ninon; an' when I am away far from thee I shall always have a sure heart of findin' thee faithfu' an' luvin' on my return."

The girl looked down for a moment, ashamed, then, and as though the words escaped her lips involuntarily, exclaimed,

"And will not Michael have that same faith in Ninon? Do you think so badly of her as *that*, Enoch?"

"I don't think ill o' the lass," he said slowly; "maybe her faults 're more o' head than o' heart; an' you mind, my dear, she is not one o' us, an' she came from a heathenish place—they wer'n't so particular about things over there, p'raps."

"But the strangest part of it all is," said Rose (who spoke very differently from her companion, having received a good education at the town of Marmot, up yonder), "that Michael, so strict and stern as he always was, so keen to see a woman's ways, if they were ever so little light,—it is strange, I say, that he never noticed anything, only seemed to think her too good to go to and fro among us!"

"P'raps he understood her better 'n we did," said Enoch, simply, "for ye mind he loves her, an' love gives a wonderfu' knowledge o' the heart; an' I don't think the lad 'ud ha' gone on lovin' her if he hadn't found a wuld o' good in her."

"He is not a man to doubt without good reason," said Rose, looking down. "He was away all the time she was carrying on with Martin Strange; and then, when he came back and the lads saw how he fell in love with her, not one of them dared to warn him, and so——"

"Peter tried to speak," said Enoch, slowly, "but afore he'd got ten words out o' his mouth Michael stopped him, and bade him look to 't that he niver did such a thing again; and nobody iver did, they was all afeard."

"If Martin only chose to open his lips—do you think he ever *will* choose, Enoch?"

"No, he luv'd her too well for that. 'Tis a pale face the lad carries always; an' have you noticed it, my dear, a kinder desprit look upon it sometimes. I'm thinkin' the morn 'll be a black day to *him*."

"And she," said Rose eagerly, "is in constant fear and pain,—any one can see that, as if she expected something bad to rush out upon her at any moment; and when she meets Martin, hark you, Enoch, she trembles and turns aside. Yestereven I was coming along the sands with father, and we met Ninon. While we were speaking to her Martin passed. For once she stood quite still, but oh! the look she gave him, as though she were begging hard for something he would not grant—I don't know which went the palest, and then we all separated and went different ways."

"Was it just after sundown?" said Enoch, and something in his voice arrested Rose's attention; "was it anywhere near the old Chapel Stairs, my dear?"

"Yes," she said, her hand tightening on his arm; "at least, *she* went towards the ruins, he towards the village."

"Then 'twas Ninon," he exclaimed, in a half-awakened, wholly perturbed voice."

"You saw them together," cried Rose, breathlessly, "they met up there—Ninon and Martin *alone*?"

He did not immediately reply; he was recalling with a certain amazed sense of misfortune the woman's figure that he had seen in extremest abandonment of entreaty, kneeling at Martin's feet, as he passed with rapid steps a few paces away from them, in the darkening twilight. It had in no way occurred to him then that the suppliant was Michael's promised wife; the old gossip concerning her and Martin Strange was rarely whispered now, but Rose's words sent a sudden sharp conviction through him that it was *Nino's very self that he had seen*. Nevertheless, being an honest



man and a true ; moreover possessing that sense of honour that would make the secret of another absolutely safe in his keeping, he never dreamt of telling Rose what he had seen, and to all her entreaties and cajolings turned a deaf ear.

"Good evening, Rose Nichol," said a familiar voice behind them, and turning, she saw old Peter standing close by.

"Good even," she said, crossly, and wishing the old gossip at the bottom of the sea yonder, for in another minute would she not have extracted from Enoch the information that she so ardently desired?

"It should be a grate weddin' to-morrow," said the new-comer, looking up at the sky, and making the remark that every soul in the village had made at some period or other of the day.

"One would think that no one had ever been married in Lynaway before, nor ever would be again," said Rose, angrily, "to judge by the fuss that is being made over the affair!"

Old Peter, regarding her for a moment, turned his head slowly away, and, looking at the sea, deliberately winked. No one knew better than he the reason Mistress Rose hated to hear of this wedding, and in his feeble inconsequential way he thought Enoch a fool for not having found out the state of his sweetheart's feelings ; whereby he hurt nobody, least of all Enoch, for, since the world began, Has there lived a single man who has not been dubbed at some period or other of his existence a fool? It is a pleasant, opprobrious, non-compromising way of vilifying one's neighbour that commends itself to human nature, that fancies it displays its own wisdom in discovering the folly of others.

"Not but what 'twill be all show and no joy, or I'm much mistaken," said Peter, turning his head round, "an' Michael 'ud ha' done better to choose an honest God-fearin' lass as was born an' bred in Lynaway. 'Handsome is as handsome does,' an' Ninon might well be plainer in her face an' handsomer in her ways."

What could there be in this poor Ninon to set even the men, those sworn friends to beauty, against her? Was it that in this old-world, primitive fishing-place men must either condemn utterly the merest suspicion of lightness in a woman, or by accepting and making excuses for it that are creditable neither to her nor themselves, stand on a lower platform altogether with her and their own consciences? To the honour of these men be it said that they were free of one of the worst vices of our great cities, that consists in the ignoble pleasure men take in amusing themselves at the expense of women ; in the pains they are at to draw out and encourage their frivolity, their lightness, and their vanity ; beckoning them onward

in their downward course, when a few words of earnest warning, a steady attitude of scorn and reprobation, and entire withdrawal from companionship that can only be continued without the semblance of respect and honest liking, might warn the poor heedless butterfly from the path along which she flutters. They knew nothing, these homely fellows, of the zest bestowed on a woman's smile or caress because it had been one man's yesterday and might be another's to-morrow; they could no more have condoned her levity for the sake of the amusement that it might yield to them in the future than they could have slain a comrade in cold blood. Out yonder, in the great town of Marmot, many a gay young fellow would have taken up the cudgels gladly enough for beautiful Ninon; but here, where hearts were true and the mind had not been obscured and defaced by the world's casuistry, there were found but two men who had any belief in her.

"He is content," said Rose. "What would you have more? Some day——"

She paused abruptly.

Two people were coming along the path that lay between the shingle and the irregular line of cottages and houses that formed the village of Lynaway—a girl and a man.

"Ninon," muttered Rose below her breath, lifting her hand to her brow to ward off the rays of the setting sun, and marking with jealous unwilling admiration the delicate peach-blossom face of Michael's sweetheart, the gracious curves of the youthful, lovely figure, the very poise of the pretty slender feet, and the love, sincere and warm, that lit the blue eyes turned full upon Michael's.

"It is no wonder," said Rose to herself, and hating passionately her own dark face, almost as swarthy, every whit as handsome in its way as Michael's own.

"There is Rose," said Ninon, stopping short, her hand still thrust through her lover's arm, his left hand holding it there as closely as though it were a bird that he feared to see flutter away out of his reach.

The girls had been no ill friends in the early days of Ninon's coming to Lynaway, and before the man Rose loved so desperately had grown to covet the sunny-haired half French, half English girl, and they were friends after a one-sided fashion still.

Ninon crossed over to Rose's side, Martha came out to the door; their young voices should have made a pleasant enough music to the ears of the men who listened, but Enoch seemed ill at ease, Michael impatient, and the exchange of words between the two men,



the fastest friends, the most sworn comrades in all Lynaway, was forced and dull. Enoch was considering Ninon from a new point of view, trying to read her heart by her face, asking himself if he did rightly in holding his peace concerning her, and whether or no it was unfaithful on his part to suffer his friend to walk blindfolded into future sorrow.

All at once Michael caught Ninon's hand, and with a gay good night to all, hurried her away.

"Good-bye," she said, looking back; then, moved by some unaccountable impulse, she escaped from his side and fled back to the group that looked after them. "Will you not wish me a good luck?" she said, her broken English sounding quaint and pretty from her tender, childish lips. "You shall see me never no more as Ninon Levesque; to-morrow I will be Ninon Winter!"

And that young and winsome face, so imploring, so sweet, touched every heart there save one; and they wished her all good-bye and God speed, and no one observed that, though Rose Nichol's lips moved with the rest, there came from them never a word.

## CHAPTER II.

### NINON.

"WHY did you do that, Ninon?" said Michael, as the girl came back to his side; "why should it matter to you whether Martha, and Rose, and old Peter wish you good or evil? You need care for no one's words or wishes now but mine."

The jealousy in his voice, nay the very impatience of it, announced him emphatically to be under the delirious influence of that folly yclept love. Probably no healthily-constituted man ever dreams or thinks of love until he is brought under the direct influence of women, and thereby is made to experience emotion; and of Michael it might truly be said that upon love he had never wasted a thought, much less a desire, until he had met Ninon. When a man who is always more or less under the dominion of illness is taken with a fever or any other dangerous disease, he oftener than not gets over it; but when one who has never been ill in his life, and is sound and strong in every part, is attacked, it is more than probable that he will die. The disease but takes the firmer hold upon him from the very strength of the resistance it meets, and the old fable of the *oak and the ash* recurs to the memory, where the comparatively *worthless tree*, by bowing to the mischievous blast, escapes unhurt,

while the sturdy oak, refusing to yield, is uprooted, and hurled broken to the earth.

"I know that it is not for me to care," said Ninon; "but they are good to me—all,—and I desire to have their kind thoughts always."

He took her hand,—such a fragile, fair little hand, so different from his big, weather-beaten one—and kissed it. Was she not better than he in every way, and did not gentle blood run in her veins, while he differed in no whit, save in his clear head and speech, from the other fishermen here? It was now nineteen years since Ninon's mother, forsaking her people for the fair-faced, soft-spoken Frenchman, who came one day to Lynaway, had departed with him for his own land, returning thence a widow just six months ago, also bringing with her a daughter of eighteen, and a heart soured and embittered by the sufferings and misfortunes of her life.

The sky and sea were melting each into the other in that exquisite, indescribable grey that ever heralds the advent of starlight in the heavens, when Michael and the girl paused before a cottage that was surely very homely to be the best in the village; yet it had a summer beauty of its own in the golden mantle of lush honeysuckle by which it was covered, and in the great bushes of roses, white and red, that stood one on either side of the door. Like all common things, they were prodigal in their abundance, and the snowy and scarlet clusters seemed positively countless. The white bush was on Ninon's side, the red one on Michael's, as they entered, and it passed through his mind how like she was in her purity and innocence to those spotless flowers; and so thinking, he drew her over the threshold, and gave her sweetest welcome by word and lip to the home of which she would be mistress ere twenty-four hours had passed, and all unwedded though she was, this, I think, was her real home-coming; on this night she entered radiant and joyous into her kingdom; to-night, and not to-morrow, she felt the careless days of her maidenhood fallen away from her, and a new sensation of wisely happiness and peace stirring at her heart. They went hand-in-hand, like two happy children, into the sitting-room, orderly and neat, all brightened with the flowers that Michael's darling loved, where his old mother sat in her high-backed chair fast asleep, spectacles on nose and knitting in hand, ready to take up the stitch where it had dropped when she should awake. Treading on tiptoe they left her there, and wandered up and down, in and about their little domain, loving all things that they saw, since they were to belong equally to both.

*They sat down at last in the arbour at the end of the old-fashioned*



garden, in which clove-pinks, sweet-williams, and other sweet-scented, homely flowers flourished ; and Michael, taking his sweetheart in those strong and faithful arms that had never yet hungered for burden of any other woman, bade her tell him from her heart if she were content—if she would have aught re-fashioned or otherwise planned—if there lingered with her one doubt of the new life that would begin on the morrow—if she harboured one regret for the innocent, happy days of her girlhood that she was leaving behind her ; and she clasped those tender, soft arms of hers about his neck, and for all answer only prayed him to love her always, never to care for her less because she was his foolish little wife, not his sweetheart, whose faults he could never see—cried to him as one in fear to tell her whether she would be his wife, *safely* his wife, by to-morrow at that hour. And there came not even the night-cry of a wandering bird to break the harmony of those soft, passionate love-whispers, and, they two, hovering as they believed on the brink of a happier and more perfect existence than either had ever yet experienced, knew not that the promise had in its sweetness outsped the fulfilment, the dream outstripped the reality—that never again in spring or summer, autumn or winter, should come to them the unalloyed unbroken trust and happiness of this one hour, stolen out of the silent, dusky, mid-summer night.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WEDDING BELLS.

THE bride came stepping through the dark and frowning door of the old village church, the bridegroom by her side, and at her heels half-a-dozen smiling, red-cheeked lasses, dressed in whatsoever seemed most goodly in their eyes, and each attended by a sweetheart every whit as rosy and cheerful as herself.

Until the moment of the bride's appearance, it had been a matter of doubt whether the crowd assembled would give as ringing a cheer as so good a fellow as the bridegroom, so fair a maiden as the bride deserved on their wedding-day ; but no sooner was that dainty little apparition in white visible than a hearty and simultaneous shout burst from the throat of every man present, bringing a blush to the cheek of Ninon, and a smile to the lip of her husband. Such a beautiful little bride as she made, with such shining, twinkling little feet, and such a happy light on the blushing delicate little face, *as surely* could not fail to warm all hearts to her, whether they *would or no !*

And yet in two breasts lay stones, not hearts—but a little away apart, too, in the eager excited crowd, and two faces alone were pale and cold and set—the faces of Rose Nichol and Martin Strange. *His* looks might surely have drawn Ninon's; *his* eyes might surely have compelled some answering glance to his intense and steady gaze; but as though some talisman in her heart turned aside the evil that had until now been potent to molest her, she did not look once towards him, did not even notice that her gown—nay her very hand, on which the plain gold wedding-ring shone, brushed against his garments as she passed him slowly by.

They took their way along the familiar path, and the motley procession followed after, man and matron, youth and maid, and came ere long to the house where Ninon's mother dwelt, and where the wedding-feast, abundant and simple, was set. Of how all Lynaway was bidden to it, and how, when the house overflowed, the remainder fed, happily enough, in the open air; of how the healths of the bride and bridegroom were drunk again and again, while all seemed to have forgotten their suspicions of her, now that she was an honest man's wife, with an honest wedding-ring upon her finger, I will not pause to tell; only relate how poor Ninon, who had been growing paler and paler through the long hours of the burning summer afternoon and evening, slipped away with her mother, and being despoiled of all her wedding finery, donned her daily dress and set out with her husband on the homeward walk.

Now they met not a soul by the way; the very maid being junketing up yonder with the rest, and the mother having gone away to her own home; so that they found an empty house when they arrived. Of how he left her presently to despatch the wassailers up yonder, and bid them all good-night, leaving her with a willingness that he had never known, had not the thought lain close at his heart that he would be returning to her immediately. O! that we could call him back as he goes away, away to the cottage up yonder! O! that the twelve hours' wife, who leans out of the upper window to catch an uncertain glimpse of him as he goes, to hear the echo of his steps on the footpath, could cry to him, with the voice that he has never learned to disobey, to remain with her, and let the revellers linger as they will . . . but she only turns back to the lamp-lit room, thanking God aloud for making her so blessed a woman, so happy a wife . . . You do well poor hapless child to praise God while you may!

\* \* \* \* \*



It was wholly dark now, save for the pale uncertain light of the stars and the moon that

Put forth a little diamond peak,  
No bigger than an unobserved star,  
Or tiny point of fairy scimitar,  
Bright signal that she only stoop'd to tie  
Her silver sandals, e'er deliciously  
She bowed into the heavens her timid head.

Ninon sees not how below her window, half-hidden, half-revealed, stands a man whose face, livid, frightful even, by reason of the intense emotion that convulses it, gleams out from the partial screen of leaves afforded by the young beech-tree by which he stands. Though her eyes fell upon it, she would scarcely know the face for that of Martin Strange, the man who might have worked such deadly mischief between her and Michael, and who has forborne, as she had once with sick fear believed he would not forbear. She guesses not how out yonder one watches her shadow pass and repass the blind, as she lays aside the silken 'kerchief and chain and cross from her neck, Michael's gifts all . . . who can even see the deft movement of her fingers as she unlaces the blue bodice, marks the uplifted arms as they unbind the rippling heavy masses of the glorious hair he had once deemed his own . . . all this, I say, he sees and notes, neither stirring one hair'sbreadth nor moving one step towards the house, although she is there absolutely alone and at his mercy. So he can have no thought of harming her, and, after all, it may be but the fitful light that makes his face appear so ghastly, his air so wild! Thus he stands, immovable, his eyes uplifted, his hands clenched, and sees not how a woman's form flits far behind him and vanishes, nor hears later a man's footsteps approach, slacken, and pause by his side.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MARTIN STRANGE'S REPLY.

"It is you, Martin Strange?" said a voice beside the watcher that made him turn, starting violently. He had taken up his position here since Michael left his house, and believed him to be at that moment in yonder room with his wife. Albeit no coward, he was thoroughly thrown off his centre by Michael's unlooked-for appearance, and stood the very image of detected shame and guilt, incapable of articulating one word.

"I would have speech with you," said Michael, in the voice of a man who is divided between a mad desire to slay the thing before him, and an equally violent and imperative need that compels him to stay his hand. In that impotence of desire, that urgency of inaction, he unconsciously tore off a bough of the tree by which they stood, his hand strengthening upon it like a vice, as though thus and thus only could he restrain it from fastening with murderous intent upon the man before him.

"I have a question to ask of you," said Michael slowly, and his voice was strangled and as the voice of a stranger. A quarter of an hour ago I discovered for the first time that you are a former lover of my—wife's."

He made a slight gesture with his empty hand towards the cottage.

"What I have to ask you is this: Do you know anything, great or small, to her discredit? Is there any reason (and I charge you as before your God, to answer me the whole truth) why I should not have made Ninon Levesque my wife to-day?"

No reply. Only the far-away sound of what might be a far-away footfall, or the patter of a leaf falling to the ground, or the stirring of a sleepy bird in his warm brown nest.

"A quarter of an hour ago," said Michael, still in that slow, painful way, as though he had learned a lesson by rote, and feared to forget some important words of it, "as I was coming towards my—home, I overheard certain words between Stephen Prentice and William Marly, honest men both, as I have found them, therefore to be believed even in their cups, beyond the belief that I should have given to Peter the gossip, or Seth the scandalmonger. They spoke of my wife—of me, lastly of you. Enough that I listened and understood. I said to myself, 'There is Rose Nichol passing by, she was always my wife's friend—my wife loved her' (it was strange to hear how he said 'my wife' at every opportunity, as though the mere name heartened him), and I said to her, 'They have been speaking ill of her . . . you know my dear's spotless heart, and mind, and ways; you know that this thing is impossible, that it cannot be; tell me of it, assure me of it, that I may go back to her without one doubt in my mind, without my being forced to insult her purity—by one question, or look, or word' . . . but she only fell away from me like water, saying over and over again, 'I know nothing—nothing, go to Enoch, may be *he* knows.' . . . I left her there, and finding her lover, said, 'Rose has sent me to you that you may tell me that my Ninon is the pure innocent



maiden that I loved—and that Stephen Prentice and William Marly are liars' . . . and I told him, as I could not tell his girl, the words that they had said."

He paused, and looked upwards at the lamp that shone like a beacon in Ninon's room. "The man I honour most on earth," he went on, still in that unnaturally, stony way, "the truest, the most upright, the best, faltered and turned aside; only in his face I seemed to read that which should have blinded my eyes in the reading, so I turned and left him, saying to myself, 'There is only one man on earth whose words can heal or kill me now,' and while I sought for you, Rose crossed my path once more, and bade me come here, where I should find you, she said."

And now he cried, his voice (monotonous and slow no longer) leaping forth like the sword from the scabbard, "answer me this—are these words that I have heard to-night but tipsy rumours, false as the hearts and tongues that bred them, or is there any reason why she should have been your wife, not mine, to-day?"

Martin's eyes, straying upwards, rested on the window-blind, across which was flung at that moment the grotesque and exaggerated shadow of her exquisite form, then, summoning the whole forces of his nature to meet the stupendous tax imposed upon them, he uttered the one damning syllable, "Yes!"

Ninon now came to the window, and lifting one corner of the blind, looked abroad into the night.

"He is long away," they heard her soft voice say, then, without one glance towards the two faces that glared upon each other below, she dropped the blind and vanished.

With a low sound, that in its intensity reached not so high as a cry, Michael hurled himself upon the man before him, and snatching him by the throat dashed him head downwards against the earth, as one may destroy some hurtful noisome thing that, to a certain extent, expiates the hatefulness of its existence by the violence of its end.

It seemed but a moment later, when, the paroxysm passed, he found himself kneeling by the side of the prone man, seeking some sign of life, nay, that a thrill passed through him as Martin at last stirred, sat up, and unsteadily rose to his feet.

"And now," said Michael, "come with me into her very presence, and repeat this lie if you dare."

He suddenly broke off. Remembering the straightforward, honest traditions of the Lynaway men, it flashed through his brain that Martin dared not so belie his name and calling, any more than he

possessed the wit to conceive so frightful a falsehood as the one of which he now stood accused.

"*It is true!*" said Michael, and in these three words was an appeal to the honour, good faith, and to that nameless *esprit de corps* that subsisted between Lynaway men, and that would outlive injury, treachery, and even the foulest wrong, that the man addressed understood to the inmost fibre of his nature.

For a few seconds there was silence, then the answer came, "Ay! it is true."

Michael broke into sudden, almost voiceless laughter, as he lifted his hand, and pointed upwards to Ninon's window.

"Why do you not go to her?" he said. "She was your light o' love once; let her be your light o' love again. A marriage ceremony can count for little between such as you and she. Do you hear me," he cried, with the echo of that unnatural laughter still in his voice, "go to her, and tell her that I sent you, hark you—that I *sent* you, and how I have found out, before it is yet too late, that she stood at the altar with the wrong man to-day! Tell her, that if but now I could have killed you, and gloried in the deed, that I now thank God that I have not stained my soul with murder for such as she—that what you were to her once you can now be again, that I *thank* you for being the means by which I have discovered her vileness, now instead of hereafter. For if she could come to me what she is, she would have betrayed me again afterwards, and it is better now than then. Who was it said that I loved her? A lie—a lie—the woman I loved was pure as Heaven . . . *she* is dead, the thing that remains, Martin Strange, is yours and yours alone."

Then he turned on his heel, and went away with rapid footsteps through the night.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE MIDNIGHT SALLY.

THE bride, listening in vain for the sound of Michael's foot on the stair, passed from surprise to doubt, from doubt to fear, from fear to a chill and deadly foreboding of evil, that swept like a dimming, destroying mist between her and the restful perfect happiness she had known since Michael had placed the wedding-ring upon her hand. "Martin could not have the heart to do it," she moaned, her hands clasped, her blue eyes wild with terror, the veil of her rippling hair half hiding, half revealing the beauty of her snowy neck and



arms. "Michael would not believe him," she said again; "he would be sure; O yes, he would be sure to come to me and say, 'Ninon, will it be true'?"

A thought seemed to strike her, and hastily gathering up her hair, she proceeded to put on her bodice and petticoat, kerchief and shoes, and creeping softly past the room where the servant soundly and audibly slept, she gained the hall door, that was still set open against the return of the master

As she stood there, hesitating whether she should take the path along which Michael so strangely tarried, she heard voices on the beach below, and straining her eyes, made out the indistinct outlines of figures moving to and fro—could even catch the occasional gleam of the weapons they carried as they busied themselves about the boat in their midst. One voice, rising suddenly above the rest with startling clearness, made her heart bound in her breast—it was the voice of her bridegroom, Michael Winter.

"What will he be doing there?" she thought, her presentiments in no way lessened, for did she not know that the Custom House officers were bent that night on one of those dangerous, nay, desperate errands that had already cost more than one Lynaway man his life? And Michael's being in their midst argued his intention of going with them. It had come to be understood in the village that no man with others dependent on him, or who was not reckless and overbold, ought to take his life in his hand and risk it in these midnight sallies, and not often did one volunteer his services. After all it was no affair of the village folks; and if the bold smugglers were resolved to struggle so long and successfully against the law, it did not hurt them, and it was not worth while to be made a dead man of for nothing.

Ninon, passing almost as rapidly as a shadow chased from the hill-side by the sun, fled across the garden and shingle; but as she drew nearer, saw to her dismay that the boat was already upon the water, that the last man was in the act of leaping in; nay, that as she approached, it receded rapidly, although it was as yet so near that she could make out Michael's face among those that filled it.

"Michael!" she cried, stretching out her arms towards him, and never heeding how the sea was flowing over her feet and ankles, "are you going away? will you not then speak to me?"

She saw that the rowers shipped their oars and paused, and heard one man say to another, "Is he mad to leave her like this on his wedding night?"

But Michael sat there like a stone, and said never a word.

"Do you go back?" said the one in authority among them; "we are late as it is, and there is no time for parleying. Will you be put out and return with your wife yonder?"

"I have no wife," said Michael Winter.

The officer shrugged his shoulders and gave the word of command. He pitied the girl for her beauty's sake, but business was business, and there was no time to trouble himself about the affair, and in another moment the long, swift strokes of the rowers had carried the boat out of earshot.

Ninon stood immovable, heeding nothing but the faint splash of the muffled oars, that almost immediately died away in the distance, gazing as though her life hung upon it, on the shadowy receding outline that stood to her for Michael, her poor pale lips repeating over and over again, "I have no wife." What did it all mean?

"Mistress Winter, Mistress Winter," cried old Peter, "what are you doing here, and where is Michael? Oh, fie! have you run away from him to catch your death of cold on your wedding night, and stare yourself mad at the sea?"

"Michael is gone away," she said, slowly and painfully, like a child repeating a lesson it fears to forget, "and he said, before he set out, that I was not his wife."

"Hey!" said Peter, scenting a scandal, and opening his eyes and ears greedily for the same, "are ye joking? Did he tell ye to yer face that ye was not married to him?"

"Yes," said Ninon, "he did say that, just that."

Peter, misled by the calmness of a manner that might well have misled wiser men than he, cried in high glee, "Is the lad mad? Did we not all see him put the ring upon your finger to-day? He's teasin' you, Mistress Winter."

"Will it be but a dream, Peter," said poor Ninon, pale and cold, "that he did leave me, saying he would immediately return to me, but I did seek and find him here?"

"O' course you didn't dream it?" said Peter, deeply interested, and overjoyed at getting the story in its integrity—instead of having to pick up a bit here and a bit there, with all the trouble afterwards of dovetailing them into a respectable whole. "An' so you came to look for him, my dear?" he said, pressing a little nearer to her, looking into the widely-opened, fixed blue eyes that seemed to be looking far, far beyond him.

"Yes," she said, in that slow, monotonous voice, as though she were under some mesmeric influence that compelled her to utter her



thoughts and secrets aloud. "Do you not know—can you not think to tell me," she said, laying her slender hand upon the old man's arm, "why he did go? Will it be that he did meet and have speech with any of the men—with Martin Strange—after he did take me home?"

Peter, looking down on that lovely, imploring young face, felt that out of her own lips was she condemned, and sighed; for his heart was not a bad one, and he thought he would even forego the repetition of this highly-spiced story to know that Michael had no good cause to leave her in this fashion; to know that, imprudent as she may have been, there was no real harm or disgrace in her past history.

"I dunno'," he said, drawing his arm away from her touch; and his voice, all worthless and disreputable though the man was, carried a weight of reprobation that would have fallen heavily enough upon any woman less ignorant of the penalties of evil than Ninon. She did not even observe his manner any more than she had ever noted the questioning looks of the other men and women of the village. There was a curious simplicity and singleness of heart about the girl that blinded her to many things clear as daylight to every one else.

"Ye had better go home with ye, Mistress Winter," said Peter, not unkindly; "the boat will not be back till break o'day, an' when 'tis in Michael 'ull go up to ye yonder, an' if there's aught amiss between you, may be 'twill all be set right the morn."

But in his heart he thought nothing of the kind.

"At break of day," she repeated to herself, "and may be 'twill all come right."

"It cannot be that he will fail to come, Peter?"

"He's sure to come," said Peter, adding to himself, "if so be as he's not killed as Jack Spiller an' Tom Masters was last fall."

Finding that his remonstrances had no effect upon her, and that nothing would move her from where she stood; being moreover resolved not to so misuse his advantages as to depart before he had seen the end of this exciting little story, he retired to the shelter of a boat and fell fast asleep, making night hideous with the resounding echoes of his snores. Ninon sat down on the pebbles, crossed her hands on her knees, and waited.

Who shall succeed in portraying the state of a human soul in the moments that immediately follow after its being stricken by a great calamity? To say that in the first minutes or even hours after

the blow has fallen intense agony is experienced would be false ; these come afterwards, and are the result of a certain and absolute recognition of the knowledge that it has at first refused to accept ; rather is the soul in this early stage in a state of confusion, excitement, and horror, fearing all things while accepting none ; therefore, not yet within the grasp of that iron and remorseless hand that will by-and-bye dash out the uncertainty and fear, substituting a calm and dispassionate certainty in its place.

Thus Ninon could scarcely be said to suffer ; she was as yet borne up by an intensity of forward look-out that in happier circumstances would have gone by the name of hope. After all, she could have had but little pride, this poor Ninon, to wait here thus humbly and patiently for the man who had but now treated her with such bitter scorn ; and, in truth, with her, perfect love had cast out pride, as it does in all purely, faithful, gentle, women.

The love that can suspend itself, or wax cooler by reason of the neglect or cruelty of the thing it loves, is not worthy of the name of love at all, but may be termed a bastard imitation of the divine passion, being compounded by love of admiration, satisfaction at being adored, and a cold and practical adjustment of the scales on the give-and-take principle, that accords but ill with the wholeheartedness, the lavish abundance of the essence and soul of real love.

"At break of day," so her lips murmured over and over again, as the receding tide whispered and moaned itself further and further away from her feet.

The coolness of the midsummer night deepened for the space of an hour or so into cold. About the same time the lamps faded out of the sky, the uncertain moonlight died away, out yonder in the East the dull-coloured sky took on a clearer, lighter hue, as though the sun which yet a long, long way off sent forth some pale and chilly message of his coming.

It was in this hour, grey and unbeautiful in sky and land and sea, that there came over the water six or seven echoes very faint and indistinct, yet Ninon instantly recognised them for what they really were, the firing of shots.

These sounds, with their suggestion of violence and danger, gave an altogether new turn to Ninon's thoughts, and for the first time the image of Michael wounded, even killed, passed like lightning before her eyes. All the time that she had been dreaming of his anger and his despair, his life was perhaps in actual danger ; and now, in the swift transition from one overmastering



idea to another, it seemed to her that she cared nothing for his wrath, his scorn, his hatred, even so she could see him return to her, O God, *alive!* It was the old triumph of matter over mind, of things actual over things spiritual, of the danger that menaces the breathing body over the impalpable ills that threaten the mind; and Ninon, as with all of us who fret and chafe and weary ourselves over trifles until some great catastrophe comes that scatters our puny worries to the winds, found in her healthy, engrossing fears an antidote against those by which she had been so lately possessed.

How long she stood by the edge of the freshening waves she never knew—time was not for her, nor had she any actual existence, until by the light of the now struggling daybreak she discerned a black and distant speck that her leaping heart told her was the home-returning boat. . . . Footsteps came across the shingle, but she heeded them not; a voice sounded in her ears, the voice of Martin Strange—but it went past her like the foolish cry of a bird at even. She saw not his haggard, shamed face,—shamed through all its new-found honour of a strong and good resolve,—her life, her soul, her eyes were concentrated on one object—the advancing boat, straining to discover whether among the men who filled it was her husband, alive and unhurt.

The boat came slowly in. It appeared to be heavily laden, and assuredly there was not one man less in it than set out four hours ago; nay, there even seemed to be more! And now it is near enough to see their faces, to mark that all are haggard and weary, most of them wounded and splashed with blood, and that at the bottom of the boat lie three or four smugglers bound hand and foot.

As the keel of the boat grates against the shore, and Peter and Martin catch the ropes flung to them, Ninon, still seeking, seeking among the crowd of faces before her, steps forward, and utters two words: "Michael Winter?"

There is a moment's silence, since it is known to nearly all of those present that it is Michael's new-made wife who asks the question; then one of the captured men, his face gashed and bleeding, his right arm broken and hanging by his side, cries out with a terrible oath from the place where he lies:

"Shot through the breast, woman, an hour ago, fell overboard and sank like a lump of lead. Serve him well right [an oath], for not staying at home and minding his own business!"

END OF PART I.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

# THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

BY LOUISA CHARLOTTE FRAMPTON.

## CHAPTER I.

**T**O the younger readers of the history of the English Court of sixty or seventy years ago Mrs. Campbell is known chiefly by the ungenerous and prejudiced sketch of her contained in Baron Stockmar's "Memoirs." My own recollections of her and her story, through her long and close friendship with my family and a mass of letters and other materials and memoranda touching her relations towards the Princess Charlotte of Wales and the royal personages of the English Court in the Princess's time, enable me to present a sketch of Mrs. Campbell's life which I trust will be not altogether devoid of historical interest and value.

Alicia Campbell was the daughter of Thomas Kelly, Esq., of Dawson's Grove, County Armagh. She was born in Ireland in 1768. Of her six brothers, Colonel Samuel Kelly was Governor of the Molucca Islands; Colonel William Kelly commanded the 28th regiment in the Peninsular War and was a brigadier-general in India; Lieut.-Col. Dawson Kelly was on the Duke of Wellington's staff in the Peninsula, but took the command of his regiment, the 73rd, at Waterloo, when the officer previously in command was wounded. He had two horses killed under him in that battle, and brought a third home to England with a bullet in it. The gallant charger was turned out in the Earl of Ilchester's park at Melbury, Dorsetshire. Arthur Kelly, the sixth son of Mrs. Campbell's father, was the last "Sovereign" of Armagh, by which title mayors were designated before the union with England.

In 1785 or 1786 Miss Alicia Kelly, at seventeen or eighteen years of age, married Major William Campbell, of the 24th Regiment of Foot, of whose lineage I know no more than this: that he was a grandson of a Duke of Argyll. He was born in 1751, and Mrs. Campbell's first association with the family of the Earl of Ilchester, which lasted until her death, was through her husband, who was the friend and companion in arms of the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Stephen Fox Strangways (brother to Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester).



Before his marriage Major Campbell had been in active service in North America during the War of Independence.

A few years after her marriage Mrs. Campbell accompanied her husband to Canada, Lieut.-Col. Campbell being ordered to Fort Miami of the Lakes to protect the friendly Indians against the North American troops. In the hostilities which ensued Lieut.-Col. Campbell acted with such masterly address as to elicit a public expression of the thanks of the traders of London, whose interests were much concerned in that conflict.

The day on which the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London marked their grateful sense of Lieut.-Col. Campbell's public services in Canada by inviting him to a Civic banquet, was the day also of the birth of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the heir-presumptive to the throne of England, with whom Mrs. Campbell, in the coming days of her long widowhood, was to be so closely associated. The banquet was held on the 7th of January, 1796. To this dinner Mrs. Campbell accompanied her husband. She sat next Mr. Huskisson; and when during the dinner the birth of a daughter to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) was proclaimed, and a toast to the health of the new-born Princess was called, Mr. Huskisson begged leave to fill Mrs. Campbell's glass for the toast. I have heard Mrs. Campbell relate that Mr. Huskisson remarked upon her apparent want of enthusiasm in drinking the health, upon which Mrs. Campbell replied that most heartily she wished the royal infant every happiness, but she was out of health and out of spirits, being oppressed with the knowledge that she was about to leave England and to part from all her friends for many years—perhaps never to return; and the thought was in her mind that, sincere as were her wishes for the bright future of the daughter of the Prince of Wales, there was no one in the kingdom who could have less personal interest in these rejoicings than herself. It was natural in after years, when her days were spent in the service and companionship of the Princess Charlotte, that Mrs. Campbell should recall with curious interest the feeling that occupied her mind when the Princess's birth was announced: and the incident at the civic dinner was rendered the more notable in her recollection from the fact that only once again in her life did she meet Mr. Huskisson, and then again she sat next him at a banquet—this time the feast being at Carlton House, and the occasion the celebration of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg. Finding Mr. Huskisson by her side, again the incidents of the City banquet flashed vividly upon her memory; but strange as had been the course of events

which, from such totally different prospects in life twenty years before, had led to her becoming so intimately connected with the Princess, she had not heart to remind Mr. Huskisson of their meeting on the day of the Princess's birth and to call his attention to the coincidence of the only two meetings of their lives; for to have explained to him that she was the same person whose glass he filled for that royal toast in the City would have obliged her to enter into many melancholy and painful details of her life since the day when the Princess was born.

It was indeed a painful twenty years to look back upon. For when that City banquet was held Lieut.-Col. Campbell had been appointed Governor of the Bermuda Islands. Mrs. Campbell accompanied her husband to the scene of his duties, but the year 1796 had not expired when Lieut.-Col. Campbell was seized with yellow fever and died, at the age of forty-five. The domestic life of Mrs. Campbell and her husband had been extremely happy, and such was her frenzy of grief at her husband's death that she made a mad attempt to catch the fever of which he had died, and for a time she appeared to bear her life almost without an effort of resignation.

On her return to England she resided much in London and elsewhere with Maria Countess of Ilchester (better known later as the Dowager Countess of Ilchester), and lived in great intimacy with all Lord Ilchester's family. When in London she frequently chaperoned Lady Ilchester's step-daughters to the Court of George the Third, whilst Lady Ilchester was engaged in her duties at Court and in attendance on Queen Charlotte. Thus Mrs. Campbell became known to the King and Queen.

## CHAPTER II.

EARLY in 1805 the question of forming a household for the Princess Charlotte, then nine years old, was first considered; but the arrangement was difficult, owing to the antagonism of the Prince of Wales to any measure proposed by the King. The King and Queen had many opportunities of forming a judgment of Mrs. Campbell. The King offered her the post of sub-governess to his grand-daughter. The offer was at first declined by Mrs. Campbell, but in the end she was persuaded to accept it at the earnest solicitations of the King, whose gratification was expressed in the two letters here given, the first of which is preserved in the "Eldon MS." (quoted in the Memoirs of the "Life and Reign of George the Third," by J. Heneage Jesse, vol. ii., page 243.)



*From the King to Lord Eldon.*

Windsor Castle, February 18, 1805.

The King authorises Lord Eldon to acquaint the Prince of Wales that His Majesty has this morning received notice of Mrs. Campbell's acceptance of her nomination as sub-governess to his dearly-beloved granddaughter, the Princess Charlotte; thus completing the most necessary attendance on the Princess. The King approves of the Baroness de Clifford taking the charge of the Princess whenever it shall be most agreeable to the Prince of Wales. She will then be a better judge of the requisites necessary in the lady she may recommend as assistant sub-governess, who must be of sufficient birth to appear with the young Princess in the absence of Mrs. Campbell. The Earl of Dartmouth has very handsomely consented to regulate the expenses of the young Princess's establishment.

GEORGE R.

*From Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia to Maria, Countess of Ilchester.*

February, 1805—Thursday Evening.

MY DEAR LADY ILCHESTER,—I have received the King's commands to inform you that it had been his intention to have written to you this morning had he had time, but that being out of his power, he wishes me to act as his secretary, and to express his satisfaction at Mrs. Campbell's having accepted her present situation about Charlotte, and to thank you for all the trouble you have so kindly taken to urge her to it. These are, I hope, exactly the King's words, for he charged me not to forget them, and to add how sorry he is to hear you are so far from well.—Ever, dear Lady Ilchester, your affectionate friend,

To the Countess of Ilchester.

SOPHY.

While these things were in progress, Mrs. Campbell had said to the King that she did not consider herself a suitable person for such an appointment, on account of her total want of the accomplishments so necessary to one in the Princess's station in life; when His Majesty said, "Madam, I hope we can afford to purchase accomplishments, but *we cannot buy principles.*" This was related by Mrs. Campbell to the late Lady Harriot Frampton (daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester).

After the establishment of Mrs. Campbell at Carlton House, her life appears to have passed quietly, with only such *tracasseries* as are inevitable in a royal household, until the year 1809, when, in consequence of the youthful folly of Her Royal Highness, an unfortunate event occurred which occasioned a disturbance out of all proportion to its real importance. This was the affair of the childish will made by the young Princess, of which will there are different accounts. In an extract from a journal written on May 30, 1809, by the late Lady Susan O'Brien (the once celebrated Lady Susan Fox Strangways, daughter of Stephen first Earl of Ilchester) it is mentioned as follows:—

While I was in town, I was informed of a curious transaction going on at Carlton House, on account of a childish will the Princess Charlotte had made, in

which she left half her jewels to Lady de Clifford, half to Mrs. Campbell, and all her *valuable* jewels to her papa and mamma. They suppose Mrs. Campbell concerned in making it, and told the bishop of it, who smiled. [Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, preceptor to the Princess Charlotte.] The Prince was displeased, and said "it was high treason," and called Mr. Adam, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, who answered: "Your Royal Highness has a just conception of the matter." All this nonsense has been before the Privy Council, whose time might be better employed. The will expresses a wish that Mr. Nott, sub-preceptor, might be made a bishop.

In another account, given by the Hon. Amelia Murray, late maid of honour to Queen Victoria, in her published work, "Recollections of the Early Years of the Present Century," are the following particulars:—

Mrs. Campbell had been appointed sub-governess; she was fond of children and very attractive to them; the little Princess delighted in going to her room. One day, on finding Mrs. Campbell busy writing, she inquired what it was about. "I am making my will," was the reply. "Oh! then I will make *my* will;" and, begging a sheet of paper, the child sat down, using a trunk for her table, and, taking a pencil, in large hand she wrote as follows:—

"I leave my parrot to . . . .

"My doll to . . . .

"My monkey to . . . .

"And all my *non-valuables* to Mrs. Campbell."

She then ran away with the paper in her hand and took it to Lady de Clifford and Dr. Nott. Will it be credited that this bit of childish play was made the ground of a serious accusation? The sub-governess was accused before the Privy Council of an act of treason in allowing the "heir presumptive" to make a will by which her sole advantage was succeeding to the Princess's *non-valuables*.

In consequence of this affair Mrs. Campbell at once resigned her appointment, and retired into private life, residing as before amongst her friends in Lord Ilchester's family.

### CHAPTER III.

IN 1813, Miss Cornelia Knight had been appointed lady companion to the Princess Charlotte, and at the end of that year the Princess was engaged to the Prince of Orange. This engagement was broken off in 1814 for reasons which are matters of history, and the Prince Regent was so much displeased by the conduct of the Princess, who was said "to have associates possessing pernicious sentiments, alike hostile to herself, her father, and the country," that he summarily dismissed Miss Cornelia Knight and all the other persons who then surrounded the Princess, and immediately formed a new household. It was at this time the Princess



Charlotte fled to her mother, the Princess of Wales, at Connaught House, July 12, 1814; but, returning on July 13, she was on the 14th of July, 1814, placed in the charge of her new attendants at Warwick House. On this occasion the Prince Regent had paid Mrs. Campbell the compliment of personally soliciting her again to accept a position about the Princess, his daughter. This she at first positively declined, and, amongst other reasons, alleged her very delicate state of health. The Regent, however, would take no denial, but sent his own carriage to Lord Ilchester's house, 31, Old Burlington Street, where she was then staying, with first a request, and then a *command*, that she should attend him at Carlton House. Therefore, although extremely unwell, she was obliged to submit. He detained her there all night, giving up his own apartment to her, with a large bed of satin, on an estrade or step; nor would the Prince allow her to leave Carlton House until she had given her consent. The Dowager Countess of Ilchester, the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, Mrs. Campbell, and two Misses Cotes, nieces of Lady Rosslyn, were the ladies then appointed as attendants on the Princess Charlotte, and on the 20th of July, 1814, they accompanied the Princess to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park.

It was soon after this that the discovery was made of Her Royal Highness having carried on a correspondence with one of her male attendants, before alluded to as "associates possessing pernicious sentiments." I once remarked to Mrs. Campbell, that much as the Princess Charlotte was lamented, it appeared doubtful if her character was such as would have made her a good Queen had she lived to ascend the throne. Mrs. Campbell replied in her eager manner, "Indeed, it was well that she was never Queen of England, for she was mean in character, and did not care whom she sacrificed." She then proceeded to relate that there had been some correspondence discovered with an attendant or tutor. A letter from the Princess to this man was found concealed under the mattress of a sofa, and when Mrs. Campbell was questioned, and had denied all knowledge of it, she finished with a wish that the Regent would appeal to Her Royal Highness, "who would do her the justice to state that she was quite in ignorance of it," upon which the Princess said:—

"No, you were not; you knew about it all the time."

"So," added Mrs. Campbell, "that was how one could trust our future Queen's word, had she lived."

This incident did not, however, injure Mrs. Campbell, as the Prince Regent fully believed her, and the matter was afterwards cleared up for her in a satisfactory manner.

As the Princess grew older she appears to have valued and appreciated Mrs. Campbell thoroughly, and to have felt very kindly towards her, and Mrs. Campbell remained with her till the spring of 1816, when the approaching marriage of the Princess to His Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg necessitated an alteration in the arrangements.

In a letter to the late Lady Harriot Frampton, dated March 6, 1816, Mrs. Campbell mentions her remaining with the Princess after her marriage in the following terms :—

The Princess Charlotte has so far marked her special favour for me that I am the only person she has *made a point* of retaining, if I will stay; and the Prince Regent, as I hear, has been most gracious on the subject of my staying.

Another letter, from the Dowager Countess of Ilchester to Lady Harriot Frampton, bearing the date of April 28, 1816, and on the same subject says :—

It would have done you good to have heard what the Princess Charlotte said to Colonel Addenbrooke about Mrs. Campbell when he lamented the delicacy of her health. She said, "I am not blind to it, but I am ambitious that she should start with me, and give up without scruple when she finds the duty too much; but I wish her to feel *my home* to be her home when it suits her to be with me, as I shall always be glad to see her." Nearly this she has repeated to me, saying, "Mind, it is Tam's fault if she lets me interfere with her comfort." This is a cordial to me, and highly creditable to the Princess Charlotte.

"Tam" was Mrs. Campbell's pet name, used by many of Lord Ilchester's family. The name originated in the youthful sons of the Dowager Lady Ilchester having been unable to pronounce Mrs. Campbell's name, and consequently they invented the abbreviation. The Hon. A. Murray, in her "Recollections" before referred to, supposed it to have originated through the Princess Charlotte, who when she was learning Latin in her childhood would playfully decline Campbell, making "Cam" "Tam," &c.; but this is an error.

The marriage of Prince Leopold and the Princess Charlotte took place on May 2, 1816, and the following letter describes Mrs. Campbell's share in it :—

*From Mrs. Campbell to Lady Harriot Frampton.*

Warwick House, May 6, 1816.

The marriage was very impressive, and the Princess Charlotte's manner just what you would wish. We were taken to a room where the Princess Charlotte and the Prince were. She presented us all to him; that is, Lady Rosslyn, me, and the Miss Coteses. He bowed civilly, but said nothing except when I was named, when he said, "Ah, Mrs. Campbell!" and smiled. A moment after he was called by Lord Cholmondeley and taken to the altar, and soon after the Duke of Clarence came for Princess Charlotte, and we followed her. After all was over, we returned to the same room and were presented to the Queen. The next



morning I had a letter from the Princess Charlotte, to forbid my going down to Oatlands, which I sent to the Prince Regent, and asked leave to remain here till Camelford House was ready, so here I am. My mornings are taken up with writing to the Princess Charlotte, paying bills, &c. Not a morsel of cake did I get. The Regent sent me a very pretty diamond cross by the Princess Elizabeth, who wrote a very gracious note with it.

In another letter from Mrs. Campbell to Lady Harriot Frampton, dated May 6, 1816, she says:—

I had a most affectionate and kind letter from the Princess Charlotte to-day. The only commands she had to give me were to make myself happy in her house, and to look cheerful.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MRS. CAMPBELL having accepted her new office as keeper of the privy purse to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte (which confidential appointment she retained during the Princess's short married life), she went to reside with the royal pair at Claremont House, which at the suggestion of Mr. Huskisson had been purchased for £60,000, and presented to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold on their marriage. Lady John Thynne was appointed lady of the bedchamber to the Princess, and Colonel Addenbrooke her equerry. Baron Hardenbrock and Sir Robert Gardiner, K.C.B., were the equerry and aide-de-camp to Prince Leopold. Dr. Short, formerly sub-preceptor to the Princess Charlotte, was appointed chaplain to the Prince, and Baron Stockmar was his physician. Baron Stockmar designates Mrs. Campbell as "lady in waiting" to the Princess, and the following is the sketch of her which he gives in his "Memoirs," translated and published by his son:—

Mrs. Campbell, lady-in-waiting to the Princess, is a small, thin woman of forty-five; a widow, sharp and angular in every feature and movement; pretentious, because she was once young and handsome, and because she has a good understanding; and yet not unbearably pretentious, just because she is really sensible. Extremely well informed and thoroughly upright, she conducts the correspondence of the Princess, and manages her accounts with the greatest ease and to her entire satisfaction. Amongst us she opposes everything she sees and hears, and meets everything that men can say or do with such consistent contradiction that we can tell beforehand with certainty what will be her answer to our questions. She is so thoroughly possessed by this spirit of opposition that it is impossible for her to be true to any party; and she is now of the Court, now of the Ministerial, now of the Opposition, now of the popular party, according to her opponent. As a rule, she is without mercy, and her conversation is therefore sharp and biting. But she has occasionally her humane days, in which she is pleased, in fact disarmed: that is when her arrows have hit and wounded. One gains some insight into such a character when one knows that she has had bitter experiences with men, and that in an illness during a seven months' sea voyage she was kept

alive only on brandy-and-water. This lady is now our only lawful female society, and we therefore treat her as the representative of the whole sex, with a half-free, half-enforced respect.

I quote this sketch because it has been published and has appeared in a translation of Baron Stockmar's work in England, but I utterly repudiate it as a most harsh, unjust, and ill-natured libel on Mrs. Campbell. Mrs. Campbell was never either obstinate, perverse, ill-natured, or inconsistent; but being a high-principled, delicate-minded, highly susceptible person, with excitable nerves and a hasty manner—sometimes certainly amounting to irritability—there must have been much that grated against her feelings and opinions, perhaps also against her principles, in the *tracasseries* of the royal *ménage*, and she was of far too decided a character, and also much too spirited, to conceal what she felt or to avoid giving utterance to her opinions as they arose. Her whole life is an answer to the slander that she veered round to every opinion in turn, merely in contradiction and from ill-temper; or that she endeavoured to "hit and wound," and then enjoyed her success; or that she was "pretentious," for she never had sufficient confidence in herself. Such a woman, had the character been a true one, could never have been selected as governess or confidential attendant in a royal household; nor could she have won the esteem and affection of her royal employers or of her numerous friends. Probably Baron Stockmar did not approve either of her views or of her plain speaking; but it only redounds to his own discredit that he was unable to appreciate such a character, and indeed could not even read it truly. Mrs. Campbell had had no "bitter experience with men." She married very young, and her married life was extremely happy; whilst she was always greatly beloved and valued by all her male friends and connections. Neither was she very angular in person nor very small. She was not tall, and was slightly made, and thin, with dark hair and a very intelligent countenance, and in her youth must have been very pretty. She was also very quick in her movements—almost fidgetty—and active in her habits. Mrs. Campbell's real fault was a tendency to see things too much *en noir*, and to feel depression because she had not sufficient confidence in herself or in the ways of Providence. She could not *trust*. But this only gave unhappiness to herself, for when with her friends or in general society she was always cheerful, good-humoured, and very agreeable; and perhaps this tendency to fear the worst arose from the earlier sorrows to which she had yielded such uncontrolled indulgence, besides which her health was very delicate, which naturally increased the disposition to despondency. With



respect to Baron Stockmar's assertion that she had been kept alive on brandy-and-water during a seven months' voyage, none of her friends ever heard such a thing mentioned, and they believe the statement to be a pure fiction. Nor could his assertion of her being their "only lawful female society" be much more correct, as Lady John Thynne must have been constantly in waiting on the Princess.

Mrs. Campbell did not return the baron's animosity, for his name is only once mentioned by her in the letters preserved by different branches of Lord Ilchester's family, and this letter was written soon after the marriage of the Prince and Princess. In it she says "Baron Stockmar is one of the party; a little man, but by far the most agreeable."

Mrs. Campbell once related an amusing incident which occurred during her residence at Claremont. The fashionable tailor at that time was Stulz, who was a very grand personage in his way. Stulz was one day attending the Princess Charlotte to try on a riding habit, when Mrs. Campbell took the opportunity of expostulating with him for not having sent in his previous bill, which she said "caused her much inconvenience, as she was in the habit of making up Her Royal Highness's accounts at stated periods;" whereupon Stulz replied—

"Regular creature! you shall have it—you shall!"

On the 6th of November, 1817, Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte was delivered of a stillborn son, at nine in the evening, and for a few hours was supposed to be progressing favourably; but a change for the worse took place later, and at half-past two on the morning of the 7th, after a short struggle, she passed away. The following letters of this period which relate less to the shock to the nation than to the private grief of Prince Leopold, may prove interesting:—

*From the Dowager Countess of Ilchester to Lady Harriot Frampton.*

November 10, 1817.

I have heard from Mrs. Campbell that she and Lady John Thynne have seen mother and child put into the last receptacle, and that they sat up alternately, never being absent from the room at the same time.

*From Mrs. Campbell to Lady Harriot Frampton.*

November 13, 1817.

Prince Leopold is calm, and exerts himself all in his power; he sees us all, and even tries to employ himself, but it is grief to look at him,—he seems so heart-broken. Dr. Short is a great comfort to him, and walks out with him. To-day he came and sat an hour and a half with me, but it only seemed to augment my regret that the tie is broken which bound us to such a man. The

*The Princess Charlotte and Mrs. Campbell.* 285

Prince had all the hair; he spared me a very little bit, which you shall have half of; he also gave a bit to the Regent at his request.

A part of this hair has been in my possession for many years.

*From Mrs. Campbell to Lady Harriot Frampton.*

November 18, 1817.

The Prince had a good night, and has remained most of this day in the room with her. I shall miss my visits there as well as him. In the morning I said my prayers by her and her child. The Prince and she had appointed me as governess to it, and it was to have been given entirely into my care. This, although a great addition to my loss and sorrow, has done me much good, as showing me that her heart was not changed, nor her opinion, though her manner was. Had they but told me, how much pain and wear of spirits it would have saved me! I was fully persuaded they wished me to resign, at the very time they had settled my remaining for life. They were to have gone abroad in the summer, and left it with me. How I should have loved it, and how happy I should have been. And I had not even the small comfort of enjoying it in hope.

On November 18, 1817, the remains of the late Princess Charlotte were privately conveyed from Claremont to Windsor, escorted by a detachment of the 10th Hussars. As is customary in royal palaces, Claremont House was brilliantly lighted up when the procession left it, but nothing was heard within, and only a few figures in black were to be seen, the effect of which Mrs. Campbell described as sadly striking. The first mourning coach, following the hearse, contained Prince Leopold and two attendants. The next contained Mrs. Campbell, Lady John Thynne, and Lady Gardiner, wife of Sir Robert Gardiner. The hearse proceeded to the lower lodge, and the body was placed under a canopy prepared for its reception in one of the apartments. The Prince was conducted to his apartments at the Castle.

On Wednesday evening, November 19, soon after eight o'clock, the remains of the late Princess were again removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Prince Leopold, who was the chief mourner, was supported and followed by the royal Dukes. The ladies who attended were Lady John Thynne, Lady Gardiner, Mrs. Campbell, and Misses Cotes, formerly of the Princess's household. The Dowager Countess of Ilchester attended with some other ladies, on the part of the Queen.

Mrs. Campbell remained at Claremont until the end of the year, and during that period occurred a correspondence between the Prince Regent and Prince Leopold concerning one of the Crown jewels. It appears from Mrs. Campbell's account of the affair that in the beginning of April, 1813, the Prince Regent had given the *Princess Charlotte* the sapphire which formed the centre of Kin



Charles's crown, and this statement is corroborated in the "Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight." Shortly after the death of the Princess Prince Leopold received a note from some person by order of the Prince Regent, asking for the return of the sapphire. Prince Leopold declined to give it up, as it had been a "present" to the Princess. Another application followed, *demanding* the restitution on the plea that the sapphire was a *Crown jewel*, and that consequently it had only been a loan to the Princess Charlotte. Upon this Prince Leopold said that if the sapphire were considered a Crown jewel of course he could no longer refuse to part with it. Accordingly it was sent to the Regent, and the following day appeared on the arm of Lady Conyngham.

The following letter concludes the history of Mrs. Campbell at Claremont:—

*From Mrs. Campbell to Lady Harriet Frampton.*

January 2, 1818.

I finished my business yesterday, closed the account at the banker's, and sent the book and balance of the money to the Prince, so my occupation and the year have ended together. It was a fatal year to me, and I have no great hopes for the future.

## CHAPTER V.

AFTER Mrs. Campbell left Claremont she again went to reside with her old friend the Dowager Countess of Ilchester, either in London or in Dorsetshire; but she was not forgotten by Prince Leopold, who in 1819 addressed to her the following letter:—

*From His Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg to Mrs. Campbell.*

Cobourg, the 12th of March, 1819.

DEAR MADAM,—It is so long a while I had not the pleasure of conversing with you, that I think it high time recommending (*sic*) myself to your remembrance. Stocki, though, as it seems, somewhat in a dilatory way, has given you from time to time accounts of our life and proceedings, which render needless my relating to you our adventure on the road. At first I did not derive the comfort of my stay here which I had every reason to expect; but the young and happy *ménage* of my brother's, as well as the sight of his fine child, gave me almost more pain than I had strength to endure. Time, which softens by degrees the most acute feelings, has kindly exercised its power on me; more accustomed to the sight of these objects, I enjoy now somewhat more tranquillity; but still I avoid as much as possible the sight of the poor little child. I live in the quiet and very snug house of my respectable and amiable mother, who feels extremely happy by my being about her. I breakfast in her room, then I remain the longer part of the forenoon reading or talking to her. The latter part of the day I pay my visits to the other branches of the family, finishing it at the Castle, where my mother generally is present. Last week I have been extremely

frightened by an attack she had, which might have proved dangerous without the speedy adoption of proper remedies. . . . It gave me the greatest uneasiness, but, thank Heaven, though extremely weak, she is slowly recovering. I hope that the spring will mend her health. She is always very much affected when I speak of my approaching departure. She says that at her time of life adieus may easily prove the last ; but I trust to Heaven that if she takes good care of herself such an event may be far removed. Unfortunately my eldest sister suffers from violent spasms since her last confinement, which have till now resisted every attempt of cure, though I have consulted the most eminent physicians on the Continent. Her state is truly alarming, and gives me great pain. So, my dearest Mrs. Campbell, we are always assailed by some new misfortune when one hoped to have overcome the last. Poor Lady Ilchester's death [Caroline Leonora, wife of Henry Stephen, third Earl of Ilchester] has very much shocked me. So unexpected an event must have been particularly painful to you, who were such a warm friend of the family. If you have an opportunity pray express to Lord Ilchester the very sincere interest I take in his calamity, of the bitterness of which, alas ! few can be better judges than myself. Strange it is that most of the ladies that were Charlotte's friends are no more—poor Lady Althorp, Lady Grant, &c. Do you think the bustle of this life has already effaced Charlotte's memory in the minds of the people ? I hope not, but new events exercise a strong influence on the human mind,\* and for that very reason it is my pride that I am a living monument of those happy days that offered to the country such bright prospects, and so I trust it will be made difficult for them to forget Charlotte as long as they see me. I should already sooner have thought of returning to dear old England, but I greatly wanted quiet and retirement, fallen from a height of happiness and grandeur seldom equalled, to accustom myself to the painful task of *so very different a life*. I will not dwell on the subject, then I know you understand me so well. My health is rather improved, but still not what it was in 1817, and probably will never become so again. I hope you will at the approaching more propitious weather visit Claremont sometimes, and look a little at your protections in the flower garden, and even the poultry-yard. I think of leaving Cobourg in April, if the state of health of my mother or sister give me no immediate cause of alarm, and in the meantime recommend myself to the continuation of your friendship, assuring you that I shall ever entertain the most sincere sentiments of regard and esteem for you.—Dear Madam, your very sincere friend,

LEOPOLD.

In June or July, 1819, Mrs. Campbell writes as follows :—

*From Mrs. Campbell to the Dowager Countess of Ilchester.*

31, Old Burlington Street.

My day at Marlborough House [where Prince Leopold then resided] was very satisfactory. There were no ladies, so I was there as one of the family. . . .

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\* Prince Leopold died King of the Belgians, December 10th, 1865. The monument to his memory in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, erected near the spot where rest the remains of the Princess Charlotte, has been removed at the desire of the Queen, for the purpose of replacing it by a memorial to the late Duke of Kent. It has now been presented to the church at Esher, in which parish Claremont House is situated, which, however, has no longer any connection with the late King, as at his death it reverted to the English Crown.



The Prince was so kind that it was very gratifying. I sat by him, and after dinner he showed me the house, and sat on the sofa by me all the evening; and excepting to the Bishop of Salisbury, he spoke to no one but me. He said that he had many things for me to assist him in, and that he should send Stocky (Baron Stockmar) to me very often as his little spy upon me,—what I was doing with myself,—and his manner was such that I found it impossible to bring in my plan of going to Ireland, and indeed regret more than ever the necessity for that visit. He told me his plans, and that he was going to Scotland for six weeks in August, which I was glad to hear, as then he will be absent part of the time. He also told me of his parties for the next month, and whom he was to ask, and all this in a way that was very gratifying; and inquired with much interest for Harry [Henry Stephen, third Earl of Ilchester], you, and the Framptons, &c.; and asked me over and over if I thought that Charlotte was still thought of and remembered in Dorsetshire. He has laid out a great deal of money in Marlborough House in painting and cleaning it—very handsome—carpets to the whole range of apartments, and silk furniture; and on my asking if the silk was foreign on one sofa he seemed quite to reproach me, and said I should never see anything that was not English in his house that he could help. There were magnificent glass lustres in all the rooms, &c. He has also purchased a large collection of fine paintings, which are coming over, and though that is giving money out of the country it brings value back. He told me it was a painful task attending the christening at Kensington [that of the Princess Victoria, our present Queen], but that he thought it right; and he entered with interest into the alterations at Moreton [the seat of James Frampton, Esq., in Dorsetshire].

The last public event with which Mrs. Campbell was associated was the Coronation of King George the Fourth, July 19, 1821. In that year she writes as follows:—

*From Mrs. Campbell to Lady Harriot Frampton.*

July, 1821.

I am going to take leave of Prince Leopold, who sets out to-morrow for Cobourg. Nothing could be finer than the coronation, and Prince Leopold the most beautiful part of it. The King looked fagged out, and the canopy and all those carrying it and the train took from the dignity of his appearance. When he had done with that, he looked very dignified and graceful and pleased. We are all well now, but were dead tired with the heat, length of time, and no food. No accommodation was made for ladies, or those going in on tickets.

## CHAPTER VI.

It has been before mentioned that Mrs. Campbell on her retirement from public life resided chiefly with the Dowager Countess of Ilchester, either in London or at Abbotsbury Castle, Dorsetshire; keeping up the most intimate connection with all the branches of Lord Ilchester's family, and beloved and respected by all its members. My personal friendship with her dated from childhood, but as I grew older and enjoyed her society very frequently during the last five years of her life I could more fully appreciate her many

amiable and delightful qualities. Mrs. Campbell was simple in her habits and tastes, having especially a passion for flowers; her conversation was agreeable, with frequent reminiscences of her past life; and she was equally kind and generous to the young people, with whom she lived in affectionate intimacy.

In 1829, whilst residing at 31, Old Burlington Street, Mrs. Campbell was attacked by a severe illness, which after a few days ended fatally on June 28, and she was interred at St. James's, Westminster, where a tablet was erected to her memory by the Earl of Ilchester. On application, however, in 1872, to the Rector of St. James's Church, to obtain a copy of the inscription, an answer was received to the effect that the Rector and his Churchwardens had made an examination of the church and plans but could find no such tablet or name. I must therefore conclude that it had been erected *outside* the church, and that in the course of forty-three years of neglect and oblivion the memorial had become obliterated; but it appears equally strange and painful that one who was so well known and who had occupied such an important post in the royal household should in less than half a century afterwards be lying in an entirely undistinguished grave.

After the death of Mrs. Campbell each of the younger members of the different branches of Lord Ilchester's family whom she held in affection (in which number I had the great gratification of being included) was presented by the Dowager Lady Ilchester with a gold locket containing her hair, and inscribed with the one word "*Alicia*," to perpetuate her memory amongst them.

Few persons have left behind them a more tender memory than Mrs. Campbell, or one more full of esteem and regret; but now only a few remain who knew and loved her, and in a very short time her name will have ceased to be a memory and will have become only a tradition.



# OUR EASTER EXCURSION IN QUEENSLAND.

BY RED SPINNER.\*



WHEN we hoisted the mainsail at four of the clock on the day before Good Friday, a big grey rat which had discovered a desirable retreat in the folds of the canvass was shot violently into the water. By this token the friends on the wharf above, instead of bidding us the Godspeed they had come out to utter, jeered unfeelingly, and inquired whether we had insured our lives. And, verily, to the common world, we must have seemed a pack of lunatics as we stood there dripping upon the slippery decks of the *Flying Wallaby*, a driving rain sweeping down the serpentine reaches of the Brisbane river, and a stormy wind shrieking dismal requiems into our ears.

It rained. In most quarters of the world this would signify simply what the ordinary construction of language warrants. In Australia it means a good deal more. That singular continent must be the real original place where it always pours, and not rains. One comfort remained, and of this we sipped modestly. Though but a mere liquor of consolation, it was something. In our company we had a genial meteorologist, and he, when the cares of navigation pressed least upon him, assured us that it would be fine to-morrow. Smilingly, therefore, we bore the complete drenching of the present in hopes of future sunshine, and slewed round with the tide, wet as the grey rat we had been watching, but moderately hopeful and apparently happy.

Easter is Easter all the world over, and in Queensland, as at home, people were thinking of holiday. Drifting, as much as sailing, by the green gardens of Kangaroo Point—for the sloop was, as yet, in a windless bend of the river—and fetching across to the healthy heights of the northern bank of the stream, the thoughts of one of those madmen were far away with his old comrades of the rod and line. Reckoning the difference in time between the

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\* The concluding portion of RED SPINNER'S "My Ocean Log" was destroyed by the fire in Turnmill Street. We hope to receive fresh copy from the author, when the "Log" will be completed.

Brisbane river and the merry babbling Darent, in beautiful Kent, the hot-cross buns had been, by that time, made ready for British breakfast tables, and the Good Friday trouters had whipped their way to the very end of the meadows where, year after year, on this particular festival, an anglers' carnival was wont to be held. Alas, there are no trout in Queensland ! But there are many anglers, and we had found it no hard matter to gather together a party of ten enthusiasts for a four days' sail on the coast and a raid upon the finny denizens of the Southern Seas.

The *Flying Wallaby* was not built for pleasure parties. Under ordinary conditions she was engaged in conveying the rich produce of the distant river basins to the merchant wharves of Brisbane. Her hold had been artistically floored, however, for the festive occasion, and rendered as comfortable a saloon as campers-out have a right to expect in a country where one soon learns the art of roughing it. Each man arranged his "swag" upon the planks, and thought himself luxurious with a blanket, quart pot, knife, fork, plate, and pannikin. The skipper was owner of the vessel—type of the prosperity which must fall to the share of a man who chooses to live carefully and work hard in a young thriving colony. At home he would have lived from hand to mouth with an occasional sixpence in his pocket, and short commons always ; here he was his own master, the proprietor of a smart little smack, and occupant of cottage and land bought by his earnings. He and his mate were much amused that a number of gentlemen of good social position should undergo the hardships of storm and bare boards, and call it pleasure. As the hurrying night came on, with never-ceasing rain, and the holiday keepers stretched themselves out in their soddened garments, with an imperfect tarpaulin over the hatchways, the hardy mariners winked at each other, and wondered what we should have said touching our hard fate had the expedition been a task, and not a free choice.

Both few and short were the words we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the beams overhead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

Begging the Rev. Charles Wolfe's pardon, thus can I best dispose of the first night. Our enemies could not have wished us a worse. The morrow, happily, was clear and tranquil. Three uneasy spirits who had wooed sleep in vain stole upon deck in the small hours of the morning and, finding that the gallant skipper had anchored for the night, conceived the magnificent idea of continuing the voyage



without his knowledge. Sonorous snores from his little cabin proclaimed the slumbers of the captain and mate, and noiselessly the *Flying Wallaby* was got under weigh, and sailed during the semi-darkness down to the island passage at the mouth of the river through which her course lay. It was a bold manœuvre, a liberty, and a risk, but it succeeded; and the skipper's bewilderment when tumbling up at dawn he found his cutter at the Boat passage, and not at Breakfast Creek, turned the matter into a good joint-stock joke.

The morrow was a lovely Good Friday,—the heavens blue as an Italian sky, the water sparkling, the air warm. The miseries of the previous night were forgotten, and our recompense was completed by a day's delightful sailing. Moreton Bay, which receives the Brisbane and other rivers of Southern Queensland, is studded with islands, some spacious as Moreton and Stradbroke; others so tiny as to be nameless. The island of St. Helena is the convict establishment of the colony; other islands are reserved for the blacks. The mountain-ranges of the mainland appear as purple backgrounds to many a vista of wood and water. Headlands, which are often the finger-posts to striking views, save the coast-line from being monotonous, and point to bays and creeks very suggestive of a run ashore. Forests dominate over the landscape, but every now and again you have green clearings, where the Queensland settler is slowly felling the inevitable gum-trees and changing virgin bush into productive farm-land.

The *Flying Wallaby* was able to sail through passages which would be impossible to a larger vessel, and our Easter excursion was consequently a prolonged panorama very beautiful to watch, and much more beautiful than is generally supposed, even by old Brisbanians. Never more shall I wrong the mangrove-tree by improper charges. At home I remember the mangrove was reckoned a kind of aquatic upas-tree; it was always associated with swamp, miasma, death. The truth is, these trees are not only handsome in themselves, but perform a most useful part in the economy of nature. Their warp and woof of roots are a fabric that most serviceably sustains the sandy banks, and keeps the margins of large rivers from rapid destruction. Their dark, glossy foliage covers the mud of the fore-shore in an evergreen garment, and the laurel-like branches of the younger trees are a welcome contrast to the soberer background of Eucalypti. They tell me that, should one be fated to pass a summer's night beneath mangrove shades, one would hate the name of the genus for evermore. This may be verily so; but everything in its

place; and the last purpose to which I should dream of applying the mangrove would be to sleep under it at night or picnic beneath its leaves at noonday. It is a plucky shrub; the youngsters advance boldly down as far as low-water mark, and at once take tenacious hold of the ground, leaving their elders in the rear ranks to intertwine their gnarled limbs and give shelter and retreat to birds and shellfish.

Cruising in an ever-changing variety of waterways, with the land views shifting every hour, and with companions who have both the ready will and ability to instruct the stranger by pointing out and explaining the novelties, I must confess I returned from my Easter excursion with more enlarged views of Queensland life, and with a very excellent foundation upon which to build subsequent experience. On my voyage from England I had read well nigh all that was to be read of the colony and, after making allowances for not altogether unreasonable partialities and prejudices, had formed definite expectations respecting the general scenery, the people, life in the country, and life in the town. From the moment we entered Brisbane river I began to suspect that somehow Queensland had not been fairly treated by writers who had recorded their experience for English readers. As the days and weeks went on, and the opportunity was presented of forming an opinion of my own, that suspicion became a certainty. Everything struck me as better than had been described by many authorities upon Queensland, and closer acquaintance, in which of course I include our Easter excursion, has strengthened, and not diminished, the impression. Let the home friends of Queenslanders be satisfied that there is more to gladden—more in the outer world, more in social spheres—than some recent authors have felt at liberty to set forth.

To be sure, pleasant circumstances may have tinged everything to my eyes *coulour de rose*, just as accidental combinations may have had a contrary effect upon the minds of other observers. Doubtless the natural impulse of a man wishing always to look upon the brightest side of the life God has given him; whose spirits are high and blood strong; and who, above all, having been wet and dismal the night before, when there was not a speck to relieve the leaden gloom, steps upon deck in the morning to greet the glorious sun and to be a spectator of what reviving Nature is, would be to clap his hands and chant *Te Deum*. Yet, making all necessary allowances on such a score, I must repeat my admiration of the island scenery of Moreton Bay, and incidentally of such other portions of Queensland as I have visited.

*Those who chose to fish sat round the bulwarks aft the com-*



panion-way ; those who felt exercised in the direction of unlimited loo rigged up lanterns in the hold, sat around after the position of Orientals, and proceeded to business. A few smoked the pipe of peace, busily occupying themselves in doing nothing. This was the disposition of the little ship after the anchor was cast at eventide. The poet who wrote *the Elegy* could not have written here that

All the air a solemn stillness holds.

After nightfall millions of insects and frogs (the little green-tree frog especially) created a perpetual twitter, twitter, so shrill and sustained as to be a serious annoyance until you became accustomed to the uproar. The hoarse solo of a passing night bird, the distant howl of the native wild dog, and the far-off bass of the ocean's roar, came in opportunely either as an occasional variation or a constant undertone. Out of the *Flying Wallaby's* hold would at intervals issue laughter and song to startle the unseen choristers ashore into a momentary pause. Sooner or later the grasshoppers, locusts, and frogs would remain masters of the position. It is one of the drawbacks of Australia that there are no long days, no delicious twilights. Roughly speaking, it is night at six o'clock, and night is the time to sleep. Here, very literally, I come to the fly in the ointment ; our Easter excursion was prevented from being a season of unbroken happiness by mosquitos. Exigencies of time and tide compelled us to bring up pretty close to the shore, and this happened in every instance to be mangrove-lined. It was a fine chance for the mosquitos, and they embraced it as if they had not tasted blood for an age.

The old stagers affected to make light of the visitation, and pitied me, the "new chum," alleging that it was all a mere bagatelle, and that in due course, when the rich blood had become thinned and the skin better tanned, I should be quite mosquito-proof. To be frank, they shared fully in the punishment. I watched their agonies, heard their expletives. Without shame I confess, after being stung in every exposed part, through thick tweed trousers and socks, and I believe through my boots, I retreated to the deck, and occupied myself in observing the would-be sleepers below. It was the funniest of scenes ; side by side lay the half-slumbering companions, the attitude of each more grotesque, if possible, than that of his fellow. His Worship's face was covered by a red woollen nightcap, and in his torments he "let out" like a thoroughbred at the learned counsel nestling under the wing of the Post-Office opposite. The Doctor's hands were covered with socks, his head

with a fishing basket. The Professor was shrouded from crown to sole with white netting. The dim light of the lantern fell weirdly upon these singular forms. All the night through arms were rapidly raised and faces smitten; the hands worked like the hammers of a piano, and at each self-inflicted blow strong imprecations were muttered.

These trifles, however, were forgotten in the morning with the fresh breeze before which the mosquitos disappeared. The dingy conveyed us to land to bathe, stroll, fish, or shoot, and then back to breakfast around the dry-goods cask that made a most serviceable refectory table. We did fairly with the fishing-lines, but the guns were not in much requisition, although had sport been our primary object there was no lack of game. Everybody, however, knows that effective sporting with such game as pelicans and black swans requires time and close attention; and as it did not enter into our scheme to linger long at one place, or go out of our course to stalk game, only small birds, such as a few parrots, pigeons, sand pipers, and two tiny and prettily-marked bush birds, appeared in our bags. The Doctor and myself one morning strolled along a creek towards the open Pacific, and at a turn of the bush track I suddenly seized him by the arm and stopped him. In a waterhole, and within fifty yards range, were three prime black swans quietly paddling across to the other side. Of course we had left our weapons on board, and equally, of course, in our walk we came within easy shot of two varieties of ducks and a flock of clumsy quaint-looking pelicans. A crack rifleman in the party had several times, as the smack jogged along under a light breeze, tried long shots of some eight hundred yards with an old service carbine, but it was not to be supposed that he could do more under the circumstances than astonish the great solemn-looking birds; nor did he, although once he ploughed up the water within a foot of the prey.

Formidable creatures indeed we must have appeared to the inhabitants when we landed on a fern gathering expedition, as we did twice to gratify the desires of a brace of botanists, who invited the rest of us to assist in the foray. Cabbage tree, or some similar description of light broad-brimmed hat, was a necessity, with the sun at seventy-eight in the shade; neither coat nor waistcoat was worn; shirt open at the throat; waist tightened in by a leather belt, from which were suspended a frightful bowie knife, a pouch for watch and tobacco, and an American axe. These implements were, nevertheless, for something more than empty show, since the finest stag-horn ferns and other rare growths were only to be won by



felling the trees upon whose bark they grew, the former throwing out pale green leaves resembling the antlers of a buck. Scrub as usual was found preferable to bush for ferns, as, indeed, for all manner of plants, shrubs, and trees; "bush" being the land timbered lightly with the forest trees of the country, "scrub" the alluvial soil along the banks of the rivers densely covered with strange creeping and climbing plants and undergrowths, through which it is sometimes necessary to cut a passage. One of our number returned to the cutter with eight distinct varieties of fern, ranging in size from the trembling little maidenhair to the massive stag-horn, which, with the tree-limb to which it was attached, galled the shoulders of two men, who conveyed it on board perspiring and triumphant, and which trophy, still in life and health, at the present moment adorns a Brisbane verandah.

True to my colours, even at the Antipodes, I did the chief fishing for the party, taking advantage at the same time of every expedition on shore, but making play with the lines at each leisure moment.

The result was a very appreciable addition to our commissariat, although it would be the basest ingratitude not to admit that this department, under the anxious superintendence of a special committee, had been conceived and controlled with immense success. But who can refuse, let the table be never so well furnished, such a *bonne bouche* as a dish of fresh fish just caught in a masterly manner, and cooked to a turn in the common frying-pan? The fisherman certainly deserved the vote of thanks which on the last evening of the cruise was formally, and with much eloquence, proposed, seconded, supported thrice over, and carried, while the *Flying Wallaby* ran before the wind, and the heights beyond Breakfast Creek resounded with the familiar echoes of "För he's a jolly good fellow." His spoil had principally consisted of whiting, bream, tailor fish, and Jew fish,—all splendid eating, and all to be described on some future occasion, when they shall be the sole heroes of the subject. The flats at the mouth of the rivers furnished mussels and oysters for bait, and there was no necessity for using superfine tackle. The rule was to fish on with a couple of hooks over the taffrail until the bucket was full, and then to wind up till next time.

A singular instance of fish being attracted by light happened to me near Nerang Head. The night was at that time pitchy dark, and the jovial brotherhood were down below amusing themselves at whist and loo. I was fishing in solitary enjoyment over the stern, with a lantern on deck. This lantern, for some fancy or

other, I hung over the side, and within five minutes the water was fairly alive with mullet, rushing backward and forward under the light, leaping out of the water in shoals, and playing the maddest of pranks. A couple of fellows jumped distinctly at the lantern. The game lasted for about ten minutes, and the mullet then suddenly disappeared. I need scarcely add, for the information of fishermen, that although we were to our knowledge surrounded by grey mullet, they never by any chance touched the hook. The professional fishermen make extraordinary hauls sometimes in their nets, and from the Brisbane wharves in certain conditions of the river mullet have been taken with a small hook, and paste made of dough and the dried roe of cod or mullet. This, however, very rarely happens, the mullet being as great a puzzle to Australian as to English anglers.

Easter Sunday morning I spent in watching a number of South Sea Islanders engaged in their favourite sport of fishing. They had tramped across the bush from a sugar plantation fifteen miles distant. It is their habit to make this journey every Sunday, which is strictly kept in the colony as a day of rest. The Australian black takes naturally to a horse and saddle; the Polynesian takes naturally to a boat and fishing. Heedless of the sharks that are known to swarm in the waters along that part of the coast, the dusky good-tempered fellows were waist deep, tending their hand-lines with all the eagerness of schoolboys, hailing the capture of a fresh fish with shouts simple as those of children, and happy apparently as the day was long. Under the gum trees the fires were smouldering in readiness for the forthcoming feast.


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# RECOVERY OF PALESTINE.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

## II.—THE TEMPLE.

“HE Temple is Zion,” sang the Hebrew poets. The Temple was Zion as St. Peter’s is Rome, as St. Michael’s is Moscow, as the Dom is Cologne, as Pechersk is Kieff; not only a holy place, the inviolate asylum and centre of worship, but the physical glory of the city visible afar off, shining in the eyes of men,—the dwelling-place of a living God. Every road in Syria was in Jewish fancy a road to Jerusalem, and to pilgrims on all these roads the Temple was a striking and impressive sight. In truth, there were but three great roads; one road leading up from Damascus by way of Jericho and Olivet; a second road leading up from Egypt by way of Hebron and Bethlehem, with a branch from Jaffa and the Plain of Sharon; and a third road leading up from Samaria by way of Scopus. Pilgrims coming up to Jerusalem by each of these roads caught the Temple, as a peasant on the Campagna catches sight of St. Peter’s, and a boatman on the Dnieper the golden cupolas of Pechersk. Coming up the valley from Jericho, a sheikh from Damascus had the Temple front in sight; coming up from Bethlehem, a daughter of Egypt gazed on the cloisters of King Solomon, overtopped by the Court of Priests, the Altar, and the Holy Place. On climbing to the line of Scopus, a heretic from Samaria looked down the great ravine (called the Asmonean valley) which divides Acra from Bezetha, on the solid platform, courts, and pinnacles of the Temple. I suppose the aspect of Moriah was at least as striking in the Gospel times as it is to-day, when, apart from sentiment of the religious kind, all men of taste regard the mass of building—dome, screens, platforms, mosques, and gates—as the noblest architectural group of Syria, and one of the most pictorial groups in the world.

Solomon’s Temple was a small edifice, not larger than the church in Covent Garden; the magnificence of his pile was owing—first, to the height of his platform; next, to the beauty of his courts and colonnades; and last, to the wealth of his decorations. In every point Herod’s Temple surpassed that of Solomon. The central edifice was apparently the same in site and size, but the ground-floor was enlarged, the courts were increased in number, and the artists employed were

of a nobler school. No part of Herod's pile was more imposing than the ground-floor or Temple level, an enormous mass of masonry, presenting a wall at the south-eastern angle, over against Olivet, one hundred and sixty feet in height, and at the south-western angle, over against Zion, one of a hundred and forty feet. The platform of St. Paul's, in London, is only a hundred feet high. Above this level rose the royal porch and colonnade, with clusters of marble wall and screen, rising tier on tier up to the apex, occupied by the Temple front. First came the Gentile Court, in which stood the shops and stalls. A flight of fourteen steps, making twenty-two feet, led to the main level of the sanctuary, called the Court of the Israelites, in which was the guard-room, public offices, priests' lodgings, and the council-chamber. From this level a flight of five steps, about eight feet, led to the Court of Priests, to which the Levites alone had free right of access. Then came a third flight of steps, twelve in number, eighteen feet in height, leading to the Holy Place, on which upper platform stood the Temple proper and the Altar of Sacrifice. The Temple front sprang up into the air one hundred cubits, five feet higher than the portico of St. Peter's in Rome. From the rock level, at the south-eastern angle of the wall, a traveller coming up from Jericho first saw the whole face,—a height not less than seven hundred and sixty feet. The whole edifice was Greek, except the tent of stone containing the Holy Place and Holy of Holies. The order was apparently Corinthian; that of the royal colonnade was certainly so. Three rows of Corinthian columns supported the roof, dividing the porch into three aisles, like York Minster, but of greater length than the English edifice. Taken in mass, the Temple had no equal. Two or three Nilotic buildings covered a wider space, but neither the Temple of Thebes, nor that of Memphis, could compete in splendour with the proud edifice on Moriah. Athens and Rome had nothing to approach the work of Herod. The Temples of Minerva in Athens, and of Jupiter in Rome, would have stood under the roof of the royal colonnade on Mount Moriah. All sacred edifices in the west were small. If Herod's building had any rival, out of ancient Egypt, it was the temple of Palmyra; but this famous pile had neither so fine a situation nor such glorious art.

"There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be cast down." If Herod's pile had no rival in splendour, neither had it in shortness of life. The outer courts and gates were hardly finished before the day of destruction drew nigh. On the day of the Crucifixion, masons were still at work, and the artists of Antioch and Cæsarea may have desisted from their labour for a moment as



"the King of the Jews" was being nailed to a cross between two common thieves. Forty years later, Titus and his troops destroyed their work. Has any stone of that great edifice been left? By strange good fortune one of the most curious stones of that magnificent edifice has just been found.

The main difference in plan between Solomon's Temple and Herod's Temple was the Gentile Court. Solomon was a Jew and a King of Jews. In his day there were strangers in Jerusalem, but these strangers were not allowed to pass within the boundaries of his holy mount. His courts were two—a Court of Priests, and a Court of People; but in the reign of Herod, the strangers living in Jerusalem were as numerous and independent as the Jews themselves. They had to be considered by the king. Now every temple had an open space about it, occupied as a sook or market-place, and the great structure on Mount Moriah followed the usual rule. Herod had a problem to solve. Greeks, Egyptians, and other strangers, could not, under Roman rule, be excluded from the market-place. These Greeks, Egyptians, and other strangers, could not, under Jewish law, be suffered to come within the Temple courts. Herod hit on the device of enlarging the Temple area, and establishing a Gentile Court, in which men of all creeds and races might meet and mix for business purposes without offence. Here, in the Gentile Court, stood the money-changers' stalls; here the sacrificial lambs and doves were sold. This Gentile Court, lying on the lowest tier, was adorned with the royal colonnade, and the upper walks on the wall commanded views over the wilderness, the Dead Sea, and the Moab mountains. It was the pleasantest promenade in Jerusalem. How were these strangers, once admitted to the Temple area, prevented from passing to the Hebrew Court?

A low balustrade divided Greek from Jew. This screen was hardly breast-high, so that men could talk with each other across and above the wall. Tablets, says Josephus, were set on this balustrade, at equal distances from each other, with notices in Greek and Latin letters that no stranger should pass that screen *on pain of death*. Doubts have been cast on the truth of this statement by the Jewish writer: in the first place, because Josephus in another place, while noting the prohibition, says nothing of the penalty; in the second place, because it is hard to see how such a tolerant people as the Romans could have suffered the high-priests to kill men for such an offence as passing through an open space. Our commissioner in Palestine, M. Ganneau, has found one of these inscribed tablets from the Temple balustrade.

Outside the Haram area, not far from the north-western angle, lies a small Mohammedan graveyard. You approach it from the *Via Dolorosa*. Several sheikhs connected with the Dome of the Rock lie buried here, and hence the little sunken fosse is looked on as holy ground. A small gateway leads into the cemetery, and on one of the lower stones of this gate M. Ganneau saw some marks. Scraping away the dirt, he found seven lines of inscription in Greek :—

ΜΗΘΕΝΑΛΛΟΓΕΝΗΕΙΣΠΟ  
ΡΕΥΕΣΘΑΙΕΝΤΟΣΤΟΥΠΕ  
ΡΙΤΟΙΕΡΟΝΤΡΥΦΑΚΤΟΥ ΚΑΙ  
ΠΕΡΙΒΟΛΟΥ ΟΣΔ'ΑΝ ΛΗ  
ΦΘΗΕΑΥΤΩΙΑΙΤΙΟΣ ΕΣ  
ΤΑΙΔΙΑΤΟΕΞΑΚΟΛΟΥ  
ΘΕΙΝ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΝ

In English thus :—

“No stranger is allowed to pass within the balustrade round the Temple and court. If found, the offender will take the consequence, paying the penalty of his life.”

Here, then, is not only a true piece of the old Temple, but a piece which is of importance in many ways. It gives us a test for judging of Greek inscriptions, and assists us in assigning other stones to the time of Herod. It is evidence of a welcome kind that the text of Josephus may be trusted. But the chief value of this tablet lies in the light which it throws on that obscure passage in the life of our Saviour—His scourging of the Temple courts, not only under the eyes of priests and Levites, but in the neighbourhood of a Roman governor and an imperial garrison. The strangers had extended their operations beyond the balustrade, and any Israelite was justified in driving them back. Being trespassers they had no appeal. Our tablet helps us, in like manner, to understand that curious and dramatic passage in the life of St. Paul—the charge of introducing Trophimus, the Ephesian, into the Temple court, and the demand that he should die for his offence. If Trophimus were a Greek, and if St. Paul carried him into the Israelites' Court, the priests were technically right. His life was forfeit to the law. Hence the perplexity of the Roman captain; hence the need for keeping Paul in the castle. Hence, also, St. Paul's appeal to his rights as a Roman citizen, which alone saved him from the malice of his old employer, Ananias, the high-priest.

So far as we yet know, this bit of buried stone is the only real fragment of the Temple of Herod that remains.

Of the next succeeding temple—the Pagan temple—in which Jupiter replaced Jehovah—we have found a fragment, hardly less curious and important as a piece of history in stone than Herod's tablet—a marble bust of the Emperor Hadrian.



Recall the wonderful and dramatic scene. After the destruction by Titus, Jerusalem rose from her ashes, not swiftly and radiantly, so as to compare with palm-girt Jericho, and sea-washed Cæsarea, yet with something of her ancient character. Her Temple had been burnt down, but the plough had not been driven through her soil, and no curse had been launched against building on her hill-sides. For fifty years the city was at peace; such peace as comes after final effort and assured defeat. The princes had fled, the priestly families had gone to Galilee, Cyprus, and Egypt. Hardly any save the poor, and their officiating priests remained in Jerusalem. Tiberias had become the seat of Hebrew learning, Memphis and Alexandria the scenes of Hebrew enterprise. When thinking of the Jews, a Roman emperor like Vespasian or Domitian, thought less of Palestine than of Egypt, Cyprus, and Cyrene. A great revolt took place in Egypt, where the Jews burnt Alexandria, and were carried to Cyprus, where they were crushed by Hadrian; but for sixty years after the burning of their Temple, the men of Judah gave no sign of independent life.

Then came the rising of Bar Cochaba, Son of the Star, last and greatest of the many false Messiahs who appeared within a century after Christ's birth and death. This personage is still a mystery. A hundred legends gather round him, yet his name is not known, nor has his family been traced. For months this man defied the empire, forcing so great a soldier as Severus to remain in camp and stand on his defence; yet no one knew what he was, or whence he came. The man was of extraordinary size and strength. Most people like a ruler to be big and hardy. Saul was selected for his size, and Samson for his sinew. Like Saul, Cochaba was taller by a head than all his brethren; and, like Samson, he could fell an ox and break a lion's jaw. In youth, he is supposed to have spent much of his time with thieves, and even to have been a thief himself. He was an adept in arts, which Orientals prize beyond genius, learning, and virtue,—arts invented by jugglers and magicians. When he showed himself to strangers, flames seemed to leap out from between his lips, so that he breathed with tongues of fire. These flames were his credentials, easy to be read by peasants and herdsmen. The trick needs some practice and a good deal of muscular endurance. I have seen it done by mountebanks in Morocco. A piece of flax is set on fire, rolled into a ball, and put into the mouth. The fire is partly smothered, smoke comes out, and when the mountebank breathes, his teeth and lips appear to be wrapped in flame. Few men could bear the pain, yet the Morocco juggler will "eat fire" and "breathe flame" for a reward of twenty piastres. Such was *Bar Cochaba*, Son of the Star. Like David, whose descendant

he assumed to be, Cochaba lived at first in caves and tombs. Such fastnesses abound in all the ravines near Jerusalem. Here he gathered in men and laid up store of arms. Burrowing in the ground, he ran galleries right and left, and made a catacomb of every hill-side. From early days the Jews had been fond of secret passages and underground roads. Moriah was honeycombed with cisterns, corridors, and chambers. One great tunnel connected Zion with the Temple, and the spacious vaults, now known as the quarries, lay beneath the palace of Bezetha. David made war from the Cave of Adullam; Cochaba made preparations for war in fifty caves of Adullam. Issuing from his lair, he crept to the height, of which he made a watch-tower and a block-house. Crest by crest he felt his way, coming nearer and nearer to Jerusalem, until, like David, he was master of the open country, when he drew in his clouds of mounted marauders, and could treat with the Sanhedrim on the footing of a prince. While David stood alone he was a shepherd; when he had gathered in his band he was a lord. So it was with every leader of revolt, from Judas of Galilee down to Bar Cochaba.

Some of the most learned men in Israel saluted this impostor as the Christ that was to come. Akiba, prince of the Sanhedrim, often called the Second Moses, was the first rabbi. This venerable scholar, to whose zeal we owe the Mishna, was a hundred and twenty years old. He had seen a jackal prowling in the ruins of Moriah; he had looked with scorn on the temple of Jupiter in Rome. When one of his disciples, gazing on the Capitol, burst into tears, Akiba had rebuked his want of faith: "If the enemies of God have so much, how much more may not the children of God expect?" This royal Hebrew hailed Cochaba as that star that was to rise in Jacob, and announced to Judah that the day of her deliverance was at hand. Thousands on thousands flocked to his banner, streaming in from Hebron and Tiberias, from Cyprus and Egypt, from Antioch and Rome. From one end of Jewry to the other news ran round that Christ had come, and that the holy war had been proclaimed. Some Israelites answered in person, others in money, and all in prayer. Cochaba left the caves in which he had dwelt, and put himself at the head of his bands of horse. Akiba held his reins, and took from him the rank of standard-bearer; while bands, composed of Greeks, Samaritans, and Bedouins, as well as Jews, saluted him as king.

Gathering in his strength, this temporal Messiah dashed at Jerusalem, and set up his kingdom among the ruins of Zion, with the cry, Jehovah Echad, God is One. The Roman legions had to retire. Fifty strong castles and nearly a thousand villages fell into his hands. In Ptolemais, Cæsarea, and the great cities, the Romans held their



ground against his wild horse, but in the open country Bar Cochaba was the only sheikh and king. Coins were struck in his name; services were conducted by his command. A new and singular mark was put on his followers, more striking than the rite ascribed to Moses. To prove his faith and courage, each of his two hundred thousand horsemen cut off a finger. Like himself, his followers were expected to be strong. "He who cannot ride full speed and pluck up a cedar as he dashes past, may go his way."

Hadrian felt that a great war was coming on. Sending to Britain for Severus, he placed the armies of Syria in his hands, with orders to destroy the whole city of Jerusalem, and replace it by a Roman colony. Troops were poured from Europe, Asia, and Africa into Palestine. Trained in the British school of arms, Severus knew how to deal with an enemy strong in cavalry and weak in fortresses. He avoided open fighting, but seized and fortified point after point, pushing the rebels back, and wearing out the patience and provisions of their mighty host. The Jews fought splendidly, yet month by month their lines fell in, and, at the end of three years, the kingdom was reduced to a small plateau on the crest of Judah. Zion was too weak for long defence, her walls being levelled with the earth. Standing alone, the citadel, which Titus had spared for reasons of his own, could not sustain a lengthened siege.

Moriah was a desert place, the house of fox and jackal; but a stand was made at Beth Er, a town on the ridge of Judah, not far from Bethlehem. Cochaba fought like a Maccabee; but Roman science was too strong for Oriental fanaticism. A remnant of his host still kept their faith in the impostor, but as the enemy drew nigh, doubts arose among the priests. A Deliverer who fell back, even though he fell back fighting, could not be the Christ destined to come. Rabbi Eleazar preached the need of prayer, and as the fortunes of Cochaba waned, the Jews gave ear to any one who brought new counsels to their camp. As Moses stood on the Mount, watching the battle and praying for success, so Eleazar knelt on a high place and prayed for success. While he cried out to Jehovah, the Jews prevailed, or fancied they prevailed, a fact which set up Eleazar as a dangerous rival of Cochaba. A Samaritan came to the King's assistance. Stealing up to the rabbi, he pretended to whisper in his ear. "No whispering," cried Cochaba, "what is this?" The rabbi could not say at first; the Samaritan affected silence, but at length confessed that Eleazar had employed him to capitulate. Eleazar was put to death. A new division now broke out; some turning openly against their king, others refusing to expose their lives. Amidst these broils,

the town was stormed. Cochaba fell on the wall, his sword in hand. Akiba was taken prisoner, and the whole of their followers were either put to the sword or sold as slaves. Cochaba's head was carried to the Roman camp. Akiba was flayed alive, then put to death. Not less than five hundred and eighty thousand persons perished in this final rising of the Jews.

Hadrian fixed a colony on Zion, which he called *Ælia Capitolina*, after himself and Jupiter! *Ælius Hadrianus* was his name, Jupiter *Capitolinus* was his god. No Hebrew was to settle in his colony, nor come in sight of the Temple hill. Samaritans, Egyptians, Greeks, might buy land, build houses, and aspire to civic rights; even Christians from Pella and Antioch were allowed to lodge by the Holy Sepulchre: but no follower of Jehovah was to enter this city of the Roman Caesar and the Roman Jove. Hadrian built a theatre on Zion, where Greek comedies were played, as in the theatres of *Cæsarea* and *Tiberias*. In imitation of the temple in Rome, he built a Temple in *Moriah*, where priests of Jupiter offered sacrifice, and watched the flight of birds. *Ælia* was dedicated to Jupiter; yet the emperor claimed his share throughout. Two statues were placed in the new temple; one of Jupiter, a second of Hadrian. Alexander of Macedon thought he paid the Libyan god a compliment by declaring himself his son. Napoleon, in the same tone of patronage, said the obscure saint whose name he bore ought to feel much gratified at his partnership in fame. So, too, with Hadrian. Other *Cæsars* had been worshipped with divine honours, both while they lived and after they were dead, and chiefly in cities which they had conquered, ravaged, and restored. Julius had a temple in Rome, and nearly all his successors were enrolled amongst the gods. Which among these rulers had been more fortunate than Hadrian? Only two, Augustus and Trajan, had been spared to celebrate the *Vincunalia*. Hadrian had been the third. It was already a saying, "May you be happier than Augustus, better than Trajan." Hadrian was happier than Augustus, if not better than Trajan. Why should he not assume the god? He had shared with Jupiter the new name of Zion, why not share with Jupiter the new worship on *Moriah*?

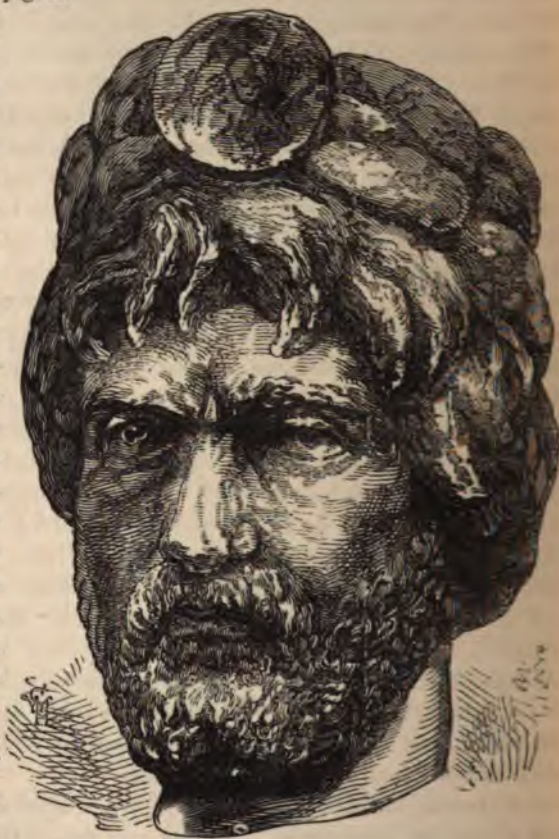
The two statues of Hadrian and Jupiter remained on the Temple hill for several generations. Jerome saw them; the Bordeaux Pilgrim saw them. When they were cast down is uncertain. The zeal of Constantine spared the image of his illustrious predecessor on the throne, while Christian rage against Jupiter was turned aside by the device of calling the image of the god a second statue of Hadrian. This emperor was a favourite with the early Christians, who owed



to him the privilege of settling near the Holy Sepulchre. St. Jerome recognized the idol, but the Bordeaux Pilgrim heard it described as a statue of Hadrian, rebuilder of Jerusalem, under the name of *Ælia*. What Constantine left on the Temple hill succeeding emperors were not likely to disturb. The Persians under Chosroes, and the Arabs under Omar, were idol-breakers. When they entered *Ælia*, they were certain to cast down such images, whether they were of gods or men; and thus the two statues, once so proudly dominant in the Holy Place, were broken to pieces, and the fragments shot as rubbish from the city-gate.

This bust of Hadrian, broken and defaced, has now been found close to the spot where Omar's iconoclasts may have cast it forth. Here, as the Bordeaux Pilgrim saw it standing on the Temple hill in the year of grace 333, is the bust of that formidable prince who drove the Jews out of Palestine, and erased the name of Jerusalem from the imperial map.

The finding of this relic is a kind of idyl. Round about the Holy City lie great heaps of stones—ruins of walls, towers, houses, cisterns, tombs—the quarries of a race of men too poor to buy, and too *inert* to dig, new building materials. These heaps of stone cost no *more* than the trouble of picking them up and bringing them to the



town. Thus many poor boys and men, when work is slack, go out with their donkeys in search of stone. One day a donkey-boy was picking up his supper of stones outside the Damascus gate, on the old road to Samaria—the very path along which our Lord passed on His way to Jacob's well—when he came on some fallen blocks, the ruins of an old wall belonging to a Moslem of the city called Rabah Effendi. One of these blocks was carved, and when the lad looked close, disclosed the features of a man—a man of strange form and aspect, for his beard was cut and curled, his countenance Frank-like, and his hair bound by a fillet, holding a medal on which was an imperial eagle. Our donkey-boy had never seen the like. No Jew ever sets up a graven image; no Moslem makes a figure of himself in stone. No statue of king or caliph, bishop, archimandrite, or iman decorates Jerusalem; so that a donkey-driver has no means of seeing such works of art. To him it could be nothing but an idol—an abomination in the sight of Allah. So he showed the unclean thing to the Effendi, instead of selling it to a builder, by whom it might have been buried for another thousand years in the foundation of a wall. The Moslem could set no value on his find, but as he showed it to his friends, the carved face became the talk of a city where any news is a fortune. Curious eyes soon fell on the "idol"; among others, those of our shrewd commissioner, M. Clermont-Ganneau, and those of a wily Russian monk, the Archimandrite of New Jerusalem. Seeing that the art was Greek, M. Clermont-Ganneau first thought of the Herodian princes as likely to have hired Greek sculptors; but on his sending a sketch to London, the head was instantly recognized by Mr. Vaux, our eminent colleague, as that of Hadrian. It was enough to make one start. No bust of Hadrian is mentioned at Jerusalem, except the statue on the Sacred Mount.

We sent M. Clermont-Ganneau orders to secure the bust. Unluckily for us, the Russian monk was on the spot. Seeing the value of this broken marble as a piece of history, he bought it for his convent ere our letters reached Jerusalem. All credit fall to him! He saw his chance, and used it well. With the suavity which becomes his order, he allowed us to photograph the work, and afterwards to take a cast. These reproductions may be seen at our Society's room, in Pall Mall East; material witness of events hardly ever surpassed in human interest—the last captivity of the Jews, the final destruction of Jerusalem, the foundation of a foreign colony on Zion, the erection of a Pagan temple on Moriah, and the assumption by the conqueror of partnership with the Roman god of gods.



# MODERN TACTICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

BY H. B. CROSBY,

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WHEN the great civilized powers shall have finally adopted an international code, under which their disputes may be settled by peaceful methods of arbitration, standing armies will be no longer necessary; but until that good time arrives, and while knowledge of the art of war continues to be regarded as essential to national existence, the tactical organization of armies, upon which successful warfare so largely depends, will always command the earnest consideration of the military student. A very able and interesting article upon this subject, in a late number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*,\* by Major W. W. Knollys, of the 93rd Sutherland highlanders, has attracted great attention in the United States, and so also has an equally able but more elaborate article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by Col. G. Pomeroy Colley, upon the word "army," to which article Major Knollys particularly refers. It may perhaps add variety and interest to the discussion to point out some of the tactical changes which have been made in the United States, where the system of infantry tactics in use, at the outbreak of the war in the south, was practically that of France. The long wars of Napoleon were regarded as having settled the best methods of tactical organization and manœuvring. The union and rebel armies were each drilled, disciplined, and handled according to the same system, such having been the military education of the officers upon both sides. The infantry, cavalry, and artillery, had each its own system of tactics. But with the progress of the war, it was often found necessary to dismount the cavalry and employ it as infantry; in such cases, the cavalry would otherwise have been of no use, on account of the difficult nature of the ground, or the heavy forests where infantry alone could be employed. To be of use on such occasions, the cavalry under some of our generals was specially drilled as

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\* See *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* for November, 1875, page 574.

infantry, and thus it was to a certain extent prepared to act in either branch of the service, and in particular could be made useful during a siege, or in defending a line of earthworks, or serving as a dismounted reserve or support to infantry.

Near the close of the war, dismounted cavalry was used as infantry, with great success in the numerous hot encounters with the enemy around Petersburg, and when finally Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated by the rebel troops, the cavalry serving as infantry was at once remounted, and led the pursuit against the retreating enemy with so much dash and vigour as to render escape impossible. The cavalry was armed with sabres, and with repeating rifles, of which there are several patterns, and which can be fired some dozen or more times in quick succession without taking the piece from the shoulder. These rifles, on the march, were slung from the shoulder by a leathern strap, and being much lighter than the pieces used by infantry, did not overburden the soldier as a cavalryman any more than his sabre interfered with his movements on foot.

When the war came to an end, it was a matter of common remark among our officers who had survived the long struggle, that there was a large amount of unwritten and yet exceedingly useful tactical knowledge, not to be found in any authorized system of tactics, but constituting an important feature in numerous battalion movements, in cases not otherwise provided for. Such new movements had been originated and practised by regimental officers, in the school of the company and the battalion, with a view to devising the best methods of managing and directing skirmishers, when covering the advance of the main army, in line or in column, through a hostile country, or in the immediate presence of the enemy. It became evident also, that a more simple and rapid method of handling troops was indispensable, in order to fully develop and render available the increased destructiveness of the new weapons, for the prowess of each man is perhaps five-fold greater, if armed with a weapon, which like the Spencer rifle, for example, can be discharged from twelve to sixteen times without removing the piece from the shoulder.

The writer, in May, 1864, witnessed the repulse of a rebel midnight attack upon an advanced *salient* of a line of earthworks, south of Richmond, where a single regiment of dismounted cavalry, armed with Henry rifles, had been temporarily posted to relieve a regiment of infantry that had been on duty at this point some sixty hours or more. The assault was made by the enemy with the most determined bravery, and the head of their column, with bayonets fixed, had nearly reached the *salient*, when the cavalymen, with their



pieces resting upon the parapet, fired such terribly destructive and continuous volleys, that the assaulting troops were not only repulsed, but routed and driven back with fearful loss. Their brave commander, General Walker, who led the charge in person, was shot in five different places, and fell just outside the parapet so severely wounded that his recovery seemed for a long time doubtful. His assault was sudden, unexpected, and so fearlessly made, that it must inevitably have proved successful, if the *salient* had been held by troops armed with muzzle-loading guns instead of repeating rifles.

Another reason for changing the system of tactics hitherto in use was the invention and perfection of the new and terrible engine of war, the Gatling gun, which is destined to exercise an influence hitherto unknown in the active field operations of armies.

The rapid and continuous discharge of a single Gatling gun, firing 500 bullets a minute, and effective at a range of 1,000 or 1,500 yards, will have a most demoralizing effect, if skilfully handled, upon solid infantry formations in the open field. This gun is peculiarly adapted, also, to the defence of intrenched positions, to protecting roads, defiles, bridges, and villages; it is effective for silencing field batteries; for increasing the infantry fire at the critical moment of battle; for supporting field batteries, and protecting them against cavalry and infantry charges; for covering the retreat of a repulsed column; and generally it is a formidable weapon on account of the accuracy, continuity, and intensity of its fire. For both flank and direct fire its power is unquestionable. Most of the new breech-loading rifles for infantry use are effective weapons at long range, and are capable of being discharged from six to eight times a minute; and thus the common soldier in the ranks is possessed of a destructive power, at least five times greater than was the fact but a few years ago.

The necessity, therefore, of a system of rapid and simple tactics adapted to each branch of service, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, so as to render the new implements of warfare available to their fullest extent, must be conceded. These new questions had become subjects for discussion while our armies were in the field, but the conclusion of the war in 1865 prevented the possibility of their practical solution at that time, and yet intelligent officers had devised methods of handling troops armed with the new weapons, and also had provided for overcoming difficulties in regard to the skirmish line which Major Knollys mentions as having been experienced by Prussian officers in the Franco-German war, when finding their companies very much mixed up after a fight, considerable time being required

before the men could be got into their proper places again. These difficulties seem to be inherent in the English system of skirmishing also, for Major Knollys says, that according to "our system of tactics two or three companies advance to the attack in skirmishing order, and are gradually reinforced by other companies already extended. At the commencement, therefore, the captain of a front company has to superintend a line of about 350 yards long. When the reinforcing companies become mixed up with those first sent out, the supervision of that line of front is divided between two or three captains, each of whom would issue his orders to the men nearest him. Thus there would be a division of authority and responsibility, and an utter absence of supreme control and unity of purpose. It would be difficult to disentangle the companies during a fight. But suppose the attempt were made, and proved partially successful; suppose Captain A. wished to employ for a special purpose those of his men who were in that part of the line under the temporary supervision of Captain B., the latter might at a critical moment find his plans upset."

When Major Knollys remarks that such a system of tactics is "likely to lead to great confusion, and is, in every respect, radically vicious," he does not in the least exaggerate the faults of the system. If Captain A., in the case supposed, should happen to be actively engaged on his skirmish line with the enemy, he would find it an exceedingly difficult matter to extricate his men from that part of the skirmish line under Captain B., even if Captain B. had no plans that would be in danger of being upset at a critical moment. For Captain A.'s men, who are "mixed up" with the men of another company on another part of the skirmish line would be obliged to move under fire either to the right or left, along the skirmish line, in order to rejoin their own company, which would be a very delicate thing to do in the presence of the enemy, and as unmilitary as it would be to attempt to countermarch under fire. In the first place, Captain A., on the skirmish line, should command his own men, and Captain B. should, in like manner, command *his* own men. Men fight better when under their own officers. Men who are accustomed to stand shoulder to shoulder in all company and regimental drills, on parade and at reviews, should not be separated on the skirmish line or in time of battle. The group of four men who compose two files in the double rank infantry formations are comrades in battle. They know each other. They rely upon each other. They will stand by and assist each other in all the numerous perils of the battle-field, as well as in all



the hardships of a campaign. Keep these four comrades together in action and they will make a stout fight. Separate them, or mix them up with strangers under other officers than their own, and half their *morale* is gone before the fight begins. This is true of each group of four men in the entire company. It is true, also, of the company, in its relations with the regiment, while the regiment itself needs the *esprit de corps* of the brigade to which it belongs, and the brigade that of the division, or the *corps d'armée*. Each sub-division, if detached suddenly from the particular organization to which it belongs, loses for the moment that moral stamina, the result of association, so vitally essential to the success of a battle or a campaign.


The difficulties discussed by Major Knollys are met in a general way by his allusion to the suggestions of Lord Sandhurst upon this subject. His Lordship's views are quite to the point, except as to the necessity of forming the company four deep before the deployment of a section as skirmishers.

Skirmishers are either thrown out to clear the way for the advance of the main body previous to action, or to cover the advance, or to guard against surprises, by giving timely notice of the approach of the enemy, or to conceal the movements of the main body from the observations of the enemy. For these purposes the skirmish line may advance, engage the enemy, be reinforced in order to hold its ground, or fall back upon the main body when it is intended to bring on a general engagement with the enemy, in which latter case the skirmishing ceases and the battle begins.

Now the precise question considered by Major Knollys is, how to establish the skirmish line so that it may not only be effective as a skirmish line, but also so that the men who are deployed as skirmishers may not become mixed up, and out of place, and thereby rendered comparatively useless both upon the skirmish line and afterwards when the real action begins.

Suppose it is desired to cover the front of a brigade, advancing in line of battle to meet the enemy. The brigade, we will say, is composed of four regiments of ten companies each, and each company contains one hundred men formed in two ranks, with three commissioned officers, a captain, a first and second lieutenant, and thirteen non-commissioned officers, consisting of five sergeants and eight corporals. The field officers to each regiment are the colonel, who is the regimental commander, the lieutenant-colonel, and the senior and junior majors.

Now as the brigade, in the case supposed, is advancing in line to



meet the enemy, the presumption is that a *light* skirmish line only is needed. And under such circumstances, the sole object and purpose of a skirmish line is to guard against a surprise, or an ambushade, and to exchange the first shots with the enemy, thereby giving warning of his position. When the opposing forces are so near that the battle is about to begin, or if the advancing brigade intends to commence the action, its line of skirmishers at once falls back, each man resuming his proper place in the company to which he belongs. Having thus generally considered the object and movements of the skirmish line before the commencement of battle, let us look to its particular method of formation in the case supposed.

The colonel of each regiment, having been previously advised by the brigadier-general that an ordinary line of skirmishers only is needed to cover the advance, designates the right section of each company with a second lieutenant and sergeant for such purpose. Ten such sections form a regiment, each with a second lieutenant and sergeant; and the whole, under command of the junior major of the regiment, march forward at the word of command, and deploy at intervals of say ten paces between each man. The whole brigade front is thus covered, upon the principle that each company furnishes a designated number of men to cover its own company front; or, in other words, each regiment covers its own regimental front. When it becomes necessary for the skirmishers to retire, they fall back upon their respective regiments and resume their places in the company as the engagement commences. All light skirmishing can be thus conducted.

But to suppose a different case, as when the enemy makes the attack, and it is desired to check his advance for tactical reasons, such as reforming the line of battle, changing direction, or for deployment, or to await the arrival of reinforcements; then a strong line of skirmishers, with a reserve, is needed. In such a case, a platoon from each company, in command of the captain and second lieutenant, or of the first and second lieutenants, would furnish at small intervals, with suitable reserves, a skirmish line of five hundred men for each regimental front, the whole under the direction of the lieutenant-colonel, assisted by the senior or junior major. The lieutenant-colonel receives his order to advance or retire from the colonel of the regiment, who, in his turn, receives his orders from the brigadier-general. Such a line of skirmishers is capable of making quite a serious resistance, and if it is found that the skirmish line is really the proper line of battle, then the remaining platoons, which up to this time have not changed their positions, may move



forward as if they were the reserve of the skirmishers, and take their places in line to continue the fight, the several companies then being reunited. The battle is then fairly opened, and such troops as may be in reserve are subject to the disposal of the commanding general, either for a change in column or a flank attack, or other movement, according to the exigencies of the case.

It not unfrequently happens that an entire regiment can be most successfully employed on skirmish duty. In such case a regiment is not expected to take an early part in the engagement which follows; but when the skirmishing ceases, the regiment reforms in the rear of the line of battle and constitutes a part of the reserve.

In Upton's "Tactics," now in use in the United States, the instructions for skirmishers are arranged under the following heads:—  
1. To deploy forward; 2. To deploy by the flank; 3. To extend intervals; 4. To close intervals; 5. To relieve skirmishers; 6. To advance in line; 7. To retreat in line; 8. To change direction; 9. To march by the flank; 10. To fire at a halt; 11. To load and fire marching; 12. To rally and to assemble. Under the foregoing heads, all the movements of the company as skirmishers are regulated.

In one of the methods prescribed in this system of tactics to deploy the battalion as skirmishers, the colonel first indicates the size of the company reserves, and also designates the companies to constitute the battalion reserve; as the company reserves fill vacant places, relieve the fatigued, and supply the skirmishers with ammunition, they need not be larger than is necessary for these duties. The battalion reserve consists of two or three companies, one to be taken from each wing, and the third from near the centre. Such reserve is usually commanded by the lieutenant-colonel, and the companies thus designated are to step a few paces backwards.

The battalion is always deployed as skirmishers from line of battle. The colonel, for example, to deploy the battalion forward, causes the company on which the deployment is made and the next on the left, to march ten paces to the front, when he gives the prescribed tactical orders for the battalion on (such) company to take intervals. The companies which deploy to the right will be designated as the right wing, those to the left the left wing. The senior major superintends the deployment of his wing. The other wing is superintended by the junior major. The adjutant, mounted, remains with the colonel, who may go wherever his presence is necessary to consummate the movements. The battalion being deployed, the colonel will cause the line to advance, retreat, change

direction, move by the right or left flank, rally by fours, or by company, and execute the fires by the same commands as prescribed for a company of skirmishers. As to the movements of the reserve, as soon as the deployment of the battalion commences, the captains of reserve companies will form them in single rank; the lieutenant-colonel posting them on strong ground from three to four hundred yards in rear of the skirmish line in the following order:—the right company opposite the left of the right company of skirmishers, the left company opposite the right of the left company of skirmishers, the centre company opposite the centre of the battalion. If the other companies are beyond the reach of his voice, his commands are passed by file-closers posted for that purpose. The battalion reserve conforms to the movements of the battalion, advancing, retreating, or moving by the right or left flank, as the case may be.

Now if the skirmish line should be attacked, or threatened by superior numbers, in that case, if its position is stronger than that held by the reserve, the colonel will order the lieutenant-colonel to reinforce the line.

Such necessity brings us face to face in this particular method of reinforcing the skirmish line with the difficulties mentioned by Major Knollys. For, to give the actual details of the advance of the reserve, the lieutenant-colonel then gives the command—1. *Reserve as Skirmishers*; 2. *On the centre files take intervals*; 3. *MARCH*. These commands are repeated by the captains, and each reserve company at once deploys on its centre file. The deployment being finished, the lieutenant-colonel commands—1. *Double time*; 2. *MARCH*; and thus conducts his reserve forward to the skirmish line, where without other command, all the men will halt and join in the action. The battalion reserve when thus united to the skirmish line, conforms to its movements.

When it is desired to withdraw the battalion reserve, the lieutenant-colonel commands—1. *Reserve in retreat*; 2. *MARCH*. At the second command all the reserve skirmishers march in retreat. Having retired a sufficient distance, the reserve companies are then assembled by proper commands on the centre files, and afterwards posted as before the advance. The tactical difficulties mentioned by Major Knollys, resulting from the mixing up of men of different companies are avoided, because the reserve itself is manœuvred as a separate body.

The foregoing movements of the battalion reserve explain the manner in which it reinforces the skirmish line, and may be withdrawn therefrom. But should the skirmish line itself be forced back,



it retires to the line occupied by the battalion reserve, and while this is taking place, the battalion reserve is itself being deployed so that when the skirmishers arrive on the reserve skirmish line, they are halted and faced to the front on the new line, when all commence firing together. In this case the reserve is withdrawn in the same manner as before indicated, and when the skirmishing ceases, the assembly of the battalion takes place by appropriate commands, simultaneously with the battalion reserve and the skirmishing companies.

In the method of deploying the regiment as skirmishers just considered, seven companies constitute the skirmish line, and three companies form the battalion reserve.

If the reserve companies are needed on the skirmish line they become interspersed throughout the entire line with the men already in that line, but it will be observed that they are still under the command of the lieutenant-colonel and their respective company officers as a reserve. As the men of the reserve companies are, however, separated from their comrades in battle, and are mixed up with the men of other companies, the views before expressed, in regard to such a formation tend to show that it is not the most desirable, and yet perhaps it is not wholly objectionable for the reason that only three reserve companies are mixed up, and as to these companies, there is a precise way prescribed for withdrawing them from the line, and rapidly assembling the entire regiment whenever it is desired so to do, all confusion or mixing up of the men being avoided.

But a more simple method of deployment in skirmish drill is where platoons of companies are first deployed, and the remaining platoons are held in position as reserves. In such case, when the reserves are needed on the skirmish line, the companies become reunited as before the deployment, and the comrades in battle are in fact, as well as in name, comrades in battle, and their full individual worth as soldiers is at once made available.

The skirmish drill should be such that the skirmishers may be moved in any direction with the greatest rapidity possible. And to this end the movements of skirmishers need not be executed with the same precision as in closed ranks, prompt execution being of greater importance than tactical exactness. When skirmishers are thrown out to clear the way for the advance of the main force or to cover or protect such advance, their movements should be so directed as to keep the main body constantly covered. It is important that the line of skirmishers should be supported by a reserve,

and thus vacant places on the skirmish line may be filled, cartridges supplied, and the fatigued relieved, as before stated. Such reserve may be formed from the detail of each company assigned to skirmish duty, and should be posted about 150 paces in rear of the skirmish line. A main reserve posted 400 paces from the line is necessary where the skirmishers are expected to make a stout resistance. The position of the main reserve should be favourable to the formation of a new line, in case the skirmish line and reserves are obliged to retire. The skirmishers should be well practised in handling their pieces. Each man should be a sharpshooter, and to that end target practice is all important. The breech-loading rifles now in use render each man in the skirmish line a formidable opponent. He can fire, easily and accurately, ten or a dozen shots, where a soldier armed with a muzzle-loader could fire but one. He can load as handily while lying down, and is therefore less exposed. With his trowel he can intrench, and thus become a small but by no means an insignificant fortification.

An intrenched skirmish line of breech-loaders will be found in future wars to be quite a serious obstacle. It can force an army advancing in column to deploy, and when deployed, the skirmish line can retire until the advancing army has again formed in column to resume the march, when it will be again compelled to deploy in order to rout the obstinate line of intrenched skirmishers. The advance of an army can thus be most seriously obstructed, for its own skirmish line would be ineffectual as against an intrenched line, and to fight skirmishers with skirmishers involves in grand tactics too much loss of time. In such case if the advance of the army is through an open country, its route may be cleared by cavalry; if through a wooded country, or a country otherwise difficult for cavalry, the opposing skirmishers have still the advantage.

Skirmishers should be concealed, as far as practicable, from the view of the enemy, and thus protected from his fire. This may be done by their laying down, or by taking advantage of inequalities in the ground, or of trees, groves, forests, walls, fences, or hedges. Skirmishers should also be allowed to carry their pieces in such manner as may be the most convenient to them. Their movements can be best regulated by the bugle. The officers and non-commissioned officers should repeat and cause the commands to be executed. The officers should constantly aim to impress each man with the idea of his own individuality, and the responsibility resting upon him. They should see that the men economize their strength, pre-



serve their presence of mind, husband their ammunition, and profit by all the advantages which the ground may offer for cover. The men should likewise be taught to feel that they "cannot be whipped," a task that is not difficult with the good old English stock. And thus when compelled to give ground, a new position will be rapidly gained from which the action can be renewed. Skirmishers handled in this manner will soon learn that the very ardour with which an enemy pursues a temporary advantage is almost always sure to secure his defeat, if resolutely and unexpectedly confronted by the men whom he had supposed to be demoralized and routed.

Of all regimental manœuvres, the skirmish drill is the most fascinating, and its importance in modern warfare cannot be over-estimated. The full battalion in line as skirmishers covers a front of nearly 5,000 men, and it is really marvellous to see how completely this line is under the control of its commanding officer, whose orders are given and repeated from one wing to the other by bugle calls, familiar to both officers and men, and according to which skirmishers advance, lie down, fire, rise up, again advance, march by the flank, retreat, rally by fours, rally on the reserve, and finally assemble as a battalion in line of battle. These various manœuvres executed at the double-quick give to the field a lively appearance, and the men seem to vie with each other as if the exercises were a species of field sport instead of an important preliminary to battle.

With breech-loaders and Gatling guns, modern warfare is a new art, particularly when aided by railways and telegraphs. The Franco-German war was fought with all these new appliances, but in accordance with old tactical principles. Practically it solved nothing. It settled nothing. If our remote ancestors had suddenly found their bows and arrows supplanted by flint-locks, and with these new weapons had still persisted in waging war in accordance with bow-and-arrow tactics, the tactical possibilities of their new weapons would have been as little developed as the recently-adopted breech-loaders have been utilized in the Franco-German war. A change in weapons involves a change in tactics. Close columns by divisions or by regiments are not the most desirable formations in the present area of warfare, when destructive missiles can be hurled by an enemy with a rapidity as of lightning from the heavens. Against such fierce assaults,—horizontal tempests, as it were—of iron and lead, the troops assaulted must have the means of entrenching upon the very ground where they are attacked, or they must retreat with a view to bettering their position, or assailing the enemy with a stronger force, where he is weaker or less prepared.

The system of infantry tactics in use in the United States was prepared by Brevet-Major-General Emory Upton, a gallant and skilful soldier in our late war, and is particularly remarkable for "its easy application to all arms of the service, leaving nothing additional to any special branch, except the manual of the arm with which it fights, the adaptation of the words of command, the training of animals, and the management and care of the material with which it is equipped. The principles of the new system, which is based upon a front of four men as a unit, are easily learned by new troops, which can be fitted for active field service in a shorter time than by any other system.

The countermarch and manœuvring by the rear rank by inversion are dispensed with, and changes from column into line, and simple conversions of front are substituted therefor. The number of modes of passing from the "order in column" to the "order in line," and facing in any direction, are increased. The time required for these movements is diminished, and the front rank is always kept in the front. The system is adapted equally to column movements in an open country, or to movements in narrow roads, or in a thickly-wooded country. The single-rank formation now so important where breech-loaders are used is a noticeable feature in this system, and the skirmishing from double or single rank is most effective.

The great improvements that have been made in the machinery of war have so multiplied the powers of the individual soldier, that new problems are presented for solution, and new tactical principles must be developed to meet exigencies upon the battle-field such as human conflicts have not before witnessed. That nation which first successfully organizes the new forces will be irresistible, until other nations learn the secret.

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# JOHN CHINAMAN IN AUSTRALIA AND THE WEST.

BY J. A. LANGFORD, LL.D.



T the beginning of the present year I visited our Australian Colonies, crossed the Pacific, staying at a few of the South Sea Islands on my way to San Francisco, and thence journeyed through California. In all these places "John Chinaman" occupies an important and perplexing position. He is the subject of discussion everywhere, and the continually-increasing numbers of the yellow race which now seek employment in Australia and the West raises questions of vital importance to the people of the countries in which he makes his temporary abode, but not his home. He is deft, skilful, industrious ; willing to undertake any kind of labour, and contented with small wages ; he can thrive, and maintain his health and strength on the cheapest and lowest kind of food, and can live in apparent comfort where a white man would almost starve. From the burning plains of Queensland to the snowy ranges of the Sierra Nevada he is equally cheerful and laborious. He disdains no kind of lodging and refuses no kind of work. In a word, he is willing to do anything, to learn everything, so that he may live, earn a little money to take back to his beloved China, or, should he die in the strange country, to send his bones to be buried in the Flowery Land.

Only a few years, comparatively speaking, have passed since it was possible for a Chinaman to leave his country ; now they are to be met with in tens of thousands in various parts of the New World, and the cry is, Still they come. The early arrivals were everywhere welcomed by the settlers, for labour was plentiful, and the labourers were few. There was, and is still, a great scarcity of women ; and men who were willing to do women's work, and do it well, were most useful to the Colonies. Now, in the washing and getting-up of linen, in the use of the sewing-machine, in all domestic work, John Chinaman excels, and turns out his work more neatly and more expeditiously than is done even by the best feminine workers. He makes the best, the neatest, and most dapper of waiters ; is equally *good in tailoring*, in boot and shoemaking, in gardening, and as a

digger he has no rival, except in strength ; for his patient industry and limited wants enable him to profitably work claims which have been left as "cleared out" by the less easily satisfied white competitor. With such qualities it is no wonder that at first John Chinaman made his way, not only without much opposition, but with something like a recognition of his usefulness. But now that his numbers have so enormously increased, and that with this increase he is showing his capacity for the higher as well as the lower kinds of labour, it is equally no wonder that a strong and bitter antagonism—an antagonism daily increasing in its bitterness—is manifested by the whites towards this prolific and industrious race. The most fearful pictures are drawn of their wickedness, depravity, and vice ; and the direst evils are prophesied as the consequence of their presence. In some places their expulsion is vehemently demanded, violence has been threatened, and the poor Chinaman, never very considerably used, is exposed to every kind of contumely, indignity, and abuse. The bitterness which always springs from a difference of race is added to that which arises from trade competition ; and John Chinaman is now the cause of fierce discussions, hot disputes, and cruel feuds. His presence both in Australia and the West is producing problems which perplex alike the statesman and the philanthropist, on the wise solution of which the future well-being and prosperity of many lands will materially depend.

During my stay in the Colonies and California, I paid great attention to this very interesting question, and saw all I could of the Chinese themselves. Frequently visiting their quarters, I saw them, as it were, "at home," at work, at worship, at their festivities, and in trade. At the time of my visit the discussions about them were waxing "fast and furious," and John Chinaman was one of the most absorbing subjects of the day. In Australia opinion is much divided, but is, on the whole, rather favourable to a limited and organized immigration. I will take the Colonies separately, and give the reader the result of my observations and inquiries on this most important question, made on the spot, and in the places most immediately concerned.

Continental Australia is divided into five distinct and independent colonies, each one having its own government, its own customs, its own mode of looking at public questions ; and very often the policy of one settlement differs almost *in toto* from that of its neighbouring colony. Thus Victoria, the smallest but most energetic of them all, is, in spite of the influence and advocacy of the Melbourne *Argus*,



strongly in favour of Protection, and opposed to further immigration, whether of white men or yellow; and no help is given by the Victorian Government for increasing the population from over the seas. A people with a Protection policy requires as few competitors as possible, as well as large duties for "the encouragement of native industry."

A stroll through the Chinese quarter of Melbourne is a pleasant and interesting occupation. The part of the city occupied by the Celestials is sufficiently large, and the people are sufficiently numerous to give it the peculiar characteristics which distinguish all the places where this curious race have made a local habitation and fixed their names on the shop-fronts. They stand at their shop-doors smoking their long pipes, patiently waiting for customers, on whom they rarely seem in a hurry to attend. In all other parts of the city you feel as if you were at home,—everything, including the people, is so like England; but here you feel that you are indeed in a new country, among a strange race, with whom you can talk and trade, but of whose natures you know little or nothing. Here, at least, they are neither intrusive nor obtrusive, but quietly and inoffensively pursue their labours and attend to their own business. They follow almost all kinds of trades and callings, and are skilful and industrious in all. Many of their shops are admirably ordered and well kept; and in his outward attire John Chinaman himself is always neat and clean. In many of their houses there is much dirt and squalor, but not more than in that part of Little Bourke-street and the other portions of the city in which the Irish mostly live. Among them are several rich merchants, who do a large trade, live in good and well-furnished houses, and are spoken of in terms of the highest praise for their integrity and fair dealing by the merchants and traders of Melbourne. One of these gentlemen, named Kong Meng, has acquired great wealth, and won the esteem of a large number of the best repute in Australia. He really seems to have settled in Melbourne, for he has married a Tasmanian lady, and is that *rara avis* of his country: a Chinaman with a fair wife and a large family of children not born in his own land. One of the worst of the evils attending Chinese immigration is, that not one in a thousand either in Australia or the West has a wife.

The greatest evil I saw in my ramblings about the quarter was the enormous number of gambling places and shops for the sale of lottery-tickets. These are so many nests of corruption, robbery, and fraud, and are producing a most injurious effect on the young, often leading to disastrous results. In dozens of shops the ill-directed

skill and industry of a large number of Chinese were occupied in writing and selling these lottery-tickets; and I rarely entered one of these places without seeing several youths, and in many cases men old enough to have known better, making purchases. But this was an evil which could be, and was, speedily and effectively dealt with. When I was in Melbourne, this shameful traffic was openly carried on. About a fortnight after my arrival, an excellent article appeared in the *Argus* exposing the business, and pointing out its evil consequences. Public attention was thus called to the subject, and before I left the Colonies a short Act was passed making it illegal. The police at once suppressed the iniquitous trade, and if it is now followed at all it must be in secret, and those engaging in it expose themselves to the penalties of the law.

The Chinese in Melbourne are fairly well treated, and to me they seemed a better class than I afterwards found in San Francisco. With the exception of those engaged in gold mining in other parts of Victoria, they are rarely molested in any way. They follow their own pursuits, their own customs, their own religion, and their own amusements for the most part as freely as any other section of the community. I witnessed the celebration of their New Year's-day, which is the 26th of January. It is kept as a complete holiday, all their shops, as far as business is concerned, being closed; but they all open to the rites of hospitality. On a table in each house is placed a picture of Buddha or some other god, before which is burnt sandal-wood and pastilles. Refreshments, including tobacco and cigars, are provided for all-comers. Each one on entering is wished "a happy new year," and is warmly invited to partake of the good things provided. A more cheerful or genial celebration of a holiday I have rarely witnessed. The conduct of some of those who enjoyed the hospitality of the "heathen Chinese" was in sad contrast with the sober and staid demeanour of their entertainers. The next morning I read in one of the papers—"In every place the greatest order and quiet reigned, the only signs of disorder in the Chinese quarter being furnished by 'larrikins'—who roamed about in small mobs, poking into every corner—and by a few European loafers, who, knowing the Chinese customs, called at every shop, accepted the various invitations to drink, and at the last place of call fell asleep, sprawling drunk on a form, where they were suffered to lie by the Asiatics, who despised them."

It is, however, at the gold-fields that the Chinese are most numerous, and that the most virulent opposition to their presence is displayed, their deadliest enemies being the Irish. Whenever a new



discovery of gold is announced, they rush in great numbers to the place, get as many claims as possible, and never quit while there is any gold to be obtained. They are often driven from their holdings by armed bands of miners, who commit acts of savage violence on their hated competitors. In many cases the Chinese, relying on their superior numbers, retaliate on their aggressors, and fierce contests, producing much bloodshed, frequently occur. A German gentleman, who had passed several years at various diggings, narrated to me many cases of cruel and ruthless deeds of which he had been an eye-witness. When driven from their own claims the Chinese will not abandon the field, but take up the so-called worn-out claims of their oppressors and despoilers, and, in nearly all cases, they extract sufficient gold to repay them for their labour, if not for their sufferings.

The Victorian gold-fields have drawn a very large number of Chinese to that colony. According to the census of 1871, the population was 731,528, of whom 17,899 were Chinese. Of this number, 13,374, or nearly 75 per cent. of the whole, were employed in the diggings, leaving only 4,525 for the other 116 industries in which they engage. This brief statement explains the cause of the great and sudden rushes of this gold-seeking race. The census also furnishes us with one of the terrible evils connected with their presence. Of the 17,857 native Chinese then in Victoria, only 31 were females; that is, one woman to every 575 men. Such a state of things must inevitably be productive of great social evils, and may well alarm a nation in which it exists. In the ten years between 1861 and 1871, their numbers in Victoria had decreased by 6,797; but it is estimated that there has been an increase since the last census was taken.]

As he is in Victoria, so is John Chinaman in New South Wales. His pursuits are the same, his characteristics the same; and, allowing for the difference between Sydney and Melbourne, the Chinese quarter of the one is precisely the Chinese quarter of the other. The relative proportion of his numbers differs very materially. At the last census, in a population of nearly 600,000, the Chinese numbered only 7,455, but his treatment by the Colonists is alike both in the towns and at the diggings.

While I was in Australia I was brought face to face with the state of things which follows the discovery of a new gold-field, which was made in Queensland, in the Palmer district, and was declared to be very rich in the precious metal. There was at once a rush to the district; the Chinese, as usual, being the first to seek the new *El Dorado*. They rushed in such numbers that in a short time there were five

Chinese to one European, and a strong feeling was aroused against them. It was stated that, as soon as possible after the telegraph had announced the discovery, John Chinaman was on the spot. One ship brought 419 to Cooktown, and five more steamers were to follow. With this rush came the news that 2,000 more were at Hong Kong waiting for ships to convey them to the same place, and to the rich lands of the Palmer district, in which they were already securing three-fourths of the alluvial gold. Their presence, and the increasing numbers declared to be on their way, were producing much alarm and a good deal of ill-feeling among the Europeans. "The immense influx of Chinese upon the northern gold-fields" was declared to be a very serious matter, and one which "may possibly lead to serious complications before many months have passed." It was also not unreasonably urged that the Palmer district "was discovered, prospected, and opened up in the face of difficulties, privations, loss of life, and expense probably greater than were ever known in the history of the gold-fields, and in none of these works had Chinese any share." It was also alleged against them, that they "never go outside to prospect, but follow close in the wake of the European pioneer, and reap the lion's share of the result of his discoveries." So far as the Palmer district is concerned this is said to have been the case "from first to last," and that John, "safe in his numerical superiority and his fire-arms, is in the position, when he wills it, to dictate to the European digger, and say, "So far shalt thou come and no further." This excitement and feeling of alarm about the "Jackals" who are said to get the lion's share, were, under the circumstances, not unnatural, but they were premature. A little later on we learned that all the old Palmer men were returning from the rush; that 200 men were considered quite enough for the new workings; and that the best reef ever known had been taken up by the prospectors. The diggers were rushing about prospecting in all directions; and, as has had always previously been the case, the vacant claims in the old diggings had immediately been taken up by the Chinese. Another discovery has been made of a new gold-field some 160 miles from Cooktown, which was said to be "richer than any yet discovered in the Palmer"; another rush took place, in which John Chinaman appeared in his usual force, and all were declaring that his position was "becoming too strong decidedly on our gold-fields in the far north to be regarded with anything like complacency." Everywhere the cry is the same; everywhere John Chinaman is received with contempt, hatred, and scorn, and treated with violence and injustice. But still he comes in ever-increasing



numbers, and the problem is, In what way shall his numbers be limited, or his presence got rid of altogether? If he would only keep to washing, getting-up linen, gardening, burden-bearing, or any kind of porter work, all would be well; but when he takes to gold-seeking in the direct way of working in the gold-fields he is encroaching too far on the white man's special manor, and must be put down. At least, so the white miners and diggers declare; and it is rather hard on them, after they have borne the toil, trouble, suffering, and expense of discovery, to see the prize carried away by the "yellow ants" from China. Amid such conflicting interests, the labour question in the New World is beset with problems which are as difficult of solution as any to be met with in the Old.

Still labourers are much wanted in Australia, and, with the exception of Victoria, the various Colonies are making great efforts to procure fresh supplies. A remarkable instance occurred during my stay, which specially bears upon the subject, and which has a peculiar interest in itself. South Australia possesses the largest territory and is one of the most thinly peopled of the Colonies. Including the Northern Territory, it contains more than 900,000 square miles, and the population is not yet 300,000. A sum of £100,000 has been voted by Parliament for the purposes of emigration during 1876, and there is a balance of £18,551 of the amount voted last year. The Government has entered into an agreement with the Right Rev. Bishop Bugnion, head of the unorthodox sect of the Greek Church in Russia known as the Mnenonites. The Bishop has obtained permission from the Russian Government for the emigration of his flock, and has selected the Northern Territory of South Australia, as a country admirably fitted for a Russian settlement, and has entered into an agreement to bring over, as a first instalment, 40,000 Mnenonites. These are to become settlers, and will be provided with land to the extent of 60, 120, and 180 acres each, according to the class to which they are allotted. They will have to pay for the land by instalments in a fixed time, and when paid for the money will cover the expense of passage and the cost of land at present rates. The emigrants are to come in batches not exceeding 1,000 a month for the first six months, and afterwards not more than 3,000 a month. They are to bring their own tools and provisions, and those who arrive first are to make houses for their successors. The Bishop is to be paid £1,000 for his expenses, and an allotment of 600 acres of land in the Territory. Mr. Boucant, the Premier of South Australia, is very sanguine about the results of this attempt to people the North, and states that the Bishop could

bring out 100,000 as well as 40,000; "but it was thought better to be cautious at first." The agreement was signed at Sydney, and Bishop Bugnion at once left for the discharge of his mission. He was our fellow-passenger in the *Zealandia*, and we crossed the Pacific together. He is a courteous, earnest, and devout gentleman; a total abstainer, and a vegetarian; a pleasant, but somewhat eccentric enthusiast. He has firm faith in the success of his mission, and expresses his earnest belief that the Northern Territory was directly revealed to him by God—a faith in such revelations being one of the settled convictions of the worthy Bishop. In the meantime, the subject is warmly discussed in Australia; a good deal of ridicule is thrown upon the mission, one writer advising us to read "ten" for "forty," and for "Russians," "geese"; and, with the exception of a few South Australians, a pretty general scepticism, or to speak more accurately, a total disbelief exists as to its success. Should it succeed, it will not have any effect on the numbers or condition of the Chinese, and thus will not help in the solution of that problem.

As a last word about John Chinaman in Australia, I should mention the rather curious fact that he is not employed as a waiter in any of the hotels I entered in the Colonies.

In the Islands of the Pacific, his moon face, yellow skin, clean white garments, and pig-tail are conspicuously present. The waiters at the fine hotel at Honolulu are all Chinese; most of the washing is done by them; and if you see a garden remarkable for its neatness and the goodness of its crops you may be sure it is the work of a Chinaman. Their presence in the islands is rather welcomed than not, for the natives are an easy-going, listless, indolent race, who do not like work, and will do very little of it. This is mostly done by the Chinese, who are seen at their best in the sunny islands of the South. Seven days after we left the Hawaiian group we were steaming along the Californian coast, then passed through the glorious Golden Gates, and were soon in San Francisco, the Golden City, in which are gathered all the races of the world, including examples of the worst of every race; in which the Chinese swarm in their tens of thousands, and to which other tens of thousands are making their way. Truly, I was now in the very heart of the Chinese trouble, and could see how it was being dealt with in the newest of all modern States.

At the census of 1870, the population of California was returned as 582,031, and of these, 49,310 were Chinese. The present population of San Francisco is estimated at 250,000, of which number from 25,000 to 30,000 are Chinese, and they are rapidly increasing;



more than 1,500 fresh arrivals were landed in a few days after I reached the city, and 3,000 more were brought over in the same month. As in Melbourne and Sydney, they are located in one part, which is sometimes called the Chinese Quarter, and sometimes Little China. Let us visit Little China and see what it is like, and what the people are like who dwell therein. To see it all a police-officer will be required, and, provided with one, we can go about in safety, if not with pleasure.

The Quarter includes Sacramento, Kearney, Pacific, Dupont, and Jackson Streets, with the numerous connecting avenues, the narrow winding alleys, and wretched courts with which they abound. Although so new a town, the buildings in this part look old, and are for the most part in a shamefully ruinous and dirty condition. In these broken and breaking-down tenements the Chinese are crowded more thickly than the rats of which they are the favourite haunts. In one dingy-looking house in Jackson Street, which was not long ago a good hotel, 1,500 are huddled and crowded together. Bad as is the accommodation afforded here, it is much superior to what we saw in other lodging-houses. Threading our way down long and intricate passages, thronged with inhabitants, and greeted with most horrible stench, we entered some of these places. In rooms not large enough to properly accommodate one person we often found six or eight, including men, women, and children, all living together, with no regard to decency, and, in fact, in circumstances in which decency was impossible. One building, once a chapel, has been turned into a nest of lodging-houses, which literally swarms with tenants, and in which the crowding is simply abominable. Yet worse sights than these awaited us. Winding our way down a long, narrow, tortuous passage, we entered a court surrounded by rotten and tumbling-down wooden buildings. Here our guide lit a candle, in order that we might see and avoid the heaps of filth and the pools of dark, thick, foul, and reeking water, which almost filled the place. These wretched buildings, he told us, were the property of a minister who tried to convert the heathens by charging a high rent for these disgusting dwellings. He opened a door, and we entered a small room in which were twenty Chinese, most of them smoking opium. They were lying in their clothes, on planks placed one above another, like the berths in a ship, and seemed neither surprised nor offended at our intrusion, one of them kindly inviting us to take a turn at his opium pipe, which we civilly declined. This was a saddening sight, but it is not the worst to be found in the Chinese quarter.

Very few women are brought over, and of the few who are brought

the majority are young slave girls, some of them not more than fourteen years of age. They are imported for the worst of purposes, and the utter shamelessness and impudent boldness of these poor young creatures were most depressing and sickening. It was an ordeal most painful to me, from which I escaped as speedily as possible, and would not willingly go through it again. It is true that all great towns have their plague-spots, but I never saw anything in London, or Liverpool, or New York, or in any of the mighty cities either of the Old World or the New so replete with unutterable abominations and dens of filth and iniquity as is this part of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco.

Having left the haunts of rag-pickers, thieves, and beggars, with a sense of relief I proceeded to visit some of the workshops. In one small room we found seven tailors all busy at work, although it was nine o'clock at night. Some were deftly plying the needle, and others working the sewing-machine. The work produced in both employments was wonderfully neat and well done. In this kind of employment the Chinese excel, and, it is said, far surpass their white competitors. The great charge against them is that they are satisfied with less pay, and thus bring down the rate of wages "with us in California." Our next visit was to a gold-worker's shop, where the men were busily engaged in chasing and filagree. We saw rings, bracelets, and pendants, and the chasing and ornamentation were exquisitely finished. The patience and skill which they display in this really skilled labour are beyond all praise. It may be imitative, but it is admirably well done; and, again—O fault of faults—more cheaply than by other workers in the precious metals. In the boot and shoemaking shops, and in other trades, we found the same skill united to the same comparative lowness of price. This in San Francisco is a most material point, for it is by far the dearest place in the world to live in.

Our guide next took us to a Chinese pawnbroker's. The shelves were crammed with all the articles used either on the person or in the houses of his fellow-countrymen. Fantastic toys, and curious ornaments, and pretty little cabinets, were there mixed with all kinds of rubbish and lumber. Our attention was specially called to the knives, which were very numerous and of various shapes. One looked like a harmless fan intended to cool the cheeks of some fair Mongolian belle on a hot day, but under that innocent guise was concealed a long blade of sharp-pointed steel—a most formidable weapon. Others had two knives in one sheath, many of the sheaths being lined with silk, which absorbed the marks of contest, and left



the blades bright and clean. It is said that every Chinaman is armed with either a single or a double-bladed knife, in the use of which he is very skilful. At a time when every European in San Francisco carried a revolver, it was not to be expected that the Chinaman alone would go unarmed; but now that fire-arms are forbidden to be carried without a permit from the proper authorities the Chinese should be strictly prohibited from carrying these deadly weapons.

Just before my arrival the Chinese theatres had been closed, and their gambling-houses suppressed, so I could not visit either of these "peculiar institutions." I went, however, to a joss-house. To reach this temple of paganism we entered a narrow passage in Kearney Street, ascended several flights of rotten and creaking stairs, groped our way along paths made of trembling and filthy planks, and, after going through many labyrinthine windings we found ourselves standing before one of the many idols worshipped by the Chinese. There are several rooms in the joss-house, each one devoted to a special god or goddess. Nearly all the figures representing these unseen powers are of life size; and hideously ugly; they seem intended to excite terror or to inspire fear in the hearts of their worshippers. Before most of them one or two small pastilles are always burning, and great care is taken to keep matters all right with the representative of the spirit of evil. Our guide, who boasted a "little learning," gave us some curious and original explanations of the powers and functions of the various deities, in which he contrived to mix up all the mythologies of the world. He was particularly impressive and eloquent in dilating on the many resemblances and contrasts which the faith of the Chinese offers to that of the Christians. We were certainly amused, if not edified, by this strange display of a confused and unexpected erudition.

My last visit was the pleasantest of all. I went to the well-known Chinese restaurant in Jackson Street, and found a large party assembled in celebration of a wedding. They were evidently of the better class, and were clad in their holiday attire. One large room was filled by women and children, all well dressed, wearing jewels, and some of them rather profusely adorned with ornaments. Some of the head-dresses were superb in glitter and colour, and the time spent in their toilets must at least have equalled that of a London lady about to have her first presentation at Court. Some of the children were extremely pretty. Their mothers had displayed the utmost care in preparing them for the occasion, and they took all a mother's pride in showing them to the strangers. The party

was a very merry one, and the laughing, chatting, shouting, eating and drinking, were carried on with a heartiness which showed that Chinese women knew how to enjoy themselves, and how to keep a wedding festival.

The men, as is the custom, were in rooms to themselves, and were as jolly as the women. They received us with a hearty cheer and every sign of a sincere welcome. We were pressed to take wine, and cigars were literally thrust upon us. The bridegroom was introduced; but, of course, the bride was not present; and we were informed that the newly-made husband would have to search for her for three days, during which the festivities would be kept up. We wished the pair all happiness and prosperity, shook hands with most of the men, once more admired the children, and bade them all good-night. As we left another ringing cheer was given, and thus ended our last visit to the Chinese quarter of San Francisco.

By the publication of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "*White Conquest*," the method of Chinese emigration has been made known to English readers. The management is in the hands of five companies in China, and a Committee in San Francisco; the companies procure the emigrants and send them out, and the committee receive them, and look after them when they have landed. They are of two classes, the one paying their own passage-money, and the other being paid for by the companies, but both classes arrange that their bones or ashes shall be sent back to China in case of death. For this object, each man pays five dollars to the dead fund, and the committee are charged with this very important part of the business. The total debt of a poor emigrant to the companies who send him out is from ninety to a hundred dollars, and this amount he has to work out before he is free to work for himself. Before he can leave China he has to give his personal, as well as a family bond, that he will perform his part of the contract. Such is the substance of the explanation given to Mr. Dixon by Lee Wong, "a merchant of high standing" in San Francisco. To the natural question, "Do many of your bondsmen run away?" Lee Wong is reported to have made the following significant reply:—"They cannot run away; they have no food, no money. They speak no English words; they know no 'Melican' magistrates. We let them out on hire, receiving their wages, and giving them so much a month to live on till our debts are paid. We have our spies and henchmen everywhere; by means of these we hear what is going on in every house. We know every man's name, and where he is, and what he is about. Our chief authority lies in our control of the dead fund. A man who might not stop at



murder would shrink from vexing a tribunal that may cause delay in sending back his bones to Hong-Kong."

When I arrived at the Golden City, I found the San Franciscans in a state of great excitement on the Chinese question. Mass meetings were being held, strong resolutions were passed, and stronger speeches delivered against these modern invaders of America. Government was imperatively called upon to stop the inundation which threatened to overwhelm the country and to destroy the best interests of the people. The roughs of San Francisco are the worst specimens of their class to be found even in the New World, and they were the fiercest in their denunciations and loudest in the expression of their hostility. The working classes were united in their opposition, and even the tradesmen and merchants now joined in the war of races which was going on. The continued arrivals of fresh consignments helped to fan the flame, and great fear was expressed that acts of open violence might precipitate affairs and add new complications to a trouble already difficult enough to deal with. A gentleman who had lived in San Francisco for more than twenty years told me that the opposition to the Chinese might be divided into three stages of development. At first, they only engaged in the lowest kind of work, and their presence was welcomed and encouraged by all except the Irish labourers and the idle loafers. As their numbers increased, they turned their hands to higher handicrafts, and instead of only engaging in such work as washing, gardening, taking up abandoned diggings, blacking boots, and portering, they began to make clothes, boots, jewellery, and build houses; then the artisans and mechanics found their presence injurious, and became loud and earnest in demanding their expulsion from the State, or, at least, that no fresh arrivals should be permitted. During this stage the shopkeepers were rather friendly than otherwise, for they found the Chinese cheap and skilful workers, and their own profits thereby increased. But then this ubiquitous and persevering people began to trade on their own account, and undersell the shopkeepers; and now tradesmen, mechanics, Irish labourers, and roughs were all united in denouncing John Chinaman, united in proclaiming the evils which his presence produced, and united in demanding that he should no longer be tolerated.

Whatever view may be taken of this Chinese immigration, there is one aspect of it which makes it distinct from all others. They do not come to settle. They never bring their wives and families. The few women brought only add to the evils complained of; they are the worst of a bad class; and, including all the women, they are

not in the proportion of one to five hundred. They have no intention of erecting homesteads, of rearing families, and becoming citizens of the countries to which they come in such vast numbers. Their sole object is to scrape together a little hoard of gold, and then return to their own land. For this purpose they will work all hours and at all callings; they live on rice, or food which Europeans would call refuse; they lodge in places which to the other inhabitants must be the hot-beds of disease and the fruitful sources of fever; they spend little on clothes, little on amusements, rarely drink. Their sole extravagances are opium and gambling. Their religion requires that they should be buried in China, and to lay their bones in any other land would be an act of sacrilege from which they would shrink with horror. "Your people all go back?" Mr. Dixon asked of Lee Wong. "Yes," he replied, "all good people. Here and there some Tartar rascals, having no regard for their ancestors, cut their pigtails, and put on 'Melican' clothes. Not men, but curs. Except these, all Chinese go back—when they are dead." Peculiar circumstances demand peculiar treatment, and Chinese immigration might be regulated by such conditions as would tend materially to lessen its numbers, diminish its evils, and stop the influx at least of the scum of the Chinese towns now being sent to America.

The well-being of a state is one of the chief ends of government; and it is not conducive to this well-being that tens of thousands of males, with only tens of females, should be allowed to invade a country. It is not for its well-being that a large portion of its inhabitants should be of a nomadic class, continually leaving, and their places being filled up by continually fresh arrivals. It is not for its well-being that a large and ever-increasing quarter of a great city should be given up to a class who make it a region of iniquity and a source of disease; a quarter into which you dare not enter without a policeman, nor go about without protection—a quarter where he can lead you into "crooked, narrow labyrinthine passages through which you can just squeeze, and which you could never find nor enter without guidance; into inner courts, around which, and in the midst of which, stand old rickety, tumble-down, vermin-haunted hives of wooden tenements, which rise through three or four stories, all alive with the swarming lazzaroni, packed into the smallest and dirtiest of rooms, and huddled into every dark and filthy corner." If this immigration is to continue, if John Chinaman is to be allowed to still further "inundate the West," it should be under proper regulations—regulations made by the United States Government, as well as by the five companies and their committee in San Francisco. It



is urged that by the Constitution you cannot interfere in such a case ; that this immigration can neither be prevented nor regulated ; that every man from any country, criminals excepted, is free to come and to land in America without let or hindrance, and all interference would be unconstitutional. The reply to this is, then make it constitutional. A new evil has arisen—an evil never contemplated when the Constitution was formed. Let it be met by wise, restrictive, and regulative measures, and the evil will diminish, or may even be turned into a blessing. Labour is, and for many a year to come will be, in great demand in these broad and sparsely-populated countries ; and surely there is wisdom enough left in the white race to solve the problem : how best to use and utilize that which offers itself. John Chinaman in America is amenable to the American laws ; if he violates them he is punished ; and as things are at present, he is more than punished by the ill-will and intense hatred which the whites display towards all coloured people. One reform at least ought to be carried out by the municipal authorities. All landlords, lodging-house keepers, and owners of tenements, large or small, should be compelled to make their houses habitable, to clean the filthy courts, and to prevent the overcrowding of the houses. I mentioned this reform to an American, but he declared it to be impossible, "unless," he added, "we were so fortunate as to have in San Francisco what they had at Chicago—a great fire."

The Chinese have not been silent on the charges made against their countrymen. They held meetings, and adopted a memorial protesting that these charges are not true, and are to be set down to the hostility of the whites. The committee regulating the immigration in San Francisco have also forwarded a memorial to President Grant, in which they state that they "have neither attempted nor desired to interfere with the established order of things, nor to open whisky saloons to deal out poison to degrade their fellow-men ; that they have promptly paid their duties, rents, and debts ; that they have tried to send back the prostitutes, but a lawyer of this honourable nation—*said to be the author and bearer of those resolutions against their people*—procured a writ of *habeas corpus* in the interest of unprincipled Chinamen, by which the women were brought on shore, the courts deciding they had the right to stay if they desired. That evil," they assert, "as well as the Chinese gambling, can be remedied by an honest and impartial administration of municipal government. If the police would refuse bribes, unprincipled Chinamen would no longer be able to purchase immunity from the punishment of their crimes." Perhaps the following passage is the most significant in

this remarkable memorial, and deals directly with the demand made by the Europeans for putting out the Chinese. The memorialists propose the "modification of the existing treaty, if the best interests of America are conserved thereby; and if the presence of Chinamen is offensive to the American people, to prohibit or limit further Chinese immigration; if desirable, even to require the gradual retirement of the Chinese people now there—an arrangement, though not without embarrassment to both parties, likely to be acceptable to the Chinese Government, while very acceptable to a certain class in America." The Chinese merchants have thus published their plan for the solution of the problem; it now remains to be seen what will be done by the American Government and the American people.

All across the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains I met with John Chinaman. On every farm, in every garden, at every canal and station, he was at work. At almost every hotel at the stations on the Western, the Central, and the Union Pacific railroads, he was the waiter. He was also busy platelaying and repairing the line. He mustered in great force at the mines, although, as Mr. Hittell says, "the white miners have a great dislike to Chinamen, who are frequently driven away from their claims, and expelled from districts by mobs. In such cases the officers of the law do not ordinarily interfere; and, no matter how much the unfortunate yellow men may be beaten and despoiled, the law does not attempt to restore them to their rights or avenge their wrongs." And so John Chinaman continues to come and go, to work and endure; and will continue to come and go, to work and endure, while others are trying to determine what shall be his future fate.

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# LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

## IX.—THE REFUGEE.

**I**HAVE often had a wish to know something more than can be generally told second-hand of the brave and cultivated men whom political misfortune has compelled to seek a temporary home amongst us. Without any morbid sympathy for the heroes of rash adventure, and without any disposition to believe in the virtue or value of conspiracy as a means of restoring a dead community to the well-ordered life of nationhood, I have felt it impossible to disbelieve that, among the exiles sheltering here from the pitiless storm of continental oppression, there must be men of high qualities and rare endowments, of whom their native lands were not worthy. In the nature of things it is perhaps inevitable that high tides of revolution and counter-revolution should throw up to the surface weeds without number or name, which can only encumber the shore to which they float and where they are doomed slowly and silently to wither away. But history tells us how many of our own truest and noblest spirits were fugitives in bad times abroad. And ever since the Holy Alliance sought to establish a system of international police, England has been the principal refuge alike for wise and unwise men upon whom despotism would lay its heavy hand. I daresay Holland House was often imposed upon, and I know that Dudley Stuart was a hundred times taken in. But their goodness was not the less good because, like the dew, it fell on the evil and the good, the worthy and the undeserving. It served potentially to keep up the repute of England for love of justice and hatred of oppression, when her statesmen and journals of high profession would have bartered it away for some poor counters on the *tapis vert* of diplomacy. The right of asylum itself has more than once in my own recollection seemed to be in jeopardy. The busy and unsuspecting cannot be expected to lie awake, listening for the stealthy tread of the chief butler or the chief baker as he proceeds at the bidding of imperial accomplices outside to pick the lock

of our heir-loom treasures. We must only be content to sleep, as usual, the sleep of toil, and when we discover some fine morning that our servants have been at treacherous work, to dismiss them, and to reclaim promptly our pawned or mutilated privileges.

Last Sunday evening Gerard persuaded me, after my duties for the day were done and daylight itself was preparing for its pillow, to stroll with him into Hyde Park, that he might talk to me of things about which he would probably have felt shy when *tête-à-tête* we looked at one another across my supper-table. The foolish boy has fallen in love; no, that's not it, I mean the boy has fallen in foolish love: because the woman, though pretty to gaze upon, gentle in manner, and well connected, is an elderly goose, not quite old enough to be his mother. How he had come to be bewitched I am unable to divine. I do not like to tell him that the world will say he is marrying for money; and I can hardly persuade myself of the fact, but it looks terribly like it. Still, there is no harm in the woman, and she really seems very fond of him.

As he talked, we wandered on until it grew nearly dark. The evening air was infinitely refreshing, and as I determined to resign myself to the part of listener, while my young friend preached on the advantages of early settlement in life, I gradually subsided into a passive, not quite satisfied, frame of mind. As we turned towards home the moon rose above a mountain of grey cloud, which had hitherto hid her from our view, and the atmosphere having been lately cleared by a heavy shower, every object near us became suddenly as distinct as though it had been day. We had not proceeded far when a little group attracted my attention, as being unlike any that we had previously passed. A man, apparently of middle age, occupied one of the seats near the powder-magazine. His left hand rested on the head of a child who stood beside him looking sad and tired, as though she longed for the time to come when she might go home. Beside him sat a woman plainly dressed, and muffled in a veil of heavy black lace, as though she were an invalid. To my surprise Gerard recognized and spoke to them. There did not seem any special welcome in her greeting, but the expression of her husband's countenance brightened as though his mind relaxed for a moment from the gloom of sad pre-occupation. I moved on slowly, fearing lest I should be one too many at the unexpected meeting. But my companion, when he overtook me, was filled with regret that I had not lingered near at hand.

"She would have been glad to make your acquaintance," he said, "for she has often been at the chapel, and would like to bring her



little girl; but he says she is too young, and I suspect their notions of religion do not quite agree."

It was too late to turn back, and I thought it might perhaps be better that I should take an opportunity to pay a friendly, if not pastoral visit, if it would be acceptable.

"Poor souls!" he said, "they would be only too delighted, if you will."

The antecedents of the refugee were but imperfectly known to my young friend, whose partiality maintained itself on plausible if not logical principles. If those we love or pity or revere have been unhappy in other days, or erring or culpable, do they not more emphatically need sympathy and solace, aid and encouragement, in their efforts to retrieve the half-lost battle of life? If ye bring choice flowers to such only as have rich gardens of their own, hoping for lilies and roses in return, what thank have ye? Do not the traffickers in the buzzing fair of fashion and players at brag in costly entertaining do even the same? Do you know that a man has been betrayed into a rash deed he cannot justify or undo? or do you suspect that a woman has unthinkingly compromised herself, in fact, though not in name? and do you not believe that these solitary sins may be buried in oblivion, and opportunities afforded to live a life of purity and doing good? Ought not one to bear, cordially and companionably, the help that impoverishes the giver nought, but makes the recipient rich indeed? So thought Gerard, though he dared not say so at the time, when speaking of his friend, lest he should betray their secret. It was not necessary that he should vindicate a preference which nobody thought of questioning. He was seldom seen by any one he knew in the society of the exiles, and his visits to their humble and remote dwelling were, as far as he knew, unnoticed and unnoticeable. In this, as I subsequently learned, he was indeed mistaken; for every time his Hansom cab pulled up at the corner of Caradoc Place, a jotting of the fact was made by a withered hand in the embrasure of a window opposite, where sat continually an elderly woman, said to be paralyzed, and to all appearance dragging out a lingering existence in a kind of torpid state. Of her and her oversight he was of course unconscious. He had a dim and dreamy sense, I think, that his peregrinations beyond Maida Vale had about them a slight tinge of romance which did not diminish his subdued and silent feeling of self-importance, so natural and pardonable at his age. From a college friend, whose lineage was as high as his purse was low, and who *thought himself* a made man for life because his aunt, Lady Favor-

field, had got him a permanent place of seventy pounds a year in the Foreign Office, he sought in vain to learn the outlines of the general practice of that department in dealing with fugitives from despotic wrath. Allusion to any particular person or any specially exacting government was of course out of the question. But expressions of misgiving would sometimes escape Antero which haunted him for days together, and drove him more than once to try if it were possible to ascertain whether for a poor and friendless un-notability our boasted right of asylum was really whisper-proof. Ex-monarchs and their ministers, general officers who had broken their parole, Polish or Spanish grantees, French counts and Piedmontese marquises, might dwell here in absolute security. Men who notoriously wrote and spoke against their persecutors what would have sent them to a fortress for life had it been uttered within their native confines. Genteel exiles, and exiles whose notoriety was tall enough to have been discerned across the Channel ere they came hither, were safe enough; but was it quite so certain that men whose names had never appeared in letters from "Our own Correspondent," at Warsaw, Berlin, Vienna, or Madrid, would be sure to return to their lodgings in Leicester Square some hours after dark? It might be all right, and he had heard Lord Dudley Stuart and other patriotic M.P.'s declare at public meetings and upon the hustings that national honour had no respect of persons. But when he asked his relative, the old Queen's Counsel, whether there was any law which afforded a guarantee to uninfluential fugitives from the implacable malice of baffled power, or any remedy in case of their being demanded on some trumped-up charge of unpolitical crime, he could get no satisfaction, nor indeed any better comfort than, that public opinion, if brought to bear, would not support any Secretary of State that gave up an honest man upon a mere pretence. He had, it is true, a notion that while Canning or Palmerston ruled in Downing Street, and decided each question that came before him on hand-to-mouth principles of what he called the policy worthy of England, lieutenants of insurgent horse, and editors of revolutionary papers, and secretaries of seditious committees who had eluded the frontier police by a timely visit to the barber or a change in the sex of their apparel, might walk down the New Road alone at any hour of the night, with as little apprehension as Britons born in the land. But he could not see how it therefore followed that things must always remain the same when small-minded and cold-hearted politicians succeeded them at the Foreign Office. His young friend there knew no more about the variable



and varying doctrine said to be held on the subject by his lordly chief, than of the duties likely to be endorsed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his ensuing budget. Frank Dillingham's duties were confined to the chronicling of dispatches not marked private or confidential, and posting their non-contents in a book which when full was to be sent to get a place if it could on the groaning shelves of the lumber-room, never more to be disinterred or brought back into daylight. You might as well have asked one of the ink-bottles into which he dipped his apprentice pen what the grey-headed gentleman in the easy chair and the Turkey-carpeted room with the double doors, muttered in reply to the florid fanfaronade about the general state of Europe in the interest of a certain equilibrium, which the newly-appointed Ambassador had been instructed to convey to Lord Tremble, with assurances of his Imperial master's highest consideration. Lord Tremble is a well-bred, well-read, well-connected, well-dressed man, who is where he is because upon the whole there is less jealousy of him than of anyone else among the ambitious and envious men of his party. Small prejudices he has some; large views, high aims, or deep convictions, none. He would not willingly offend the Court—not from any sense of chivalry or inherited attachment to the Sovereign of the Dynasty, or from any calculation of possible favours to be won for the benefit of relations or dependents. He does not care enough for any of his own kindred to incur the imputation of a job on his account; and as for friends for whom the least sacrifice of personal ease, or what his cold vanity calls personal independence, he is not capable of comprehending what such acquaintances are worth. His coronet came to him with the entailed estates; his wife came to him because she chose to marry him; his horses come to the door because it is the custom for a peer to be rolled about upon four wheels, but not because he has any pleasure in them or could tell what age or colour they are; and the diplomatic representatives of all the Courts of Christendom come to him not in the hope of hearing anything novel or striking, encouraging or suggestive, from his barren talk, but to be enabled to report authentically from time to time that under existing circumstances England has no opinion to offer which would in any way limit her freedom of rumination and reserve. The Earl is a man who lives without hopes in a trackless jungle of fears. He has read history only to note the mistakes of politicians and the penalties they had to pay by attempting too much. Little thanks *the best of them* got for sleepless nights and days of effort. He is

too sensible to lose his natural rest designing schemes of national aggrandizement, or in the defence of the freedom of weaker neighbours. With him national philanthropy is fudge; individual patriotism, affectation; the love of distinction in men of his own order, overweening conceit,—in men of the people, cupidity or presumption. He would keep up the Church as he would keep a fire-brigade, as a preventive measure against fire. He would keep down the army to the lowest point, as being a waste of so much muscular power. He would hold by the throne as an anchor of property and order, moored to which his unearned share of the cargo is safer than it could ever be adrift on any tide of change or borne along by any breeze of personal success. Like every selfish man he chuckles at whatever savours of public approval and passing popularity. His private secretary once thought he saw him turning over the leaves of a commonplace-book in which were preserved cuttings from newspapers applausive of his doings and sayings; but he never was known to make the slightest allusion to these straws which lay thinly spread between the bricks of his reputation. That reputation, piled up laboriously in the course of years, has in it neither form nor comeliness, but is simply a moderate-sized pyramid, inertly resisting the influences of time, but suggestive neither of progress nor improvement, benefit to man nor love to God. Fit emblem of his prosaic and persevering nature, the chief idea it suggests is, immobility; the only reflection the uncreative egotism of its maker, which reckes not how many heavy-laden sufferers languish or sink forgotten, so that he secures prominence and permanency. War may devastate the plains of an ally; but why should he interfere? A famine may scourge a poor or improvident province; but what is that in his economic philosophy but the natural result of neglecting the laws that contribute to the wealth of nations? Depletion must be allowed to proceed until the supply of labour does not exceed the remunerative demand. The greatness and happiness of a nation is but expressed by the wealth and power of its chief landowners and merchants. If their yearly gains are great, and their sleep is undisturbed by anxiety, the country must be growing fat; and fatness is, after all, the great good of life, if not the only good, for who knows anything about the future in this world or the next? and on this latter point his Lordship is too prudent to express an opinion, if indeed he has one.

It is not surprising that the friends of poor and perilous refugees should have little faith in the official protection of such a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sooner than get into a quarrel, or even



a wrangle, with any despotic Government, he would let any number of them quietly slip through the fingers of his department without evincing the slightest consciousness of what was going on. They would be far on their way over sea, or beyond it, before "his attention had been called to the circumstances into which inquiry should be made." A tardy correspondence, full of incomplete and doubtful statements regarding the antecedents of the accused, and "the wholly un-political nature of the charges set forth in the accusation," would be wound up by a cautious platitude expressing the "hope of Her Majesty's Government that foreign states would bear in mind that one of the traditional principles from which it could not depart was that of the right of asylum, and that public opinion would never sanction the abandonment of that right in obedience to the dictates of a foreign power." For Lord Tremble is a first-rate platitudinarian, and part of his system is to take care that his special pomposities are made the theme of leading articles in certain journals with which he keeps up semi-confidential relations, feeding them with scraps of unimportant information or shreds of private letters, on whose authority they may contradict some startling paragraph in the *Golos* or the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. But long before the papers were laid upon the table the unhappy exiles would be out of reach and beyond hearing, sucked down into the vortex of tyrannic vengeance, never to be seen upon the surface more.

I talked the matter over with Gerard after supper, and I could not for the life of me pretend that I differed materially from him in his estimate of our Foreign Office, and of the deplorable uncertainty that hung like a thick mist over its practice in matters of extradition. I knew something of Lord Tremble personally, and in my own mind I set him down as a mere time-server—a man who would give up everything and anything which he thought it suited him to give up in the maintenance of his own ambition.\* I grew curious, as we talked, to learn why Gerard was so much interested for the safety of Antero; and the outline he gave me of his story, though it did not explain all I should have liked to know, had about it so much of probability and the look of truth, that I made up my mind to pay his friend a visit and judge for myself, if I had the opportunity, what manner of man he was.

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\* At the time to which the narrative relates, there was upon the statute-book no law declaratory of the national will regarding extradition, or regulating the practice by any uniform rules, so as to protect refugees against being demanded upon one set of charges and tried upon another or a series of others.

12th October.—I meant long since to have called to see Gerard's friends at Caradoc Place, but my time was fully occupied with more peremptory cares, and to leaving town for the holidays. And since my return I was unable till yesterday to find the address which he had left me the night before he set out on his tour to America. This morning I was resolved to defer my pilgrimage no longer, and, taking the Kilburn omnibus from Park Lane, I found myself ere noon in a neighbourhood of half-made roads and half-built houses on the nethermost verge of metropolitan civilization. It had rained all the night before, and the unmacadamised roads were a dark slough of mud, while the poor attempts at pathway on one side were little better than a regular succession of pools, with patches of half-hardened gravel fringed with stunted weeds. Many of the buildings were still in the skeleton stage, roofed, but windowless; and many more were still untenanted, and looked as if nobody would ever take them. There was a sad, lonely look about the place, and I asked my way in vain from the few persons I met, none of whom seemed to care even to guess in what direction I had better wend my way. Not a postman or policeman was to be seen, as though the out-cast heathen in that desolate region were beyond the providential hamlet of St. Martin's-le-Grand or Scotland Yard. "Is it Radstock Street, you mean," said a vendor of "fine Yarmouths," who at length overtook me, and splashed me up to my knees in passing ere I could arrest his progress or cause a suspension of his appetising cry. "No," I rejoined, "not Radstock, but Caradoc Place." After a brief pause for reflection, and a look as if a bright thought struck him, my odoriferous acquaintance said in an octave lower than his professional voice, "Oh, yes, turn to the left and forenenst them lot of bricks, and keep on down till you come to the 'Welsh Rabbit' public-house, and then go a little way to your right over the field and you are at Caroline Place, and no mistake!" and then to make up for lost time, he broke forth into "Fine Yarmouths," "Fine Yarmouths," splashing away as he went a-head, and leaving me to utter the desponding soliloquy,— "As you were!"

I own that philanthropy, or political humanity, or what you will, was beginning to grow indolent and despondent under the circumstances, and what might have happened if it had not just then suddenly come on to rain with pitiless intensity I do not pretend to say. But as I took shelter for a moment beneath the projecting lintel of a doorway, until I could button up my coat to the weather-proof point and prepare to face homewards when the squall abated, the door opened, and a kindly voice bade me step in, as the shower was



likely to last. It needed no persuasion to induce me to do so, and beside a cheerful little fire I was soon in high talk with my unknown host. He was too rheumatic, he said, to offer me personal guidance in such weather; but as he had reason to know the topography of the region well, he would give me a pen-and-ink map on the back of a card, by which I could find my way if I chose. He had paid dearly, he said, for his knowledge of the neighbourhood, having, along with two other friends now dead and gone, sunk all his makings and savings in building speculation there. At first they had been very successful, and let their houses as fast as they could run them up, and faster. People came and took them when they were hardly over ground. They thought they could never do enough; money was cheap, they borrowed on mortgage and went on building till the panic came, and everything went down; and the men with the long purse foreclosed, and got the whole tract with the half-finished houses upon it for next to nothing. That is the way, he said, everything goes now in this country; monster shops and mammoth hotels, and amalgamated railways. Small industries are beaten and broken-hearted; and there is no help for it that I can see. "But are you certain," he said, "that it is Caradoc Place you want? there are but half a dozen inhabited houses there, two upon one side and four on the other, most of them I think I know, and not any of them of much account. The Primitive Methodist preacher lives at number one, and next door there is a paralytic party that never goes out, but sits all day in the window watching the flies,—a gentlewoman, they say, and pays her way, but has nobody coming to see her, and when her servant goes out she shuts the door, and lets herself in with a latch-key, and can hardly say what she wants in the shops with her outlandish tongue. Opposite there is a clerk in Barnaby's Warehouse, Edgware Road, but he is not likely to be at home till late in the evening; next door is empty ever since the widow died with typhoid fever, but her poor little children are scattered, God knows where; and next to that there used to be some sort of foreigners, Antico, or Angelo, or some nonsensical name of that kind, a suspicious-looking character that seldom went out in daylight. But he had a handsome wife, they say; I never saw her myself, but Knowles, the surgeon, had a good look at her once when her child had a fall, and he told me that when she came for him and brought him into the room where the poor little creature was lying insensible, and as she fancied dead, she fell on her knees and poured forth such a torrent of sobs and prayers as he had never heard in his whole life before. But the

little thing wakened up, and she went pretty near mad with joy."

"And where was the gloomy father you talked about all this time?"

"Nobody knows, but he has sometimes been missing for days together; at no good, of course, while away, and never seen to come back; given to vice of some kind I suppose that makes him neglect his family, and behave in this unaccountable way. But I never spoke to the man, and may be he is not as bad as he is painted."

I recognized but too clearly the dark outlines of the household of which I was in quest, and rather disenchanted my informant by confessing that thither I was bound. His communicativeness rose rapidly. He did what he could to efface the sharper tracings of the sketch he had given me; and the rain having nearly ceased, I thanked him for his timely shelter and departed; not without expressing a wish that we might meet again; for, in spite of his disappointments and prejudices I could not help liking the look and the talk of the man.

At length I found myself at the door of the dwelling I had waded through so much mire to gain. No stir of life gave intimation that there was anyone within. I heard the bell answer to my summons, but no step or voice was audible. After a second appeal the window above the hall-door was half raised, and a low gentle voice seemed timidly to ask,—"*Qui est là ?*" I answered that I was a friend of M. Gerard, and was there by his desire. "*Ah, c'est bon*" the window was shut down quickly, and I expected every moment to be admitted. But full five minutes more I had to wait, with such equanimity as a Chaplain of Ease ought to feel when kept at an unopened door after he has been promised admittance. What was the domestic cause of the delay, and whether attributable to political hesitation or a desperate attempt to fore-sharpen the arts of the toilet I shall never know. Enough for me that at last the top bolt was drawn and the chain loosened, and I was admitted to the lair of the hunted refugee.

In a scantily-furnished room, the lady whom I had seen many weeks before in Hyde Park watched by the side of the little one, who was sleeping heavily, and, as they told me, had not quite recovered from the accident of which I had heard. She advanced to meet me, and with a well-bred air and tone, inquired for Gerard. Antero said he though he had quitted England, and would come to see them not any more. Long ago he had spoken to them of his friend, a priest, who would call one day and be as *sympathique* as



likely to last. It needed no persuasion to induce me to do so, and beside a cheerful little fire I was soon in high talk with my unknown host. He was too rheumatic, he said, to offer me personal guidance in such weather; but as he had reason to know the topography of the region well, he would give me a pen-and-ink map on the back of a card, by which I could find my way if I chose. He had paid dearly, he said, for his knowledge of the neighbourhood, having, along with two other friends now dead and gone, sunk all his makings and savings in building speculation there. At first they had been very successful, and let their houses as fast as they could run them up, and faster. People came and took them when they were hardly over ground. They thought they could never do enough; money was cheap, they borrowed on mortgage and went on building till the panic came, and everything went down; and the men with the long purse foreclosed, and got the whole tract with the half-finished houses upon it for next to nothing. That is the way, he said, everything goes now in this country; monster shops and mammoth hotels, and amalgamated railways. Small industries are beaten and broken-hearted; and there is no help for it that I can see. "But are you certain," he said, "that it is Caradoc Place you want? there are but half a dozen inhabited houses there, two upon one side and four on the other, most of them I think I know, and not any of them of much account. The Primitive Methodist preacher lives at number one, and next door there is a paralytic party that never goes out, but sits all day in the window watching the flies,—a gentlewoman, they say, and pays her way, but has nobody coming to see her, and when her servant goes out she shuts the door, and lets herself in with a latch-key, and can hardly say what she wants in the shops with her outlandish tongue. Opposite there is a clerk in Barnaby's Warehouse, Edgware Road, but he is not likely to be at home till late in the evening; next door is empty ever since the widow died with typhoid fever, but her poor little children are scattered, God knows where; and next to that there used to be some sort of foreigners, Antico, or Angelo, or some nonsensical name of that kind, a suspicious-looking character that seldom went out in daylight. But he had a handsome wife, they say; I never saw her myself, but Knowles, the surgeon, had a good look at her once when her child had a fall, and he told me that when she came for him and brought him into the room where the poor little creature was lying insensible, and as she fancied dead, she fell on her knees and poured forth such a torrent of sobs and prayers as he had never heard in his whole life before. But the

little thing wakened up, and she went pretty near mad with joy."

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he was, but he did not come. A glance from her dark eyes bid me avouch who I was, as though she could not do so. There was a mournful misgiving in his expression as he listened mutely to my account, not very intelligible, I fear, of why I had not come long ago, and why now. I never remember to have felt myself looked through and through in such a fashion; and every word of his calm but stern courtesy fell upon my heart like lead. Yielding to an impulse better than reason, I took a testament from my pocket, and laying it gently on the bosom of the little child, said, I have brought you this, lady, for your comfort in sorrow, and every Sabbath evening I will pray that you and yours may have peace, and that I may be forgiven for not coming here before. The sceptic soul of the man was touched, and, laying his hard hand upon my shoulder, he muttered rather than articulated thanks, begged me to be seated, and entered into conversation freely, while every trace of the cruel gloom of distrust gradually passed away. He had been, he said, above a year in England, having fled for his life when the revolt in which he was engaged to participate was crushed, and the names of all who were directly or indirectly accessory to the design had been betrayed to the Government. He had not himself borne arms, his appointed province being to keep up in cipher correspondence between various district committees, in the hopes that thereby premature outbreaks might be prevented and the organization rendered so complete as to be at length irresistible, and, consequently, free comparatively from the risk of causing bloodshed. But, as usual, there were traitors in their camp; partial *émeutes* were provoked, and put down with every evidence of extreme vigour; exasperation spread, and, prematurely, district after district arose only to be drowned in a tempest of vengeance. Not till it was certain all at the time was lost did he abandon his post. Had he remained another hour he would have shared the fate of Blum and Battzány. His wife, who was of noble family, had for some months been unable to follow him, and her family, who belonged to the triumphant party, were much incensed at the notion of her sharing his exile. There was no artifice they would not use to get her back, and no violence or fraud they would disdain to take him from his present place of refuge. He knew several who were in like case, living in terror of being accused of some civil offence which they could not of course disprove here, and which therefore a magistrate might send them to be tried for in their own country. This would be simply a cheat; but no time or opportunity, they were told, would be given them to appeal to the *Minister for Foreign Affairs*, and they would be hurried away before

any English friend could interpose or remonstrate. They had even been warned that secret police agents had been sent to watch them; to learn their haunts and track their movements, and that it was not impossible they might be beset or made away with, gagged or put by night on board a foreign vessel in the river; and once out of the jurisdiction of Great Britain their doom would be irretrievable. I tried hard to allay his apprehensions, and declared my belief that no instance had occurred of kidnapping such as he half-incredulously foreshadowed; while, as regarded proceedings before a magistrate, I thought it hardly possible that a Secretary of State would sign a warrant of deportation without some inquiry into the circumstances, and without such delay as would almost inevitably lead to publicity. But when he placed in my hand a copy of the Government Bill of 1852, brought in avowedly at the instance of the French Government immediately after the *coup d'état*, to render more summary and indiscriminate the surrender of refugees, my confidence in my own words of encouragement faded in me: and when he asked How can other Governments be refused what is granted to one, I felt it die out in my bosom. At length I rose to take my leave, promising to consult with one or two legal friends, and in a few days to return to him. Meanwhile, I urged him to change his isolated residence for one less lonely, and consequently more within help in case of need. Strange to say, he had not so thought of it before. A vague and unpractical notion seems to have possessed him that in this semi-solitude he might have a better chance of escaping observation till the time of resentful tyranny should be overpast. Something, I know not what, prompted me to inquire if he knew who lived opposite in the character of an invalid, but, as I was informed, receiving no visitors, never moving out, and as was believed communicating with no one but a foreign servant whose country the people in the neighbourhood did not seem to understand. He shuddered as I spoke, looked wistfully at his wife's anxious face, and said slowly,—“Blind that I am not to have seen this before, it is clear enough now.” I gave him my address and parted, begging that he would call on me or write to me.

But I saw his face no more. About a week after I went again, and found that he was gone. I had the curiosity to inquire about his opposite neighbour, but was told that a sudden cure had been effected in that quarter, and that the sick had been able to take up her bed and walk, leaving no trace behind of her altered whereabouts. No doubt she was a spy and, her occupation in Caradoc Place being gone, her man-trapping services were utilized elsewhere.



When Gerard returned from his Autumn tour, he learned some particulars of his friend's disappearance. Naturally of a gloomy and despondent temper, he had, during his seclusion in a London suburb, gradually become possessed with the idea that his rendition was an object of peculiar and exceptional desire to the powerful despotism he had ventured to pluck by the beard. He mistook probably the object of its espionage, which was more likely to be concerned with observing, noting, and reporting the names of his associates, and their manner of life, than with compassing his individual destruction. It was better work tracing who were his companions in exile, and finding out whence they drew their supplies, and with whom they corresponded, than to break the clue to the half-hidden web of disaffection by some act of extratraditional violence, or resort to malpractices not even colourably defensible. Mention of the latter would have simply provoked a smile of incredulity among the most excited politicians amongst us ; nor would they even now be regarded as believable, had it not been for the timely exposure a few years ago of the circumstances connected with kidnapping in Canada, and deportation through England of the fugitive L'Amirand, who was demanded on a charge which could not even *prima facie* be substantiated against him ; kidnapped by the agents of the French police, hurried on board ship, brought in custody to Liverpool, and thence transmitted without opportunity for invoking the protection of English law to Calais, where he was delivered over to his prosecutors. L'Amirand was subsequently tried upon another charge and pronounced guilty. Our foreign office grumbled, and, on one occasion ventured even to growl ; but the French Government, disavowing the kidnappers, asked with a polite sneer if the clause of the subsisting treaty had been broken, or of what English statute it could be said to have notice forbidding a prisoner to be tried for a different offence from that regarding which he had been surrendered. The reclamation of our Foreign Office proved absolutely abortive, L'Amirand was undoubtedly a rogue ; and public sympathy for him was out of the question. Yet the scandal of the case awakened the juridicial conscience of the country to a sense of the danger to its honour which such an unguarded position afforded : and the Act of 1870 has barred that way of treachery for evermore. But in the days to which the foregoing narrative refers, all was comparatively dim and uncertain. Antero sought in vain legal assurance for the safety of his domicile here ; and weary of the prolonged wretchedness of daily and nightly *insecurity*, he resolved to betake himself with those he loved to the

United States, where, under an assumed name, he hoped that he might live in peace till political times should change in the country he had loved, not wisely but too well. His resources being scanty, he took passage on an emigrant ship bound for New York. The vessel foundered, and he and his loved ones perished.

In what diplomatic correspondence or parliamentary return will cases like this be even glanced at? They are part of materials from written history which pass rapidly out of sight and remembrance, and which, save in some chance page of personal recollections, may never be recalled.

*(To be continued.)*





# DOUGLAS JERROLD AND HIS LETTERS.\*

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## PART I.

**T**HE leading characteristic of Douglas Jerrold's nature was earnestness. He was earnest in his abhorrence of all things mean and interested; earnest in his noble indignation at wrong and oppression; earnest in the very wit with which he vented his sense of detestation] for evil-doing. He was deeply earnest in all serious things; and very much in earnest when dealing with less apparently important matters, which he thought needed the scourge of a sarcasm. Any one who could doubt the earnestness of Jerrold should have seen him when a child was the topic; the fire of his eye, the quiver of his lip, bore witness to the truth of the phrase he himself uses in his charming drama of "The Schoolfellows," showing that to him indeed "children are sacred things." We once received a letter from him expressing in pungent terms his bitter disgust at an existing evil, and concluding with a light turn serving to throw off the load that oppresses him:—

Putney, Oct. 21st, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE.—The wisdom of the law is about to preach from the scaffold on the sacredness of life; and, to illustrate its sanctity, will straightway strangle a woman as soon as she have strength renewed from child-birth. I would fain believe, despite the threat of Sir G—— G—— to hang this wretched creature as soon as restorations shall have had their benign effect, that the Government only need pressure from without to commute the sentence. A petition—a woman's petition—is in course of signature. You are, I believe, not a reader of that mixture of good and evil, a newspaper; hence, may be unaware of the fact. I need not ask you, Will you sign it? The document lies at Gilpin's—a noble fellow—the bookseller, Bishopsgate. Should her Majesty run down the list of names, I think her bettered taste in Shakespeare would dwell complacently on the name of Mary Cowden Clarke.

I don't know when they pay dividends at the Bank, but if this be

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\* The remainder of Mr. and Mrs. CLARKE'S "Letters of Leigh Hunt" were consumed in the recent fire in Turnmill Street.

the time, you can in the same journey fill your pocket, and lighten your conscience. Regards to Clarke. Yours ever truly,

D. JERROLD.

Jerrold took a hearty interest in an attempted reform, in a matter which affected him as a literary man, a reform since accomplished—the Repeal of all Taxes on Knowledge. He had been invited to take the chair at a meeting for the consideration of the subject; and he sent the following witty letter to be read instead of a speech from him, being unable to attend:—

West Lodge, Putney, Lower Common, Feb. 25th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Disabled by an accident from personal attendance at your meeting, I trust I may herein be permitted to express my heartiest sympathy with its great social purpose. That the fabric, paper, newspapers, and advertisements should be taxed by any Government possessing paternal yearnings for the education of a people, defies the argument of reason. Why not, to help the lame and to aid the short-sighted, lay a tax upon crutches, and enforce a duty upon spectacles?

I am not aware of the number of professional writers—of men who live from pen to mouth—flourishing this day in merry England; but it appears to me, and the notion, to a new Chancellor of the Exchequer (I am happy to say one of *“my order—of the goosequill, not of the heron’s plume”*) may have some significance; why not enforce a duty upon the very source and origin of letters? Why not have a literary poll-tax, a duty upon books and *“articles”* in their rawest materials? Let every author pay for his license, poetic or otherwise. This would give a wholeness of contradiction to a professed desire for knowledge, when existing with taxation of its material elements. Thus, the exciseman, beginning with authors’ brains, would descend through rags, and duly end with paper. This tax upon news is captious and arbitrary; arbitrary, I say, for what is *not* news? A noble lord makes a speech: his rays of intelligence compressed like Milton’s fallen angels, are in a few black rows of this type; and this is news. And is not a new book *“news?”* Let Ovid first tell us how Midas first laid himself down, and—private and confidential—whispered to the reeds *“I have ears;”* and is not that news? Do many noble lords, even in Parliament, tell us anything newer?

The tax on advertisement is—it is patent—a tax even upon the industry of the very hardest workers. Why should the Exchequer waylay the errand-boy and oppress the maid-of-all-work? Wherefore should Mary Ann be made to disburse her eighteenpence at the Stamp Office ere she can show her face in print, wanting a place, although to the discomfiture of those first-created Chancellors of the Exchequer—the spiders?

In conclusion, I must congratulate the meeting on the advent of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Right Honourable Benjamin D’Israeli is the successful man of letters. He has ink in his veins. The goosequill—let gold and silver-sticks twinkle as they



may—leads the House of Commons. Thus, I feel confident that the literary instincts of the right honourable gentleman will give new animation to the coldness of statesmanship, apt to be numbed by tightness of red-tape. We are, I know, early taught to despair of the right honourable gentleman, because he is allowed to be that smallest of things, “a wit.” Is arithmetic for ever to be the monopoly of substantial respectable dulness? Must it be that a Chancellor of the Exchequer, like *Portia's* portrait, is only to be found in lead?

No, sir, I have a cheerful faith that our new fiscal minister will, to the confusion of obese dulness, show his potency over pounds, shillings, and pence. The Exchequer L. S. D. that have hitherto been as the three Witches—the weird sisters—stopping us, wherever we turned, the right honourable gentleman will at the least transform into the three Graces, making them in all their salutations, at home and abroad, welcome and agreeable. But with respect to the L. S. D. upon knowledge, he will, I feel confident, cause at once the weird sisterhood to melt into thin air; and thus—let the meeting take heart with the assurance,—thus will fade and be dissolved the Penny New's-tax—the errand-boy and maid-of-all-work's tax—and the tax on that innocent white thing, the tax on paper. With this hope I remain, yours faithfully,

J. Alfred Novello, Esq.,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Sub-Treasurer of the Association for the Repeal  
of all Taxes upon Knowledge.

Another letter, excusing his attendance at a meeting, serves to show his lively interest in the Whittington Club, of which he was the Founder and President; and also demonstrates his sincere desire for the establishment of recognized social equality for women with men. This is the letter:—

To the Secretary of the Whittington Club.

West Lodge, Putney Lower Common, June 18th.

DEAR SIR,—It is to me a very great disappointment that I am denied the pleasure of being with you on the interesting occasion of to-day; when the club starts into vigorous existence, entering upon—I hope and believe—a long life of usefulness to present and succeeding generations. I have for some days been labouring with a violent cold, which, at the last hour, leaves me no hope of being with you. This to me is especially discomfiting upon the high occasion the council meet to celebrate; for we should have but very little to boast of by the establishment of the club, had we only founded a sort of monster chop-house; no great addition this to London, where chop-houses are certainly not among the rarer monuments of British civilization.

We therefore recognize a higher purpose in the Whittington Club; namely, a triumphant refutation of a very old, respectable, but no less foolish fallacy—for folly and respectability are somehow sometimes found together—that female society in such an institution is incompatible with female domestic dignity. Hitherto, Englishmen have made

their club-houses as Mahomet made his Paradise—a place where women are not admitted on any pretext whatever. Thus considered, the Englishman may be a very good Christian sort of a person at home, and at the same time little better than a Turk at his club.

It is for us, however, to change this. And as we are the first to assert what may be considered a great social principle, so it is most onerous upon us that it should be watched with the most jealous suspicion of whatever might in the most remote degree tend to retard its very fullest success. Again lamenting the cause that denies me the gratification of being with you on so auspicious a day,

Believe me, yours faithfully,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

*(To be continued.)*

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# THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CHAPEL OF HATE.

**I**N the autumn of 1813, it was wild weather out in the great world where Emperors and Kings were wildly struggling in a grasp of death. On earth, were the red shadows of armies; in heaven, were the black shadows of rain; and the wind blew these and those to and fro on the faces of earth and heaven, so that the eye looked in vain this way and that for a spot of sunshine and peace. The great Tidal Wave which had deluged Europe with blood was at last subsiding, and the strand was strewn with the wreck of empires and kingdoms and with the great drifts of dead.

Through this general storm, physical as well as political, Bonaparte was rapidly retreating on France: before him, the startled faces of his people; behind him, the angry murmur of his foes; and at every step he took the way darkened and the situation became more dire. Nevertheless, if chronicle is to be trusted, his face was calm, his mien composed. The fifty thousand Frenchmen lost at Leipsic sent no spectres to trouble him; or, if the spectres came, he waved them down! Spectres of the living—mad famished Frenchmen, who made hideous riot wherever they came—preceded and followed him: scarecrows of his old glory and his old renown. In this wise he came to Erfurt, where, so few years before, he had presided at the memorable Congress of Kings.

Things were indeed changed,—even in the man's own soul. He could not fail to foresee—for he was not destitute of prophetic vision—that this was only the beginning of the end. One by one the powers of the earth had fallen away from him, and like Death on his white steed he was riding he knew not whither—shadow around and behind him and above him,—still the Shadow of the Sword.

On the 25th of October, says the chronicler, he left Erfurt, "amid weather as tempestuous as his fortunes."

It was wild weather, too, down in lonely Brittany, and in all the quiet old hamlets, set, like Kromlaix, by the sea. Black mists charged with rain brooded night and day over the great marshes, and over the desolate plains and moors; and the salt scum and foam blew inland for miles, bringing rumours of the watery storm. Kromlaix crouched and trembled, looking seaward; and deep under its steep street a voice murmured,—the hidden river moaning as it ran.

On a dark afternoon the solitary figure of a man struggled across the great plain which stretches within the high sea-wall to the north of Kromlaix. With few landmarks to guide him, and these looming confusedly through a grey vapour of thin rain, he was proceeding slowly in the direction of the village, which was still several miles away. The wind had been rising all day, and was blowing half a gale, while mountains of rain-charged vapour were rising ever upward from the sea. He was an old man, and with wind and rain beating furiously in his face he made but little way. Again and again, to avoid the fury of the blast, he almost crouched upon the ground.

He was thinly clad, in the peasant costume of the country; on his back he carried a bag resembling a beggar's wallet, and he leant for support upon an oaken staff.

At every step he took the storm deepened and the dulness grew, until he veritably seemed walking through the clouds. Ever and anon wild cattle, rushing for shelter, passed like ghosts across his path; or some huge pile of stone shimmered and disappeared. At last, he stood confused and undecided, with a sound in his ears like the roaring of the sea, and just then he discerned, looming through the vapour, the outline of a building which stood alone in the very centre of the waste. Eager to find shelter, he hurried towards it, and soon stood before the door.

The building was a ruin; the four walls, with a portion of the roof, being intact, but door and window had long since been swept away—perhaps by human hands in the days of the Revolution. The walls were black and stained with the slime of centuries. Above the doorway, but half obliterated, were these words written in antique characters—"Notre Dame de la Haine"; in English, "Our Lady of Hate."

For the moment the traveller hesitated; then, with a peculiar smile, he quietly entered in. Just within the doorway was a stone form,



on which he sat down, well screened from the storm, and surveyed the interior of the chapel.

For chapel it was, though seemingly deserted and forsaken ; and such buildings still stand in Brittany, as ghastly reminders of what, in its darkest frenzy, religion is capable of doing. Nor was it so forsaken as it seemed. Hither still, in hours of passion and pain, came men and women to cry curses on their enemies : the maiden on her false lover, the lover on his false mistress, the husband on his false wife ; praying one and all, that Our Lady of Hate might hearken, and that the hated one might die "within the year." So bright and so deep had the gentle Christian light shone within their souls ! Many as their own passions were the names of the Mother of God ; and this one of Lady of Hate was surely as sweet to them as that other,—Mother of Love.

The interior of the chapel was dark with vapours, and shadows and shadows—quiet without. At the further end, which was quite roofless, loomed the solitary window, and through this the rain was wildly beating : beating in pitilessly on a mutilated stone image of Our Lady, which still stood on its pedestal within the space where the altar once had been. A dreary image, formless and deformed ; rudely hewn of coarse stone, and now marred almost beyond recognition. Yet that Our Lady's power had not altogether fled, or rather that firm faith in that power still remained, was attested by the rude gifts scattered at her feet : strings of black beads, common rosaries, coarse locketts of brass and tin, even fragments of ribbon and scraps of human attire. One of these locketts was quite new, and held a lock of human hair. Woe to the head on which that hair grew, should Our Lady hear the prayer of her who placed it there !

The floor of the chapel had been paven, but few of the slabs remained. Everywhere grew long grass, nettles, and weeds, dripping with the rain ; at the ruined altar the nettles and weeds grew breast high, touching Our Lady's feet, and climbing up as if to cover her from human sight ; but at the front of the altar was a paven space, where men and women might kneel.

The old man glanced into the dreary place, and sighed ; then taking his wallet from his back and opening it, he drew forth a piece of black bread and began to eat. He had scarcely begun, when he was startled by a sound as of a human voice, coming from the interior of the chapel ; peering through the darkness, he failed to distinguish any human form, but immediately after, on the sound being repeated, he rose and walked towards the altar, and beheld, stretched on the ground before the stone image, the figure of a man.

Face downward, like a man asleep or in a swoon; with the heavy rain pouring down upon him from the window above; moaning and murmuring as he lay. An object more forlorn it was scarcely possible to conceive; for his rags scarcely covered his nakedness, his wild unkempt hair swept to his shoulders, and he seemed stained from head to foot with the clammy moisture of the storm.

As the old man approached and bent above him, he did not stir; but when, with a look of recognition, the old man stooped and touched him, he sprang to his feet like a wild beast, and as if awakened from stupor, glared all round with bloodshot eyes. His face was so wild and terrible, covered with its matted hair and beard, and the light in his eyes was so fierce, yet vacant and woe-begone that the old man shrunk back startled.

"Rohan!" he said, in a low voice, "Rohan Gwenfern!"

The arms of Rohan, which had been outstretched to clutch and tear, dropped down to his side, and his eyes rolled wildly on the speaker. Gradually the feline expression faded from his face, but the woe-begone light remained.

"Master Arfoll!"

It was indeed the itinerant schoolmaster, little changed, though somewhat greyer and sadder than when we last saw him. He stretched out his arms, and with both hands grasped the right hand of Rohan, looking tenderly into his face. Not a word more was uttered for some minutes, but the powerful frame of Rohan shook with agitation.

"You live! you live!" at last exclaimed Master Arfoll. "Over there at Travnik; there was a report that you were dead, but I did not believe it, and I hoped on. Thank God, you live!"

Such life as lingered in that tormented frame seemed scarce worth thanking God for. Better to have died, one would have thought, than to have grown into this—a ghost—

A shadow,

Upon the skirts of human nature dwelling.

All wild and persecuted things are pitiful to look on, but there is no sadder sight on earth than the face of a hunted man.

Presently, Master Arfoll spoke again.

"I was going through Kromlaix, and I came hither to shelter from the storm. Of all the places on the earth to find you here! Ah, God, it is an evil place, and those who come here have evil hearts. What were you doing, my Rohan! praying?—To Notre Dame de la Haine!"



Rohan, whose eyes had been fixed upon the ground, looked up quickly and answered,

"Yes!"

"Ah, you have great wrongs, and your enemies have been cruel indeed. May God help you, my poor Rohan!"

A wild expression of scorn and semi-delirium passed over Rohan's face.

"It is not God I ask," he answered in a hollow voice, "not God, but her! None can help me now if she cannot. Look you, I have prayed here again and again. I have torn my heart out in prayer against the Emperor—and curses on his head, that she may hunt him down." Suddenly turning to the altar, and stretching out his hands, he cried, "Mother of God, hear me! Mother of Hate, listen! Within a year, within a year!"

A wild access of passion possessed him; his face flashed white as death, and he seemed about to cast himself again on the stones before the altar. But Master Arfoll stretched out his hands again, and touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Let us sit down and talk together," he said softly; "there is news. I have bread in my wallet and a little red wine;—let us eat and drink together as in old times, and you shall hear all I know."

Something in the manner of the speaker subdued and soothed Rohan, who suffered himself to be led across the chapel to the stone seat close to the door. Here the two men sat down side by side. By this time the chapel had grown quite dark, but although the wind blew more furiously than ever, the rain had almost ceased to fall. Little by little, the excitement of Rohan was subdued. Gently pressed to eat, he did so automatically, and it was evident that he was sadly in need of sustenance. Then Master Arfoll drew forth a leathern bottle, which had been filled with wine that morning by a farmer's wife whose children he had been teaching. Rohan drank, and his pale cheek kindled; but by this time all his passion had departed, and he was docile as a child.

Gradually Master Arfoll elicited from him many particulars of his position. After several days passed in the open plains and among the great salt marshes, he had at last returned again to the Cave of St. Gildas, whence, in an access of a sort of delirium, he had issued that day to pray, or rather to curse, in the Chapel of Hate.

"If they should return to seek me," he said, "I have discovered a way. The Cave has an outlet which they will never find, and *which I only learned by chance.*"

He paused a moment ; then, in answer to Master Arfoll's questioning look, he proceeded :

"You know the great Cave? Ah, no ; but it is vast, like the Cathedral at St. Emlett, and no man except myself has ever searched it through. After I had killed Pipriac I returned, for all other places were dangerous ; and as I entered, Pipriac stood before me as if in life, with his great wounds bleeding, and his eyes looking at me. That was only for a moment, then he was gone ; but he came to me again and again till I was sick with fear. My father, it is terrible to have shed blood, and old Pipriac was a good fellow after all—besides, he was my father's friend, and that is worse. Mother of God, what a death ! I think of it always, and it gives me no peace !"

As he spoke, his former wild manner returned, and he shivered through and through as if with violent cold ; but the touch of Master Arfoll's hand again calmed him, and he proceeded :

"Well, at last one night, when there was black storm, I could bear it no longer, and I struck a light with flint and steel, and I lit my torch, and to pass away the hours I began measuring round and round the walls with my feet, counting the paces. It was then I discovered, in the far darkness of the great Cave, a hole through which a man might crawl, a hole like a black stain ; one might search for days and not find it out. I crawled through on hands and knees, and a little way in I found another cave, nearly as large as the first. Then I thought, 'Let them come when they like, I shall be safe, I can crawl in here.' That was not all, for I soon found that the cliffs were hollowed out like a great honeycomb, and whichever way I searched there were stone passages winding into the heart of the earth."

"It is the same along there at La Vilaine," said Master Arfoll ; "the entrances are known, but no men have searched the caverns through, for they believe them haunted. Some say the Romans made them long ago, but who can tell ?"

Rohan did not reply, but seemed to have fallen again into a sort of waking trance. At last he looked up, and pointing at the window of the chapel, said quietly :

"See, the rain is over, and the moon is up."

The rain had indeed ceased, and through the cloudy rock above a stormy moon was rising and pouring her vitreous rays on a raging surf of cloud. The wind, so far from abating, roared more wildly than ever, and the face of heaven was as a human face convulsed with torturing passion and illumed by its own wild light.



Master Arfoll gazed upwards for some moments in silence ; then he said quietly :

"And now, what will you do? Ah, that I could help you, but I am so feeble and so poor. Have you no other friend?"

"Yes, one—Jàn Goron ; but for him I should have died."

"God reward him !"

"Three times since Pipriac died Jàn has hidden food under the dolman in the Field of the Festival ; and my mother has made torches of tallow and pitch, that I might not go mad in the dark ; and besides these, I have a lantern and oil. Jàn hides them and I find them, under the dolman."

Master Arfoll again took the outcast's hands between his own, and pressed them affectionately.

"God has given you great courage, and where another man's heart would have broken, you have lived. Have courage still, my poor Rohan—there is hope yet. Do you know there has been a great battle, and the Emperor has lost."

That one word, "Emperor," seemed enough to conjure up all the madness in Rohan's brain. He rose to his feet, reaching out his arms to the altar of the chapel, while Master Arfoll continued.

"There are wild sayings afloat. Some say the Emperor is a prisoner in Germany, others that he has tried to kill himself ; but all say, and it is certain, that he has been beaten as he was never beaten before, and that he is in full retreat. All the world has arisen against him at last."

An hour later the two men stood together at the chapel door.

"I shall visit your uncle's house," said the itinerant, "and I shall see your cousin Marcelle. Shall I give her any message?"

Rohan trembled, but answered quietly :

"Tell her to comfort my mother—she has no one else left in the world."

Then the men embraced, and Master Arfoll walked away into the night. For a space Rohan stood in the chapel entrance, watching the figure until it disappeared ; then, throwing up his arms, with a bitter cry he too fled from the place like a man flying from some evil thing.

## CHAPTER XL.

## INTRODUCES A SCARECROW OF GLORY.

EARLY the next day, as the Derval household were assembled at their morning meal, Master Arfoll entered the quaint old kitchen, and with the quiet salutation of the country—"God save all here!"—took his seat uninvited by the fire. The Corporal nodded his head coldly, Alain and Jannich smiled, and the women murmured the customary "welcome"; but an awkward silence followed, and it was clear that the entrance of Master Arfoll caused a certain constraint. Indeed, the Corporal had just been engaged, spectacle on nose, in deciphering aloud a bulletin from the seat of war—one of those fanciful documents on which Bonaparte was accustomed to expend all the splendour of a mendacious imagination. But even Bonaparte, on this occasion, was unable to concoct a narrative totally misleading as to the true state of the situation. Amid all his pomp of sounding words, and all his flourish of misleading falsehoods, there peeped out the skeleton fact that the imperial army had been terribly and almost conclusively beaten, and that it had been compelled to give up all its dreams of conquest, and to retreat ("confusedly," as old stage directions have it) back to the frontier.

Now, the Corporal was no fool, and in reality his heart was very sore for the sake of his favourite; but he was not the man to admit the fact to unsympathetic outsiders. So when Master Arfoll entered he became silent, and, stumping over to the fireside, began to fill his pipe.

"You have news, I see," said the itinerant, after a long pause. "Is it true, then, Corporal Derval?"

The Corporal scowled down from his height of six feet, demanding,

"Is what true, Master Arfoll?"

"About the great battle, and the retreat. Is not the Emperor still retreating on France, as they say?"

The Corporal gave a fierce snort, and crammed the tobacco down savagely in the bowl of his pipe.

"As they say!" he repeated, contemptuously. "As the geese say, Master Arfoll! Ah! if you were an old soldier, and if you knew the Emperor as I know him, you would not talk about retreating. Soul of a crow, does a spider 'retreat' into his hole when he is trying to coax the flies? Does a hawk 'retreat' into the sky when he is looking out for the sparrows? I will tell you this, Master



Arfoll : when the Little Corporal plays at 'retreating,' his enemies may keep their eyes open like the owls ; for just as they are laughing and running after him, as they think, up he will pop in their midst and at their backs, ready to eat them up !"

The itinerant saw how the land lay, and offered no contradiction ; only he said after a little, looking at the fire :

"Before Leipsic it was terrible. Is it not true that fifty thousand Frenchmen fell ?"

The Corporal had now lighted his pipe, and was puffing furiously. Master Arfoll's quiet questions irritated him, and he glared round at his nephews, and down at the visitor, with a face as red as the bowl of his own pipe.

"I do not know," he replied, "and I do not care. You are a scholar, Master Arfoll, and you know a good deal of books, but I will tell you frankly, you do not understand war. A great general does not count these things ; fifty men killed or fifty thousand, it is all the same ; he may lose twice as many men as the enemy, and yet he may have won the victory for all that. Fifty thousand men, bah ! If it were twice fifty thousand it would be all the same. Go to ! the Emperor knows what he is about."

"But your own nephews," said Master Arfoll, "they, at least, are safe ?"

The Corporal cast an uneasy glance at the widow, who had lifted her white face eagerly at Master Arfoll's words, then he smiled grimly.

"Good lads, good lads !—yes ; when we last heard from them they were safe and well. Gildas wrote for both ; as you know, he writes a brave hand, and he was in high spirits, I can tell you. He had a little scratch, and was nursed at the hospital for a month, but he was soon all right again, and merry as a cricket. Ah ! it is a brave life, he says ; plenty to eat and drink, and money to spend ; that is the way, too, one sees the world."

"Were your nephews in the great battle, Corporal Derval ?"

With another uneasy glance at the widow, the Corporal snorted reply :

"I do not know ; powers of heaven, I cannot tell, for we have not heard since ; but this I know, Master Arfoll, wherever the Emperor pointed with his finger, and said to them 'Go,' Hoël and Gildas were *there*."

"Then you are not sure that they survive," said Master Arfoll sinking his voice.

The white face of the widow was uplifted again, and the Corporal's voice trembled as he replied :

"They are in God's hands, and God will preserve them. They are doing their duty like brave men in a glorious service, and He will not desert them; and of this I am sure, we shall hear from them soon."

But ah, my Corporal, what of the fifty thousand who fell on Leipsic field? Were they all in God's hands too, and did He desert them? Each hearth for its own; and from fifty thousand went up a prayer, and from fifty thousand the same fond cry, "We shall hear from them soon!"

As the Corporal ceased to speak, the company became conscious of the figure of a man, which had entered quietly at the open door, and now stood quietly regarding them. A pitiful object indeed, and grim as pitiful! His face was dirty and unshaven, and round his head was twisted a coloured handkerchief instead of hat or cap. A ragged great coat reached to his knees; beneath it dangled ragged ends of trousers; the feet were bare, and one was wrapt up in a bloody handkerchief. He leant upon a stick, surveying the circle, and on his face there was an expression of rakish wretchedness, such as might be remarked in a very old jackdaw in the last stage of moulting and uncleanness.

"God save all here!" he said in a shrill voice.

"Welcome, good man!" said the Corporal, motioning the mendicant—for such he seemed—to a seat by the fire.

The new comer did not stir, but, leaning on his staff, wagged his head from side to side with a diabolical grin at Marcelle, and then winked frightfully at Jannich and Alain.

The widow sprang up with a scream.

"Mother of God, it is Gildas!"

All started in amazement; the boys from their seats at the table, Marcelle from her spinning-wheel, while the Corporal dropped his pipe and gazed. In another moment Mother Derval had embraced the apparition, and was crying over him, and kissing his hands.

It was, indeed, Gildas Derval, but so worn, and torn, and stained with travel, so begrimed with dust of the road, and so burnt and blistered with the sun, that only his great height made him recognisable. His face was covered with a sprouting beard, and over his right eye he had a hideous scar. A more disreputable scarecrow never stood in a green field, or darkened a respectable door.

Before another word could be said, the mother screamed again.

"Mother of God, he has lost an arm!"

It was but too true; from the soldier's left side dangled an empty ragged sleeve. There was another wail from the mother, but Gildas only laughed and nodded knowingly at his uncle. Then Marcelle



came up and embraced him ; then Jannich and Alain ; and, finally, the Corporal, with flaming face and kindling eye slapped Gildas on the back, wrung him by the hand, and kissed him on both cheeks.

The poor mother, fluttering like some poor bird about her young, was the first to think of the fledgling who was far away. When Gildas was ensconced in the great chair, with Mother Deval kneeling at his feet, and resting her arms on his knees, while Marcelle was hanging over him and kissing him again, came the question,—

“ And Hoël ? where have you left Hoël ? ”

Gildas stretched out his great hand and patted his mother on the head. In every gesture of the man there was a swaggering patronage quite different to his former stolid manner, and he was obviously on the best terms with himself and with the world.

“ Hoël is all right, mother, and sends his love ; ah, he has never had a scratch, while I, look you, have had my old luck.” Turning to Master Arfoll, who still sat in the ingle, he continued, “ You see I am invalided, worse luck, just as the fun is beginning. A bullet wound, uncle, and they thought at first I should not be maimed ; but when I was lying in the hospital, well content, in comes the surgeon-major with his saw,—girr ! ” (Here he ground his teeth to imitate the instrument at work,)—and before I could squeal off it came, and left me as you see ! ”

As he spoke, his mother trembled, half fainting, and the boys looked at him in admiration. The Corporal nodded his head approvingly, as much as to say, “ Good ! this is a small matter, but the boy has come through it well.”

“ Where did you get your wound ? ” asked Master Arfoll.

“ Before Dresden,” replied the soldier, “ on the second day ; then I was carried on in the ambulance to Leipsic ; and when I was strong, I received my discharge. I had a government pass as far as Nantes, and plenty of good company ; after that, I and a comrade tramped to St. Surlott, where we parted, and I came home. Well, here I am at home, and that’s the way of the world—ups and downs, ups and downs ! ”

By this time the Corporal had brought out a bottle, and was filling out little glasses of corn brandy.

“ Drink, *mon gars !* ” he said.

Gildas tipped off his glass, and then held it out to be refilled, while the mother, with many sighs and ejaculations to herself, was furtively taking stock of his dilapidated attire. When her eyes fell upon his bandaged foot, she wept, quietly drying her eyes with her apron.

"It is not bad stuff," said the hero. "To you all!"

He tossed off the fiery fluid without winking; then looking up at Marcelle, who was still bending over him, he said roguishly, with the air of a veteran,—

"I will tell you this, little one. The German girls are like their own hogsheads, and I have not seen as pretty a face as yours since I left France. They are greedy, too, these fat frauleins, and will rob a soldier of his skin."

Marcelle stooped down and whispered a question in his ear; whereat he smiled and nodded, and quietly opening the breast of his shirt, showed her, still hanging by a ribbon round his neck, one of the medals she had dipped before his departure in the Pool of the Blood of Christ. Marcelle kissed him again, and raised her eyes to heaven, confident now that her charm had wrought his preservation.

Unwilling to intrude longer on the family circle, Master Arfoll rose, and again felicitating Gildas on his safe return, took his departure. Left to themselves, the excited family eagerly surrounded the hero, and plied him with question after question, all of which he answered rather by imagination than by strict matter of fact. Scarecrow as he was, he was surrounded in their eyes by a halo of military glory, and by his side even the Corporal, with his stale associations, seemed insignificant. Indeed, he patronized his uncle like the rest, in a style worthy of an old veteran; and, brimful of his new and raw experience, quietly pooh-pooh'd the other's old-fashioned opinions.

"And you have seen the Emperor, *mon gars*?" said the Corporal. "You have seen him with your own eyes?"

Gildas nodded his "I believe you," and then said, with his head cocked on one side, in his uncle's own fashion,—

"I saw him last at Dresden. It was raining cats and dogs, and the little man was like a drowned rat; his grey coat soaked, and his hat drawn over his eyes, and running like a spout. *Diable!* how he galloped about—you would have said it was an old woman on horse-back, riding cross-legged to market. He may be a great general, I admit," added the irreverent novice, "but he does not know how to ride."

"Not know how to ride! the Emperor!" ejaculated the Corporal, aghast. In *his* days such criticism would have been treated as blasphemy; but now, when misfortunes were beginning, the rawest recruit passed judgment on his leader.

"He sits hunched up in a lump—like this," said Gildas, suiting



the action to the word, "and no rascally recruit from the Vosges is more shabby. You would not say he was the Emperor at all, but a beggar who had stolen a horse to ride on. Ah, if you want something *like* a general to look at, you should see Marshal Ney."

"Marshal Ney!" echoed the Corporal with a contemptuous snort.

"He dresses himself for a battle as if he were going to a ball, and his hair is all oiled and perfumed, and he has rings on his fingers, and his horse is all silver and gold and crimson like himself. And then, if you please, he can ride like an angel! His horse obeys him like a pretty partner, and he whirls and curvets and dances till your eyes are dazzled."

"Bah!" cried the Corporal. "The great doll!"

It is just possible that the veteran and his nephew might have come to words on the subject of their favourites; only just then the mother came with warm water to bathe the soldier's sore feet, and with a look at her brother-in-law to deprecate further argument, knelt down and unrolled the bandage from the foot that was cut and lame. With many loving murmurs she then bathed the feet, and anointed them with sweet oil, while Marcelle prepared clean linen for Gildas to wear. "To-morrow," thought the widow, "little Plouët shall come in to trim his hair and shave his beard, and then he will look my own handsome boy again." Plouët was an individual who to his avocation of a shoemaker added the duties of village barber, and wielded the razor, to use the popular expression, "like an angel."

Happy is he, however lowly, to whom loving hands minister, and who has such a home to receive and shelter him in his hour of need! Gildas might complain of his bad luck, but in his heart he knew that he was a fortunate fellow. From a stranger's point of view, just then, he was certainly as disreputable a looking object as could be found in a day's march. Long before the widow had dried his aching feet, he had collapsed in his chair, and was snoring lustily. With his chin sunk deep into his great coat, his matted hair escaping from the coloured handkerchief which covered his head, his empty sleeve dangling, and his two ragged legs outstretching, he looked more and more a scarecrow, more and more capable of frightening off the small birds of his village from the paths of glory. But to the trembling mother he was beautiful, and her heart yearned out to him with unutterable pity and affection. He had come back to her in life, though sadly marred, and like Gottim, "marvellously transformed;" but he had paid the contribution to glory, and come what might, he could never go to war again.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## GLIMPSES OF A DEAD WORLD.

ROHAN GWENFERN needed to have little apprehension that fresh search would be made for him in the Cave of St. Gildas. After once searching the cave, and finding it empty, the *gendarmes* were glad of any pretext to keep away: not that they were actually afraid or that they would have hesitated to raise the siege anew, but the death of Pipriac, occurring as it did, had filled them with a superstitious dread.

For some days after Pipriac's death vigorous exertions were made to discover the whereabouts of his murderer; but although the *gendarmes* were more than once upon his track, and although he had come into personal collision with Mikel Grallon, all the pursuit was unavailing. The authorities at St. Gurlett stormed; a fresh reward was offered in well-posted placards; but Rohan still remained at large. And before many days had elapsed, his very existence seemed forgotten in the excitement of the news from the seat of war.

In vain was it for Corporal Derval and others of his way of thinking to hold forth in the street and by the fireside, and to prove that the sun of Bonaparte was not setting but actually rising. In vain was it for the scarecrow of glory, trimmed by the barber and made sweet by clean linen, to hold forth in the cabaret that all would be well so long as the Emperor had "Marshal Ney" at his right hand. In vain did the lying bulletins come in from Paris to St. Gurlett, and from St. Gurlett to its tributary villages. A very general impression was abroad that things were in a bad way. The loyalist party in Kromlaix began to look at each other and to smile.

From the little upper chamber in the Corporal's dwelling still went up a virgin's prayers for the great Emperor, mingled with more passionate prayers for Rohan Gwenfern. Marcelle could not, or would not, understand that the Emperor was the cause of her lover's misfortunes; no, he was too great, too good, and—ah! if one could only reach his ear! He loved his people well; he had given her uncle the Cross, and all men knew he had a tender heart. How could he know what wicked men did in his name? If she could only go to him, and fall at his feet, and ask for her lover's life!

Alas, how rash and foolish Rohan had been! It was wicked for him to refuse to help the Emperor; but then he had not been



himself, he had been mad. And here was the end!—here was Gildas come back covered with glory and alive and well, while Rohan was still a hunted man, with Pipriac's blood upon his head. If Rohan had only been brave like her brother, God would have brought him back.

While Marcelle was pleading and praying, Rohan Gwenfern was moving like a sleepless spirit through the darkness of the earth. Was it broad awake, or in a wondrous dream, that he crept through sunless caverns, torch in hand, exploring night and day? It did not seem real, and he himself did not feel real. Phantoms troubled him, voices cried in his ears, cold hands touched him, and again and again the ghost of Pipriac uprose before him with rebuking eyes.

It was all real, nevertheless. The discovery of the mysterious inlet from the Cave of St. Gildas led to a series of discoveries no less remarkable. He had not exaggerated when he asserted to Master Arfoll that the cliffs were veritably "honeycombed."

In sheer despair, to keep his thoughts from driving him completely mad, he prosecuted his lonely search. From the great inner cave which he had by accident discovered, ran numerous narrow passages, some far too small to admit a human body, others high and vaulted. Most of these passages, after winding for greater or less distances into the solid cliff, ended in *culs de sac*, but after minute examination he discovered one which did not so end, but after extending for a long distance parallel with the face of the cliff, and gradually ascending upward, ended in a small cave well lighted by a narrow chink in the cliff. From this chink, which was like a window in the very centre of the most inaccessible and perpendicular crag on the coast, he could see the ocean for miles around him, the fishing vessels coming and going to the beach of the village, and higher still, a glimpse of the lower extremity of the village itself, quite a mile away. Beneath him there was no beach,—only the sea washing at all sides on the base of the cliff and creeping here and there into the gloomy water-caverns which the superstitious fishermen never ventured to explore.

With a strange sense of freedom and exultation, he discovered this new hiding-place, the aperture of which, to any one sailing on the sea below, would have seemed like a mere dark stain on the crag's face. Here he soon made his head-quarters, free to enjoy the light of sun and moon. Inaccessible as an eagle in its eyrie, he could here draw the breath of life in peace.

A day or so later he ascertained that this cave communicated by a precipitous passage with the sea below. Not without considerable danger he descended through the darkness, and after feeling his way cautiously for hours he found himself standing on a narrow shelf of slippery rock in the very heart of a great water-cave.

Vast crimson columns, hung with many coloured weeds and mosses, supported a vaulted roof which distilled a perpetual glistening dew and shook it down on the deep waters beneath, which were clear as crystal and green as malachite. A faint phosphorescent light, which seemed to issue from the water itself, but stole in imperceptibly from the distant mouth of the cave, showed purple flowers and flags stirring gently far below and strange living creatures that moved upon a bottom of shining sand.

As Rohan stood looking downward, a large female seal, splashing down from a shelf of rock, began swimming round and round the cavern without any effort to escape; and Rohan, listening, could hear the bleat of its tiny lamb coming from the darkness. After a minute it disappeared, and the faint bleat ceased.

A little reflection showed Rohan where he stood. Quite a hundred yards away was the mouth of the cavern,—a space some twelve feet broad, but only a few high, and so hung with moss and fungi as to be almost concealed. Around this mouth the sea was many fathoms deep, and a boiling current eddied for ever at all states of the tide. Rohan remembered well how often he had rowed past, and how his fellow-fishermen had told awful legends of fool-hardy mortals who, in times remote, had tried to enter "Hell's Mouth," as they called it, and no boat that sailed through was ever known to return. Certain it was that at times there issued thence terrific volumes of raging water, accompanied by sounds as of internal earthquake, which served to make the place terrible even without the aid of superstition. Later on the causes of these phenomena will be sufficiently apparent.

There is something awful to a sensitive mind in coming accident on any strange secret of Nature, in penetrating unaware to some solemn arcanum of the mother-goddess where never human foot before had trod, and where the twilight of primæval mystery lingers for ever. Even in those solemn caves of the sea which are safely accessible to man there is something still and terrible beyond measure. In no churches do we pause half so reverently, in no shrines are we so strangely constrained to pray. To the present writer these natural temples are familiar, and he has spent within them his most religious hours.



To Rohan Gwenfern, who had crouched so long in darkness, and who had suffered so dark a persecution from all the forces of the world without, it suddenly seemed as if Nature, in a mystery of new love and pity, had taken him to her very heart; had touched his lids with a new balm, his soul with a new peace, and folding him softly in her arms, had revealed to him a faëry vision of her own soul's calm—a divine glimpse of that

Central peace subsiding at the heart  
Of endless agitation,

which so few men that live are permitted to feel and enjoy. He could not have expressed his happiness in æsthetic phrases, but he had it none the less; and by those new discoveries his soul was greatly strengthened. Up there in the aerial cave he could bask in the sunlight without fear; and down here, in a silent water-world, he could spend many wandering hours.

A stranger discovery was yet to come. He had found the key to a mystery, and it opened many doors.

Along the sides of the water-cavern ran a narrow ledge, communicating with that on which he had first descended, and although it was slippery as glass, it afforded a footing for Rohan's naked feet. Creeping along this ledge for some thirty yards, and clinging to the crimson columns for partial support, he reached the extreme end of the cave and leaped down upon a narrow space of steep shingle, against which the still, green water washed. He had no sooner done so than he discovered, to his astonishment, a vaulted opening, gleaming with stalactite and crimson moss, and leading apparently into the heart of the cliffs. It was very dark, and after groping his way stealthily forward till all light faded, he retraced his steps.

His curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. Returning to his aerial hiding-place, he procured a rude horn lanthorn with which Jân Goron had supplied him, lit it carefully, and then again descended. Finally, lanthorn in hand, he again entered the dark passage, determined to explore it to its furthest limits.

It was just so broad that he could touch both walls with the tips of the fingers of his outstretched hands; so high that, standing on tiptoe, with the tips of his fingers he could touch the roof. It seemed of solid stone, and fashioned as symmetrically as if by human hands. Wherever the light fell the walls glimmered smooth and moist, without any trace of vegetation. The air was damp and icy cold, like the air of a sepulchre, but it did not seem otherwise impure.

*He had crept forward some hundred yards or more, when he*

came to an ascending flight of stone steps. Yes, his eyes did not deceive him : red granite steps, carefully and laboriously hewn. His heart gave a great leap, for now he knew for certain what he had indeed suspected from the first, that the excavations were not natural, but had been wrought by human hands.

Simple as this fact may appear, it filled him with a kind of terror, and he almost turned to retrace his way. Recovering himself, however, he ascended the steps, and entered, at their top, another passage, which bore unmistakably the signs of human workmanship.

After he had proceeded another hundred yards he came to another ascent of steps, and, after ascending, to another passage. The air now became suffocating and oppressive, and the light in the lanthorn grew faint almost to dying. Crawling forward, however, he emerged in a space so vast and so forbidding that he stood trembling in consternation.

A mighty vault or catacomb, compared to which all the other caverns he had explored were insignificant. Vast walls of granite supported a roof high as the roof of a cathedral, from which depended black fungi bred of perpetual moisture and dripping an eternal dew. The interior was wrapt in pitch darkness, and full of a murmur as of the sea. The floor was solid stone, polished to icy smoothness, but covered by a slippery sort of moss.

Rohan stood in awe, half-expecting to see appalling phantoms start from the darkness and drive him forth. Into what place of mystery had he penetrated? Into what catacomb of the dead? Into what ghostly abode of spirits? His head swam; for a moment his customary seizure came, and he heard and saw nothing. Then he crept cautiously forward into the cavern.

As he moved, the sea-like murmur grew deeper, seeming to come from the very ground beneath his feet. He drew back listening, and just in time; for he was standing on the very edge of a black gulf, at the foot of which a moaning water ran. He peered over, flashing the light down. A black liquid glimmer came from beneath, from water in motion, rapidly rushing past.

He then perceived that the gulf and its contents occupied the entire interior of the great vault, and that the floor on which he stood was merely a narrow shelf artificially fashioned. The vast columns rose on every side of him, glittering with silvern damp, and the curtain of fungi stirred overhead like a black pall.

Suddenly, as he flashed his light over the place, he started aghast. Not far away stood another figure, on the edge of the gulf, looking down.



Rohan was superstitious by nature, and his mind had been unsettled by his privations. He stood terror-stricken, and the lanthorn almost fell from his hands. Meantime the figure did not stir.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE AQUEDUCT.

EAGER to satisfy himself, Rohan drew nearer, and at last recognized, in the shape which he had at first deemed human or ghostly, a gigantic Statue of black marble, set on a pedestal on the very edge of the chasm.

Lifeless as it was, the Shape was terrible. It had stood there for centuries, and the perpetual drops distilling from the roof above had eaten into its solid mass, so that part of the face was destroyed and portions of the body had melted away. Its lower limbs were completely enwrapped in a loathsome green vegetation, crawling up, as it seemed, out of the water beneath. In size it was colossal, and standing close beside it Rohan seemed a pigmy.

Little by little Rohan discerned that it had represented an imperial figure, clad in the Roman toga, bareheaded, but crowned with bay. Though the face was mutilated, the contour of the neck and head remained, and recalled the bull-like busts of Roman emperors and conquerors which may be seen on ancient medals, engravings of which Rohan had noticed in the French translation of Tacitus given him by Master Arfoll. In a moment the mind of Rohan was illuminated. He recalled all the popular traditions concerning the Roman towns submerged under Kromlaix; he remembered the strange pictures conjured up by Master Arfoll—of the houses of marble and temples of gold, the great baths and theatres, the statues of the gods. Then, it was all true! Not far away, perhaps, the City itself glimmered, and this was a first glimpse of its dead world.

But this water, flowing so murmurously through the cave, whence did it come, and whither did it go? He was still speculating, when he perceived close to the Statue's pedestal a broad flight of steps leading downward. They were slippery with green slime, but with extreme care one could descend.

He crawled down cautiously, feeling his way foot by foot, and stair by stair; and at last he ascertained that the steps descended into the very water itself, which rushed past his feet with a cry like a falling torrent, but black as jet. He reached out his hand, lifted some of the water to his lips, and found that it was quite fresh, with *the flavour of newly-fallen rain.*

Then, for the first time, he remembered the subterranean River, about which superstition was so garrulous, and above the buried bed of which Kromlaix was said to be built. All the memories of mysterious sounds heard in times of storm came back upon his brain; and he remembered how often, down in the village, he had pressed his ear against the earth and listened for the murmur of the River far below. The dark waters on which he was now gazing were doubtless a tributary stream, if not the very River itself; and were he to launch himself upon them, he would come doubtless to the doomed ruins of the City. It was all real, then; yet so strange, so like a wonderful dream!

Returning to his aerial chamber on the face of the great cliff, Rohan sat and brooded in a new wonder. He was like a man who had been down into the grave and had interviewed the dead, and had brought with him strange secrets of the sunless world. His discovery of the great Roman Vault, with its dark passages communicating with the sea, came upon him with a stupefying surprise. And even as he sat he thought of that black Statue, standing like a living thing in its place, the emblem of a world that had passed away.

He, too, whoever he was, had lived and reigned, as the Emperor was then reigning; and he too, perhaps, robed in purple and filleted with bay, had "bestrode the world like a Colossus," and urged a bloody generation on. Temples and coliseums, baths of precious marble and amphitheatres adorned with gold, had arisen at his bidding; at the lifting of his finger, victories had been won and lands been lost; and ere his death mortals had hailed him as a god. That statue of him had been set there by his slaves, and other statues of him had been set elsewhere in street and mart that men might know the glory of his name, and cry, "Hail, O Caesar, we who are about to die, salute thee!" And the Statue stood there still in its place, buried from the light of the sun, but of *his* footprints in the world there was no sign.

For two days the burthen of his discovery was so heavy upon him that Rohan did not dare to return to the mysterious vault. He sat listening to the wind, whose fierce wings flapped with iron clang against the face of the cliff, and gazing out upon the white and troubled sea. For some time there had been heavy rain, and it was still falling, falling.

The morning of the third day broke dark and peaceful; rain still fell, *but there was no wind*, and the sea was calm as glass.



Gazing from the window of his cave, Rohan saw the still waters, stained with purple shadows, and broken here and there by outlying reefs, stretching smooth and still as far as Kromlaix; and the red fishing boats crawling this way and that among the reefs, and here and there a great raft drifting between the reefs and the shore. For it was close upon the season for gathering the sea-wrack, or *goëmon*, a harvest which takes place twice a year, and the produce of which is used fuel, as well as for manuring the land. Rafts are made of old planks and barrels, rudely lashed together, piled high with the wrack gathered from the weedy reefs, and suffered to drift to shore before the wind or with the tide.

There was companionship, at least, in watching others at the work he knew so well. How often had not Rohan lashed his raft together, and piloted himself along the rocking coast,—not without many a swim in the deep sea, when his raft was too much laden and overturned.

He sat looking on for hours. As the day advanced, however, great banks of cloud drifted up from the south, and a black vapour crawling in from the sea covered the crags, and entirely obscured the prospect in every direction. There was a dreary and oppressive silence, broken only by the heavy falling of a leaden rain. The air seemed full of a nameless trouble, like that which precedes a thunder storm and shakes the forest leaves without a breath.

As the afternoon advanced, the rain fell more heavily, but the mists did not rise. Weary and dreary, Rohan prepared his lanthorn and determined again to visit the mysterious Vault. By this time, he had almost ceased to realize his own discovery; it seemed more and more a dream, a vision, such as those to which his troubles had made him accustomed; and he was quite prepared to find himself in the position of the man who, having once found and forsaken a fiery treasure, sought in vain to discover it again.

He descended rapidly to the basaltic water-cave communicating with the sea, and found it calm, beautiful, and unchanged; then passing along the rocky ledge to its innermost extremity, he leapt down upon the shingle, and stood again before the vaulted opening, leading into the heart of the cliffs.

As he entered, there came from within a strange sound which he had not previously remarked,—a dull, heavy murmur, as of water struggling and rushing between trembling barriers. He hesitated, and listened. He seemed to hear strange voices moaning and crying, and another sound like the flapping of the great wind against the *crag*.

After a few minutes' pause he hurried onward, through the clammy passages, up the flights of marble steps, nearer and nearer to the Roman vault. As he advanced the murmur grew to a roar, and the roar to the thunder, until it seemed the solid earth was quaking all around him ; and when, trembling and shuddering, he entered the great Vault itself, he seemed surrounded by all the thunders and ululations of an Inferno.

The cause of the commotion now became unmistakable. The river was tumbling and shrieking in the gulf, and tearing at the walls of stone between which it ran.

He crept forward along the slippery floor, which seemed quaking beneath his feet, and approached the Statue of stone. It still stood there, colossal and awful, but it was trembling in its place like a mortal man quivering with awe ; indeed, the whole vault was quaking as with the throes of sudden earthquake.

He gazed down the flight of black stairs leading to the River, and flashed his light down. In a moment he perceived that the water had risen, so that only a few steps remained uncovered ; and as it foamed and fretted, and whirled and eddied past, boiling and shrieking in its bed, flakes of fierce foam were beaten up into his face.

Rushing he knew not whence, roaring he knew not whither, the water filled the gulf, and shook its solid barriers with the force that only water possesses. Another look convinced him that it was rapidly and tumultuously rising.

Already it was within a few feet of the base of the Statue, and still it was swelling upward with inconceivable rapidity. It was as if the tide itself had rushed into the gulf, filling and overflowing it.

The mind of Rohan was well skilled in danger, and perceived instantaneously the full peril of the situation. To remain where he stood would be to encounter instantaneous death. With the thunder of the waters in his ears, the walls of solid stone quaking around him, and the ground trembling beneath his feet, Rohan turned and fled.

Not a moment too soon. Down the vaulted passages he passed, until he emerged upon the great water-cave far beneath.

As he touched the narrow space of shingle he heard behind him a horrible concussion, a sound as if the very crags were crumbling down together ; then a roar as of many waters escaping, as of a great River rushing after him, and coming ever nearer and nearer.

Swift as thought he climbed up on the rocky ledge above the water, and made his way to the aperture by which he had descended.



from his aërial cave. Pausing there, and clinging to the rocks, he beheld vast volumes of smoke and water belching from the passage by which he had just escaped ; roaring and rushing down tumultuously to mingle with the sea, till all the still green waters of the cave, stained brown and black, were bubbling like a great cauldron at his feet.

*(To be continued.)*



## TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE appears in strange garb this month, the token of the tribulation through which it has passed since the publication of the August number. Arrangements for September were made earlier than usual. The bulk of the MSS. was handed over to the printers in the closing days of July, and Sylvanus Urban departed in peace and contentment of mind to a distant place by the side of mountain and sea, for a brief period of rest and recreation. But his plans and calculations were set at defiance by calamity. The great fire on the premises of Messrs. Grant & Co. on the night of the 10th of August destroyed nearly every contribution that had been provided for this number. The articles were in type, proofs had in almost every case been sent out and returned with the authors' corrections, and the fire that melted the type from which these pages were to be printed consumed at the same time the original MSS. and the proofs, leaving not a vestige from which the work could be reproduced. In the case of the chapters for the month of Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Shadow of the Sword," it would have been fortunate if the stage had been arrived at when the author's proofs are sent out and returned; for it is Mr. Buchanan's custom to receive his original MS. from the printers with his proof, and so his work would have been saved. But the composition of "The Shadow of the Sword" was not completed on the night of the fire; the author's sheets were distributed among the printers, and paper and metal and the floor on which the compositors had stood at their work were burnt together, and fell through and mixed their ashes among the ruins of the lower floors and the broken remnants of the roof. Under very great difficulties, in a remote part of the country, Mr. Buchanan has been compelled to re-write those chapters from memory. The first half of Miss Mathers's novelette, "As He comes up the Stair," was totally destroyed; and I am under great obligations to the authoress for the promptness with which she reproduced the lost MS., almost without the aid of notes. I think it would take an expert penman as long to copy out these chapters of "As He comes up the Stair," as elapsed from the hour when the authoress of "*Comin' thro' the Rye*" received my letter apprising her of the loss



to the time when she despatched the new roll of MS. from which the pages of "As He comes up the Stair" in this number are printed. It will be, I am sure, a matter of much regret to my readers that the concluding part of Red Spinner's "My Ocean Log from Newcastle to Brisbane" was consumed, and cannot for the present be recovered. Mr. Senior, however, informed me in one of his letters that he had retained a duplicate copy of his "Log," with a view to subsequent republication in another form; and I have reason to hope that the MS. is now on its way from Queensland. In the meantime I am glad to be able to fill the gap with another contribution from Mr. Senior, quite recently received. The remainder of Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Letters of Leigh Hunt were destroyed; but the MS. of the very interesting Letters of Douglas Jerrold was saved, and the first instalment of these Letters fill the place which would have been occupied by the continuation of Leigh Hunt's Epistles. Some other papers have been destroyed and reproduced; and for others, again, which could not be restored in time, new articles have been substituted. The block of the Magazine cover is gone, and I do not propose to copy it in the future, since the design does not accurately indicate the present character and aims of the Magazine. Meanwhile our disaster will, it is hoped, be sufficient apology for the plain printed wrapper in which the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE temporarily presents itself.

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AMONG the papers furnished to me by Miss Louisa Charlotte Frampton in connection with the memoirs of the late Mrs. Campbell is a curious historical legend copied by Miss Frampton from a MS. in the handwriting of Mrs. Campbell. I have detached the story from the article on the "Princess Charlotte and Mrs. Campbell," which appears in another part of this number, because it formed too great an interruption to the narrative; but in her reminiscences of Mrs. Campbell Miss Frampton marked the period at which, at the express desire of the Princess Charlotte, Colonel Addenbroke, in the presence of Mrs. Campbell, related the following story of the "Vision of Charles the Eleventh of Sweden foretelling the assassination of Gustavus the Third." It was at the request of her Royal Highness the Princess that Mrs. Campbell committed the legend to writing, and the document is now in Miss Frampton's possession. It runs thus:—

Charles XI., father of the famous Charles XII., was born 1656, and was one of the most wise, but also the most despotic, monarchs of Sweden. He restricted the intolerable abuses of the nobility, abolished the power of the Senate, and

made his own authority the law. He was also an enlightened man, brave, much attached to the Lutheran religion, and of a cold, inflexible, and decided character, entirely without imagination.

At the close of an autumnal evening,—soon after the death of his wife Eleanor, his harshness to whom (it was said) had been the cause of hastening her end, but whose death had affected him more than was expected,—he was sitting in *robe de chambre* and slippers before the fire in his room in the Palace at Stockholm. Near him were his chamberlain, the Comte de Brahé, whom he distinguished by his favours, and his physician, Baumgarten, who affected *l'esprit fort*. The King sat later than usual, and at last got up, and walked towards the window, where he stopped at one which looked into the court. The night was dark, and the moon in its first quarter. The Palace which the Kings of Sweden now inhabit was not then finished, and Charles XI., who began it, then resided in the ancient palace, situated at that point of the Ritterholm which looks upon Lake Møler. It is a large building in the shape of a horseshoe. The King's room was at one end, and nearly opposite was the great hall, where the States assembled when they were to receive any communication from the Crown. The windows of this hall appeared at that moment to be lighted up with a bright light. This struck the King as strange, but he at first supposed it to be from the candle of some servant. But what could they be doing at that hour in a hall which had not been opened for some time past? Besides, the light was too bright to come from a single candle. There could be no fire, as there was no smoke; the glass was not broken; no noise was heard, and it looked like an illumination. Charles stood looking for some time in silence, but the Comte de Brahé was about to send a page to enquire about this singular light, when the King stopped him. "I will go myself," said he; and whilst saying this it was observed that he turned pale, and the expression of his countenance was awe-struck. Nevertheless, he walked firmly, the chamberlain and physician following him, each with a lighted candle. The person who had the keys was gone to bed; Baumgarten went to call him, and ordered him, from the King, to open the door of the Hall of the Estates. The surprise of the man at this unexpected order was great, but he joined the King with the keys, and first opened a long gallery, which served as an antechamber to the hall. The King entered, but what was his surprise to find it entirely hung with black. "Who has ordered the hall to be hung like this?" he angrily said. "Sire, no one that I know of," said the man; "and the last time I swept the gallery it had its wainscot of oak as it always had. Certainly these hangings have been put up by no one belonging to your Majesty." The King, walking rapidly, had already traversed more than two-thirds of the Gallery. The Comte and the servant followed him closely. "Do not go further, Sire," said the man, "there is sorcery there. At this hour, since the death of her Majesty, they say she walks in this gallery. God protect us!" "Stop, Sire," said the Comte, on his part, "do you not hear the noise in the hall? Who knows to what danger your Majesty may expose yourself?" "Sire," said Baumgarten, whose light had just been extinguished by a puff of wind, "let me at least go and get twenty of your guards." "Let us go in," said the King, in a firm voice, stopping before the door of the great hall, "and do you, Keeper of the Keys, open this door directly." He pushed it with his foot, and the noise, repeated by the echo, sounded through the Gallery like a clap of thunder. The man trembled so much that his key stuck in the keyhole without his being able to turn it. "An old soldier who trembles!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders.



"Come, Comte, open this door for me." "Sire," replied the Comte, drawing back a step, "if your Majesty will command me to walk up to the cannon's mouth, be it Danish or German, I will obey without hesitating, but it is the Evil One you bid me defy." The King took the key. "I see," he said, in a tone of contempt, "that this concerns me only;" and before the others could prevent him he had opened the great oak door, and had entered, saying, "With God's help." His three followers, partly influenced by curiosity, and ashamed to abandon their king, entered with him. The great hall was lighted up by an immense number of lights, and a black hanging had replaced the ancient figured tapestry. The whole length of the walls was arranged in order as usual, with German, Danish, or Muscovite banners, trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. Amongst them the Swedish banners might be seen covered with funereal crape. An immense assemblage filled the benches. The four orders of the Estates—nobility, clergy, citizens, and peasants—sat each in their ranks. All were dressed in black, and the multitude of faces, which appeared light against the dark background, so dazzled the eyes of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene that neither could find amongst the crowd a face they knew. Upon the elevated throne from whence the King usually harangued the Assembly, they saw a bleeding corpse, dressed in the royal robes. At its right, a child, standing with a crown on his head, held a sceptre in his hand; and at its left, an old man leant against the throne. He was dressed in the mantle of ceremony which was worn by the ancient administrators of Sweden before Vasa made it a kingdom. In face of the throne several persons of grave appearance, clothed in long black robes, and who appeared to be judges, were sitting before a table, upon which were lying some large books and parchments. Between the throne and the benches there was a block covered with black crape, and an axe lying near it. None of this numerous assembly had the appearance of perceiving the presence of Charles and his attendants. At their entrance they first heard a confused murmur; then the eldest of the judges rose, and struck three times with his hand on the folio before him. Then followed a profound silence. Some young men of aristocratic appearance, richly dressed, with their hands tied behind them, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which Charles XI. had opened. They walked with dignity, and with their heads raised. Behind them a stout man, dressed in a close coat of brown leather, held the ends of the cords which bound their wrists. The one who entered first, and appeared to be the most important of the prisoners, stopped before the block, which he regarded with haughty contempt. At the same time, the corpse appeared to tremble with a convulsive movement, and some blood, fresh and red, ran from the wound. The young man knelt down and laid his head on the block; the axe glittered in the air, and fell directly with a noise. A river of blood spouted on the steps, mingling with that of the corpse; and the head, bounding several times on the red-dened floor, rolled to the feet of Charles, which it stained with its blood. Until this moment, surprise had kept the King silent; but at this horrible sight his tongue was loosened. He made some steps towards the throne, and addressing the figure dressed as an administrator, he boldly pronounced the well-known formula: "If you are of God, speak; if you are of the Evil One, leave us in peace." The phantom replied slowly, and in a solemn tone: "Charles, King, this blood will not flow in your reign" (here the voice became less distinct), "but five reigns later. Woe! woe! woe to the blood of Vasa!" Then the forms of the numerous persons of this wonderful assembly became more confused, and already appeared

no more than shadows, soon entirely disappearing. The lights were extinguished, and only those of Charles and his suite lighted up the tapestry, slightly agitated by the wind; but they still heard for a time a melodious noise, which one witness compared to the murmur of the wind amongst leaves, and another to the sound of harp strings when the instrument is tuning. All agreed as to the time the apparition lasted, which they judged to have been about ten minutes. The black drapery, the decapitated head, the blood which stained the floor, had all disappeared with the phantoms; only Charles's slipper had a red spot, which alone would have recalled to him the scenes of that night if they had not already been too well engraven on his memory. Returned to his room, the King caused a statement to be written of what he had seen, and had it signed by his companions as he had signed it also himself. Whatever precautions were taken to hide it from the public, it was soon known, even during the life of Charles XI. This statement still exists, and up to the present time has never been doubted, its authenticity having been known and cited so long before the events were accomplished. The conclusion is remarkable:—"And if what I have now stated is not true," says the King, "I renounce every hope of a better life which I have deserved by my good actions, and above all by my zeal in labouring for the happiness of my people, and in sustaining the interests of the religion of my ancestors." Charles XI. died 1699. Now if we recall the death of Gustavus III., in 1792, and the judgment of Ankerstrom, his assassin, we shall find more than one agreement between that event and this singular prophecy. The young man beheaded in the presence of the States would designate the assassin, Ankerstrom. The crowned corpse would be Gustavus III., assassinated in 1792. The child, his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV., deposed 1809. The old man, the Duke of Sudermania, uncle of Gustavus IV., who was regent of the kingdom, and afterwards King Charles XIII. on the deposition of his nephew, 1809.

The romance of the "vision" is incomplete without the story of the death of Gustavus the Third, as it was told by Col. Addenbrooke to the Princess Charlotte in the presence of Mrs. Campbell:—

The King, Gustavus III. of Sweden, came down one evening from his private apartments, where he had been busy writing, to hold a conference with some of his generals and ministers. The conference lasted much longer than was expected, indeed far into the night, and the generals and ministers left him agitated and uncomfortable. Two pages remained in attendance, and he sent one of them upstairs, to fetch something from the room where he had been before employed writing. The page did not return, and the King called for him impetuously, but received no answer. He then sent up the other page, and waited with impatience. Soon he heard the latter utter an exclamation of astonishment, and afterwards distinctly heard him enter the room, and silence followed. Presently the King, his patience exhausted, went up himself. On the stair-head he found the first page insensible, and lying in a position as if he had been returning when he fell. Just within the room he saw the other page, who had also fallen, and could not speak, but who pointed to the table where sat a man with his back towards him. The King approached, and spoke, when the figure turned round, and he beheld *himself*! In less than a week Gustavus was assassinated by Ankerstrom at a *masquerade*.



My paragraph last month on Mr. Hampden's battle for the flatness of the earth has elicited a long and vehement letter from that gentleman, in which he avers that the whole metropolitan and provincial press is disgraced by reason of the continued prevalence of the delusion as to the earth's rotundity. I am more concerned, however, for the two points in proof of the generally-accepted theory which I casually referred to in my note, than for Mr. Hampden's hard words about the press, the men of science, and the teachers. I pointed to the well-known fact that the largest circuit that can be made on the earth is tropical, and that a circuit of unbroken cold is a small circle, as inconsistent with his hypothesis of a flat earth bounded on all sides by impassable ice. Mr. Hampden denies the fact, and roundly declares that "the largest possible circuit is *not* in the heat of the tropics, and the largest possible circuit *is* the coldest." This is no doubt true of Mr. Hampden's imaginary world, and that seems to be enough for him; for me, on the other hand, it is sufficient that the actual experience and the plain inference of all travel is that the large circle is tropical and the small circle arctic. My correspondent, however, says that "no demonstration can possibly be made up of such worthless 'arguments,'" and in a rather significant sentence he adds: "If I had yielded to such a burlesque of sound reasoning I should have been silenced years ago." With regard to my little difficulty about the apparent disappearance of the hull of the vessel before the masts are lost to sight, Mr. Hampden says, with much vigour: "I cannot undertake to furnish my opponents with brains; I can but supply them with the means of arriving at the truth if they only possessed the instinct of the ox or the ass, or even the pluck of an old hen, to look this matter fairly in the face and resolve to master it." And then he vouchsafes the following explanation of the phenomenon of the gradual sinking of the vessel from sight:—

The vessel and the immediate water in which it floats disappears *not* from an actual but an artificial rise (not curve) of the water. If the rise or the curve, if you choose to call it so, were real it would be easy to reach its crest or apex, and *from* it to look *down* upon the whole vessel and to the spot we left behind. No one dares to assert that this crest has ever been reached, but it can only be thought to be seen at a distance. The *apparent* rise *actually* hides the vessel after that vessel has passed the vanishing point of distance. This is what you should have been taught at your elementary school if you had not a fool for your master.

In consequence of Mr. Hampden's inability to furnish me with brains, I am compelled to confess that his explanation does not *remove* my difficulty. Instead of its being impossible to reach the

"crest or apex" of the "rise" or "curve," behind which the hull of the vessel has disappeared, it seems to me to be the easiest thing in the world to do. Every point of a globe is the "crest or apex" of the curve, and when we have followed the disappearing vessel till we can see it again, the mast-head to the water-line, we shall have arrived at just that "crest or apex" of which Mr. Hampden declares that no one dares to assert that it has ever been reached; and from that point there is no difficulty in looking "down upon the vessel, and to the spot we left behind." Mr. Hampden talks of the vessel passing the vanishing point; but the vessel never does that. It does not die away into a speck, which speck might, by a powerful telescope, be resolved into a whole ship; it drops away out of sight, and the last speck is the mast-head, which no telescope can resolve into anything but a mast-head. A balloon, on the other hand, really disappears from sight at the vanishing point, and so long as there is a speck visible, that speck represents the whole balloon, and can be resolved into a visible whole balloon by the aid of the telescope. Mr. Hampden, I regret to say, is of opinion that, until the question of the shape of the earth is settled, I ought not to go on providing for my readers such comparatively unimportant matter as that which occupies the pages of this magazine. This is how he puts it:—

I will not trouble you further than to say that till this subject can be *proved* to be finally and incontrovertibly settled, it is *wicked* to try and amuse a set of ignorant boobies, who do not know whether they stand on their heads or their heels, with a parcel of silly tales such as our magazines are full of, instead of declaring that every other subject must be waived till this point is determined. I wonder how men—"educated men"—are not ashamed to walk the streets or to look each other in the face, not knowing at the end of 6,000 years the shape of the earth on which they live.

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In a brief paragraph in these pages last February, Falstaff's exclamation, "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion," was quoted as indirect evidence that, a couple of centuries ago, *ea* was pronounced in English like *a*, as in Ireland at the present time, seeing that Falstaff probably intended a pun carrying as a second meaning, "if *raisins* were as plenty as blackberries," &c. I have a note this month from a distant reader, who submits that even if a pun were intended the case for the Irish pronunciation of *ea* in England two hundred years ago would not be *proved*, since within his recollection raisins were vulgarly called



*reesins*, "ammonds and reesins" being within his knowledge a cant term for "almonds and raisins." Having relieved his mind on this subject, my correspondent asks me if "A Dog and his Shadow," "Dear Lady Disdain," and "The Shadow of the Sword" do not strike me as objectionable titles. I can only answer, like the lady in Mr. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts," with the monosyllable, "Why?"

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A GENTLEMAN who is ambitious of contributing poetry to the pages of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, lays down a new condition, apart from which he will not even condescend to let me see his verses. This is how he explains his position: "I could occupy fifteen or sixteen of your pages with a poem that *would be read* if there be a remnant of poetic feeling left in England, or in the readers of your Magazine; but I should require you to accept the poem *on my own recommendation*. I will tell you why I prefer my own recommendation. Because the editorial mind is so uncertain in its decisions, so full of the old excuses for not receiving what is offered, that the production of an angel of light would run the risk of the waste-paper basket. Excuse me dealing so plainly with the question." My correspondent has placed me in a difficulty which I do not yet see my way out of.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1876.

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AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR.


BY HELEN MATHERS, AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE,"  
"THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY," &c.

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PART II.

CHAPTER I.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

"USH!" said Rose, "do not speak to her—she does not even see us," and stretching out her hand, she softly drew her husband back.

It was Ninon's slender shape that came fluttering by, seemingly blown on its onward path by the vagabond evening wind, so listless, so shadowy, so irresponsible did she appear, a mere pale resemblance to the fresh, gay young beauty that had passed this way in all the flush of her careless youth and love but two short years ago.

At her breast and in her hair she wore a knot of ribbons of the colour that Michael had always loved and praised yet deemed not half so richly dyed as her beautiful faithful eyes, or one half so soft in their silken gloss as the sweet red lips he had so often kissed . . . and she wore the ribbons still, though praise and blame were surely for ever over-past from the man who lay sepulchred safely in the treacherous bosom of the smiling, sparkling sea yonder.

Moving to and fro in her daily life she heeded the speech of no man, nor woman either, save one.

*A harsh word would have been no more to her than a kind one,*

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a blow have moved her no more than a caress; looks of pity, words of reproof, were alike lost upon her, and naught of either good or evil could touch her in the isolation of her soul.

And so it was that they who had loved her not in bygone days, having held her in but light esteem, were moved even to tears by the dumb anguish of her eyes, and after their simple fashion would do her kindly service, and evince in fifty ways their sympathy for her sorrow; but she heeded them not one whit, nor their looks, nor acts, nor words; the world to her was full of shadows that came and went, went and came, among which she sought in vain the loving, breathing shape of Michael, her lost love.

It came to pass after a while that the Lynaway folk in looking after or speaking of her began to touch the forehead significantly and to say among themselves that the catastrophe had turned her brain, never a very strong one at the best of times.

What else could be supposed of a woman who had never been seen to shed a single tear or heard to utter a syllable concerning her loss to any living creature, who refused to believe that a dead man was in very truth dead, but spent half her days and nights in watching for his return, and who would not wear a vestige of mourning in honour of his memory, but dressed herself always in the colours that he had preferred, so that she might be fair in his eyes at whatever moment he might appear?

And as time went by, and growing weary (as do all people) of bestowing pity where it is not returned in the small change of gratitude and confidence, they came to believe more and more in the fact of her wits being astray, and less and less in the intense reality and depth of her suffering. They could not understand the existence of anything, whether of joy or sorrow, that had no outward form of expression, since their own experiences had never been anything out of the common way; they did not know that great suffering is invariably reticent—nay, that when it shall have reached its extremest limits it is absolutely silent, and incapable of words or complaint.

He who can express his agony with suitable force and vigour in the form of words most adapted to display its strength retains too much the mastery over his own emotions, is too little abandoned to the fury of them, to be regarded as a truthful and natural exponent of human pain . . . the extremity of anguish is dumb since no mere words can fill up the measure of what it endures . . . while the inarticulate sounds that may be heard proceeding from a soul in travail, and that form the only true and actual language of

woe, contain in their uncouth strangeness a meaning that no actual words, however well chosen and aptly uttered, can boast.

"See," said Rose, and her voice was still hushed, though Ninon was far out of hearing, "she is going to the old place at the edge of the sea. Hark you, Enoch, it lies upon me sometimes like a chill that some evening or morning we shall find her there—her spirit looking for Michael still, but her body cold and *dead*!"

She shivered and pressed more closely to the little sleeping babe that lay like a flower on her breast, Enoch's child and hers. The touch of those rosy tender lips had smoothed the greater part of the bitterness out of her heart; the aching void that she had thought no love save Michael's could ever fill was empty no longer, for the child had crept into and filled it, drawing father and mother together as the former never guessed, knowing not how far away from him Rose had been in the days when he had deemed her most truly and entirely his own.

Passionately as Rose had wept for Michael's sudden and violent death, her grief had been tempered (ignobly enough) by the thought that he was now lost for ever to her rival Ninon.

One might have supposed that the poor girl's miserable fate would soften Rose's heart to her, but with that curious dislike that one woman can retain for another long after the man who caused it is dead or forgiven, she could not pardon her for having once possessed Michael's love. Excusing herself to her own heart, she said that Ninon's wrong-doing did but bring its own punishment; that at her door, and hers alone, lay Michael's death; and that no amount of after suffering or shame could atone for her past misconduct. Nevertheless, like most women who are unpitying in their conclusions, she could not bear with equanimity the sight of the working out of the doom, and often with that half-hearted pity, that was at the same time cruel and womanly, she would rise from her bed at night to see if the lone watcher held her accustomed vigil, would often pause by day to speak some kindly words that might have been the harshest upbraiding for aught that Ninon knew or cared.

Enoch's eyes, following his wife's, rested, with fear and trouble in them, upon the girl concerning whom Michael Winter had asked him such a terrible question just two years ago.

"Poor lass!" he said, his breast heaving with as true and pitiful a sigh as ever man gave at sight of a moving spectacle. "To see her as she looks this day, an' to mind what she was when Michael lov'd her! 'Twill ever be in my thoughts that I might



ha' bin more quick that night, an' not let him see I had my doubts about her, but at the very moment he spoke so earnestly one or two things come into my mind, an' somehow he seemed to see it an' was gone in a moment . . ."

His eyes turned back from that lonely figure on the beach below to the wife and child beside him, and the contrast of his own happiness with the fate of Michael, whom he had so dearly loved, smote him with a more than usual sharpness . . . the sweet of his own life as set against the bitterness of that other ending often seemed to him as a cruel disloyalty to his lost friend . . . such faithful thoughts have true friends one to the other when united in the bonds of an affection that death itself cannot break.

"'Twas not you that did the mischief," said Rose, her cheek turning pale; "Michael had speech with Martin Strange that night—one of the men swears that he saw them standing on the plot before Michael's cottage together, though nobody knows what passed—nobody ever will know."

"If Martin spoke agen the girl after she was Michael's wedded wife 'twas a coward's trick, an' a shameful thing to do," said Enoch, his features kindling with indignation. "If he'd got aught to say agen her he oughter ha' spoke up afore the ring was on her finger; a true man 'ud ha' bitten his tongue out afore he'd spoke after."

"But supposing," said Rose, looking downward, "that Martin had not meant to speak, that he had made up his mind (although he loved her so madly) not to stand between her and Michael—would he have been so bad and cowardly then, Enoch?"

"Not if he had kept to 't; but that he didn't do, my dear."

"I have been thinking," said Rose, still looking downwards, "that perhaps he was not so bad as we thought—that having found him that night, Michael compelled him to tell the whole truth—and if so Martin wouldn't have been so much to blame."

"He might have saved the lass's credit I'm thinkin' if he'd had a mind," said Enoch, "for in spite o' their bein', as folks said, lovers, an' there bein' scandal about the girl, I never will believe that there was real harm in it, or more than a girl's bit folly, for she has an innercent face o' her own, my dear, an' a look in it that I never saw on a sinfu' one yet."

"Nevertheless," said Rose, "it must have been something more than folly to drive Michael away from her like that, and to make him say to her, before all the men—that he had no wife!"

"Ay," said Enoch, "there's no denying that Michael went away

full o' the belief that she had wronged him, but I shall allers think he might ha' given the girl a chance o' clearin' herself; an' mark you, Rose, there has been known sich things as a man tellin' a lie to prevent another man from gettin' the girl he loves; an' who's to tell if when Michael asked Martin for the truth, that bein' so tempted, and mad wi' love an' despair, he didn't forget his honour an' his God, an' foul his lips with a black lie?"

"But what made you ever think of such a thing?" cried Rose, thoroughly startled, for such words as these had never before fallen from her husband's lips. "What reason can you have for thinking it, Enoch?"

"Do ye not see for yerself," he said, "the change that has come over the man? Aye, and that began about the time Michael came home an' began to court Ninon. From bein' a merry outspoken chap, wi' his heart on his sleeve, so that all might see it, he have come by bits to be a downcast, miserable-looking creature, avoidin' everybody, an' seemin' to have sich a bad opinion o' himself as other folks can't choose but have the same o' him theirselves. Now, it takes summut more'n common trouble to bring a man to that state, an' 'tis not in natur' for him as is sound in heart an' conscience to become sich a poor thing—an' for no visible reason neither. If he'd been Ninon's honest lover an' give her up, or fought for her like a man when he found she luv'd Michael, why he'd have had naught to reproach himself wi' when Michael died, an' be free now to try his luck wi' her again; 'stead o' which he jest follows her about like a dog, seemin' not to expect a word or a look, an' that's not the way a man as respec's himself tries to win a good lass's love, my dear."

"That is true," said Rose, thoughtfully, "and if it should be that 'twas as you think, then 'tis accounted for that Martin, who stood on the shore when the boat came in without Michael, should have gone on like a madman, saying that 'twas impossible Michael was dead, that it must be all a mistake; and then, when they had convinced him, did he not fling himself on the ground at Ninon's feet imploring her forgiveness, she never heeding him any more than if he had been a stone?"

"If ever," said Enoch sternly, "she should let herself, through bein' lonely, or in want of somebody to care for, an' set store by her, she should give her promise to Martin, 'tis a worse opinion than I've ever had o' the girl before that I should have that day."

"Some of the gossips persist in it that she'll marry him sooner or later," said Rose; "but I don't think so myself. Did you see how,



when that old fool Peter said to her the other day, 'Tis no good crying over spilt milk for ever, Ninon, and nobody knows better than yourself that you can take a new husband whenever you please,' how she turned upon him with all the vacant look gone out of her pale face, and such a horror in it as though some creeping ugly thing had come anigh her?"

"'Tis plain that she's got some reason for misliking him," said Enoch, "though she's too gentle and heart-broken to rail at him or speak her mind, for there never was any strength in the lass save in her great love for Michael. But that she guesses what passed between the men that night I have never had a doubt."

Martha Nichol came hurrying along with intelligence of some sort written on her plain, hard-featured, yet not unkindly face.

"Hester Winter is dying," she said, "and I've come to fetch Ninon."

At that moment the girl turned and began to retrace her steps back to the house.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LAST FRIEND.

THE bushes of white and red roses had blossomed and faded twice since the day of Michael's marriage, and the time of their third flowering was even now as Ninon passed slowly through them to her home.

She heeded not their saucy pride of beauty and fragrance, nor ever plucked one for gladness at the sight or scent of it; they were to her as insignificant portions of the cruel and heartless whole that men and women and all animate and inanimate creation made to her now, that seemed to have forgotten her darling as utterly as though he had never existed. She wondered sometimes in her silent helpless fashion if, after all, she herself were unnatural and strange in thus *remembering*, when it was apparently in the nature of all things living to forget.

Even his mother wept no longer for her only son now that before her eyes the gates of the Eternal City were opening more widely day by day, since in the looked for rapture of that expected greeting no tears of earthly tribulation might dare intrude. Only upon the joy and gladness of her going fell the shadow of poor desolate Ninon, whom she was leaving friendless and alone, possessed, moreover, by a wild and fallacious hope that could not but be productive of bitter disappointment in the future as well as of feverish unrest in the present.

It was strange in what different fashion these two women, united in the bonds of an intense love for Michael, looked forward to again being restored to him. To one, death was to give back her treasure; to the other, the reaper was as a frightful enemy who had power to rend from her the fulfilment of a desire that filled her to the exclusion of every other idea, thought, or wish; for what if Michael returned to find her dead, and the words lying for ever dumb upon her lips that she but lived to speak? Would not the day of intercession go by for ever, while to the end of all time he would believe that she had deceived him?

That he was not dead she was very sure; he breathed not one air, she another. Her very flesh (she thought) would have crumbled to dust had *his* gone down to the grave or the deep, and there was justice neither in heaven nor in earth if God permitted her to die before he had returned.

And so she watched for him always—in dead of night, at break of day, in heat of noon and cool of even—and sooner or later, perhaps not for a long, long while—not until her wits had departed and she lay a-dying—she would hear the sound of his foot on the stair, and he would take her in his arms once again, knowing her at last for the innocent faithful Ninon that he had loved so long ago.

Her faith was so intense, her patience so absolute, that these two past years of waiting seemed but a small matter to her, and in no way made her fearful or doubtful of his ultimate return. And so that he might never feel that he was shut out from his own home, the house door stood open night and day, summer and winter, and when the nights were dark from the highest chamber shone a lamp to guide his footsteps should the time of his coming be after the sun had set. His hat and coat still hung in the hall, in the corner where he had been wont to sit of evenings was set his favourite chair, and upon a little table hard by was laid an open book with a sprig of lavender on the page, as though at any moment he might walk in and continue his reading where he had left it off.

At all of which foolish, loving tokens of what she deemed to be a sad and pitiful craze Hester never murmured, trusting in time and the inevitable certainty it must bring to convince the girl of the irreparable nature of her loss.

The way in which it befell that Ninon and Hester Winter dwelt together was in this wise: it had come to the ears of the mother, following quickly on the news of her son's death, how that Mrs. Levesque, cold-hearted yet passionate, and resenting with all the weakness of a cowardly nature the disgrace that Ninon had brought



upon herself and home, had in her fury spoken bad and cruel words to the silent and despairing girl, and, bidding her return never again to the threshold to which she had brought but shame and scandal, had thrust her from the door. Whereupon Ninon, scarce heeding her and all unmoved, had returned to the spot from whence Enoch had led her away half an hour ago, and resumed the stony tearless gaze at the water that held (they told her) the body that yesterday was her joyous, loving bridegroom.

Then it was that Hester, all stiff and tired as she was with her sixty-five years of toil and trouble, arose and went to her, and asking no questions, uttering no reproaches, moved to a very passion of pity by that young and terrible face, received the girl into her loving trust and affection, and this I am sure she would not have done had she not found something in her, invisible to all the rest, that satisfied her own spotless mind; for who shall deny that there exists a freemasonry between the pure in heart, as between those that are corrupt and vile? With the one as with the other, speech is not necessary for a perfect understanding. And so, in the house that had been Michael's, but now by the law was Ninon's, they lived together in love and friendship.

It had chanced very soon after Michael's death, that an old man who had been good to Ninon when she lived in Bayonne, died, and bequeathed to her so much money as sufficed amply for the simple wants of the daughter and mother-in-law. Mrs. Levesque, oppressed, for all her coldness, by the undisguised scorn and contempt of the Lynaway folk, had long ago departed to her husband's people, so that Ninon was utterly alone save for one friend, and this, the last and (after Michael) the best, was even now hurrying away from the girl with a willing gladness that with her slow dull heart she sought to understand, yet could not. . . already upon Hester's faded brow and lips had come the light that never shines on mortal face unless reflected from the sun of the kingdom of Heaven, already the voices of those around her sounded far away and indistinct, as the finer, spiritual ear opened and the gross and bodily one grew dull . . . already love, pity, memory even, were fading out in the full glory of that new and perfect existence that to some happy few begins before the soul has taken actual wing, enabling it to pass from life to immortality without any conscious and painful pause at the intermediate stage of death . . . and Ninon, entering from that piteous pilgrimage for which she stole one hour only from Hester's side day by day, turned colder and paler as she saw that many faces closed round the bed upon which her mother

lay, heard many voices whispering the one word that will so certainly be spoken of us all, and drawing nearer, saw with only an added oppression at her numb heart that Hester was already beyond the reach of human voice or prayer.

"Mother," she said, kneeling down beside her, "are you too going from me away, as Michael did—without one word?"

Her voice, scarce higher than a whisper, yet seemed to have power to call back the spirit that hovered on the very threshold of its departure, a human, tender look replaced the unspeakable rapture in Hester's open eyes, a smile played for a moment about her lips, the hand that Ninon held stirred with ever so faint and tremulous a motion.

"Your love . . ." she said, "your faithfu' love to Michael . . . I'll no forget." . . . Then, it being about six of the clock and she so ready and willing to go, the pale king touched her gently on the heart, and she departed.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AT THE SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN APPLE."

A STREAM of light poured through the narrow casement of the modest parlour set aside by mine host for such of his customers as could afford to pay for the luxury of smoking their pipes and drinking their grog in more comfort than that which was afforded by the public bar.

On the particular evening of which we write the room contained two occupants only, Stephen Prentice and William Marly.

Each being provided with a full glass and a churchwarden pipe, they presented the solemnly satisfied appearance of men who, having reached the acme of comfort and bodily ease, are yet agreeably conscious that they are in the full possession of their faculties, and quite equal to discussing the affairs of this or any other nation with sagacity, skill, and considerable credit to themselves. A different thing this, and in no way to be confounded with, the objectless garrulity of the man whose tongue waxes lax in proportion as the consciousness of the loss of his self-mastery demoralises him. For, let the unwise assert what they will of the thoughtless readiness with which men will exceed the bounds of moderation, I will aver that none save an habitual drunkard ever crosses the boundary that divides moderation from excess without a passing twinge or thought of self-condemnation, and it is partly the knowledge of the loss of his self-respect that *impels him* still farther on his brutish way.



The fact that most men have an inveterate tendency to lie in their cups is, in the teeth of that false old proverb "*In vino veritas*," a sufficiently established fact. When the key of the tongue is lost, and the portals of the imagination are left unguarded, commonplace Truth appears to the rosy dreams of the revellers as too sober and dull a deity to compel their allegiance, and abandoning themselves to Fancy, they play all manner of frolics under her fickle guidance, although even as a person's disposition and true character will come out more clearly under the influence of wine than any other known test, whether of prosperity, adversity, or mental suffering, the peculiar bent of his false speaking will frequently be a prey to the idiosyncracies of his mind.

Betrayed into this digression by the desire of making patent, to all whom it may concern, that though sufficiently elevated to be more than usually talkative, Stephen Prentice and William Marly might yet be trusted to speak truth if they chose and only falsehood if they deliberately willed it, let us listen to their conversation as it floats audibly enough through the open window, although there is only the sea, as they suppose, to hear it.

"Reckon you wasn't here last night, Bill, when Martin Strange come in?" said Stephen, a big broad-shouldered man, with a good expression of countenance, filling his pipe slowly as he spoke.

"No, but I heerd on't. Queer, an' no mistake."

Stephen nodded.

"There was a deal o' noise an' talking goin' on," he said, "when in come Martin, as white as a sheet, his eyes burnin' like coals, an' down he dashes his money; an' says he: 'The best you've got, master, and plenty o't, too, for the prattiest lass in Lynaway's give her word to take me for her husband at last!' Everybody stared at him; some thought he was drunk, but he worn't, he was just mad wi' joy. He looked round at us all as if he was waitin' for us to wish 'im good luck, but nobody sed a word, an' it seemed onnatral and unkind, seein' what a favourite he used to be wi' us all, an' that not so long ago. But old Peter, whose tongue can't help wagging in an' out o' season, called out: 'An' if she do mean to marry you, Martin Strange, I'm thinkin' 'twould have saved a deal o' trouble if she'd made up her mind as well fust as larst.' Upon which Martin bade him hold his tongue for a block-head, an' swaggered out again. Some believed 'un, some didn't, but all agreed as they hadn't thought it o' Ninon, seein' how faithful she'd allers seemed to Michael."

Something—it might be but the breath of the evening wind, or

the flight of some vagrant animal across the withered September leaves—stirred without in the darkness, unnoticed by either of the men who sat within.

"Old Peter was about right," said William Marly, speaking slowly and with grave deliberation; "if it is to be, 'tis a pity it wasn't at fust instead of *at larst*."

"There I don't agree with ye," said Stephen, with spirit, "an' I don't mind laying anything reasonable upon it, that Ninon niver marries Martin Strange fust or larst!"

"Then ye think he was tellin' a lie last night?" said William, stolidly. "An', if I might ax the question, what call should he have for to do that?"

"P'raps he deceived himself, or Ninon didn't make the matter plain to 'im; for that she give him her word I niver will believe."

"Her makin' up her mind to marry him," said William, overlooking Stephen's last remark, "shows her to be a young woman o' sense; an' that I never have reckoned her till now. When a female gets her name mixed up with a man's in folks' mouths, whether she fancies him or whether she don't, there's only one respectable course open to that female; she ought to marry him. And if not at fust, why then do it at larst, an' with the best grace you can, says I."

"People had no call to be allers couplin' their names together as they did," said Stephen, settling himself more comfortably in his chair to argue the matter out, "seein' how they was kind o' cousins, an' she with no brothers nor sisters, nothin' but that cross-ill-natured mother o' hers to speak to. An' as to luv'in' Martin, why she niver luv'd nothin' nor nobody till she saw Michael. I mind it as if 'twas yesterday, how when Michael came back, jest as he set foot on shore, he looked up an' saw Ninon standing up like a flower in the sunshine, wi' the light shinin' on the red o' her lips an' the gowld o' her hair, an' how he jest kep' on, lookin'—lookin', seein' none o' us, an' we all knew how 'twould be."

"She ought to ha' kep' to Martin," said William, who, whenever he found out a text for himself, always stuck to it like a man. "A lot o' courting as don't lead to nothing, ain't ever no credit to the man nor the maid, an' there was circumstances in this perticler case as made it desirable as they should marry; an' nobody's better awear o' that fact than you, Stephen Prentice."

"As to them circumstances, as you calls 'em," said Stephen "(though in my 'pinion you might ha' found a rayther shorter



word; but there, you was always sich a chap for showin' yer bit o' eddication). I ha' been thinkin' lately as how p'raps we was all too ready to think evil o' that matter as we knows on, an' that there mit ha' been another side to't, as 'ud make all the difference. Many a gal a bit foolish afore she's married makes a good wife arterwards."

"'Twasn't a question o' foolishness," said William, solemnly, "but o' character. A gal may be foolish up to a certain pint, Stephen, but beyond that pint she can't go without getting blown upon. An' p'raps you won't be after denying that for a young lass to go off wi' a man from twelve o' the clock one day, to five o' the same the next, ain't exac'ly the kind o' conduc' as one could wish to see in one's sister or daughter (if a person happened to ha' got one). An' if there was another side to the tale, 'twas mighty strange as nobody ever heerd on it, neither from Martin, or the gal, or her mother, but people was jest let to think what they pleased—an' it's a failin' o' human natur' that when it's axed to believe either good or bad o' a matter, having it left to its own conscience so to speak, it ginerally—I may say, always—believes the bad."

"Because human natur' has got a nasty way o' its own in a good many respects," said Stephen, "ain't no reason why we should have it too, an' I shall allers say that I b'lieve Ninon were good, for all that 'pearances was so dead agen her. An' seein' how careful you was to stand by her, William, an' how you dared Peter iver to say a word, an' couldn't ha' done more to save Ninon's credit if she'd ha' bin yer own sister, why it have always surprised me that ye should ha' got sich a bad opinion o' her; she worn't worth all that trouble if she was what you think."

"Stephen," said William, with deliberation, "you're a good-hearted chap, but you can't argify—it ain't in your line. When I did what I could for Ninon, 'twas 'cause I reckoned her but young an' heedless, and that if as how there was harm anywhere, 'twas Martin's fault, not hers, he being so much older and more knowledgable. Being over soft-hearted an' a bit foolish about the girl myself, I couldn't abide as she should be the talk o' the place and picked to pieces by the women, so, as you mind, we jest agreed to hold our tongues, and frightened that old fool Peter into holding his, though I'm much mistook if he didn't drop a word here, an' a word there, else how was it that folks began for to look queer at her, an' the women to nod and whisper when she was passing by? 'Sposing as how she was going to be Martin's wife sooner or later, I say, I was minded to shield her; but arterwards, when I saw as

she an' Michael meant courting, I took a bad opinion o' her, and had a mind to warn him; but 'tis thankless work coming betwixt a man an' his sweetheart, so I let the matter bide. Then they was married, and we all know the ugly end o' it; for I can't but think it must ha' been something mortal bad to drive him away from her that night, so deep in love with her as he was an' all; but it didn't surprise me, an', if you mind, I said to ye as we was coming home from the feast"—

"Ay!" said Stephen, eagerly; "an' d'ye know, William, it have bin on my mind iver since that 'twas that same speech o' yours as made all the mischief that night? He must ha' heard or been told summut to go off like that, an' you an' I was the only two as knowed anything to lay real hold on agen the girl. Rose Nichol 'ud ha' told him like a shot if she'd a knowed; she were allers that jealous o' Ninon, an' Enoch, bein' sich frens wi' him, might ha' spoke, thinkin' it his duty, but he didn't know it; an' Peter, he wouldn't ha' dared, bein' sich a coward; so I'm thinkin' it must ha' bin you an' me as did the harm, a pair o' fools as we was!"

William Marly, grown a little pale, and with some of his high manner disappeared, took a good long pull at his glass before making reply.

"What we said didn't go for nothing," he said at last, "leastways it wouldn't have if it hadn't been true. An' if there was any explanation to be give o' that slip o' Ninon's wi' Martin, why couldn't she ha' told Michael the rights of it, an' then, if he did hear stories, he could ha' given 'em the lie? Facks is facks, turn 'em inside out as you may, and I can't but think as Ninon couldn't give a right account o' that business, or she 'ud ha' done it to Michael. Lord! it seems but yesterday I saw her standing at her mother's door, dressed so pretty and smart, an' says she to me: 'I'm going to Marmot this afternoon, William, to see the peep-show an' all the sights with Martin, an' we shall have to step out brisk, an' no mistake, if we want to get home before dark.' Only she didn't say it like that, but in her funny fashion, an' I said to her, liking to stop and talk just for the pleasure o' looking at her: 'I s'pose ye feel very happy, my dear, as you're going along wi' Martin?' She looked up at me without a bit o' a blush or even a smile to show as she understood, an' said: 'I would rather ha' gone wi' Rose and Enoch to-morrow, but Martin was so set upon goin' to-day.' An' as I knew she was always a bit too ready to give up her own way to other people, if by so doing she could please 'em, I sed: 'Ah! you'll get a better will o' your own some day,'



thinking of when she'd be married to Martin; for though it's possible to find a sweetheart wi'out a temper o' her own, where will ye find, from one end o' the world to t'other, a wife as hasn't the same? Jest then Martin came along, and they went away together."

William paused, and again there was that faint sound without, too vague, too much like the moaning of the sea, to attract the attention of those who talked.

"About five o'clock next morning, it being foggy and raw for all that 'twas in the month of March, an' you an' me going down to the boats, we was startled at coming face to face wi' Ninon an' Martin, she in all her bits of finery as I'd seen her in the day before, he in all his Sunday best, an' they both coming along the way as led from Marmot."

"The same path 'ud ha' brought 'em from the rocks," said Stephen doggedly, "an' if they'd come by the short cut from Marmot they might well ha' got caught by the tide, an' if so wi' the fog an' all they might ha' been hours there through no fault o' theirs. It wouldn't ha' bin the fust time a Lynaway man has got served that fashion."

"A tipsy Lynaway man, ye mean," said William Marly, "not a sober one. An' d'ye think Martin don't know well enough how the tides go? If they come back the beach way that night Martin at least knowed what he was about an' ought to ha' been ashamed to bring her; besides, couldn't he ha' spoken out like a man an' explained it, an' then nobody would have gone for to say a word?"

"Martin didn't come well out o' it," said Stephen, shaking his head; "he must ha' known reports got about, an' yet he wouldn't say anything one way or t'other. When that old Peter went ferretin' about an' got hold o' a bit o' the matter, Martin ought to ha' spoke out an' cleared the girl somehow, even if he had to tell a big lie or two to do it. Though I niver will believe but that she was good an' honest, an' it comes often to my mind how that mornin' when we came upon 'em she didn't seem any ways ashamed or put out at meetin' us, but called out in her gay innercent way 'Good mornin' to you, Stephen Prentice an' William Marly, an' is it not a bad an' frightful fog?' an' seemed to be goin' to say somethin' more, but Martin, who seemed as mad as mad to ha' met us, pulled her away afore she could say another word; p'raps he thought we should s'pose they'd bin walkin' out erly in the mornin', not knowin' they'd been to Marmot over night. Now, if

she'd bin guilty o' wrong-doing an' her conscience had bin sore, she niver could ha' looked at us that way or spoke as she did that mornin'. An' afterwards when I met her agin, there worn't a sign o' trouble in her face, ony after Michael came she looked at us so piteous-like once or twice as if she was sayin' 'Don't tell Michael—don't tell Michael'—but that same trouble allers seemed to me to be Martin's doin', for jest at the first she was as happy as a bird wi'out a thought o' a mistake o' any kind upon her mind; 'twas ony arter she'd promised Michael that she got to look so pale an' bothered."

"If Martin threatened her," said William slowly, "having a sartin hold upon her, 'twas a bad, cowardly thing to do, an' not one as Ninon or any other girl with a sperrit 'ud be likely to get over, so I can't b'lieve he ever did, or she wouldn't have made up her mind to take him now. An' mind you, he's always loved her from first to last, so, seeing as how Michael's dead and gone, and anything 'ud be better for the poor lass than the life she's bin living, why let's drink, mate, to the health of Martin Strange and his wife as is to be—Ninon!" Something or somebody without uttered a low exclamation that made the two men turn and glance simultaneously towards the window.

"Who goes there?" cried William Marly, starting up, angry as men usually are when disagreeably surprised, and cursing himself for a fool to have been talking with such freedom by an open window. Leaning far out of the casement and repeating his question still more impatiently, there passed out of the darkness into the light, from the light merged itself imperceptibly into the darkness, the face, pale and angry, and contorted by a bleak look of menace and despair, of Ninon Winter's lost bridegroom, Michael.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PART OF THE TRUTH.

THROUGH the September night the lamp set high in Ninon's chamber shone like a beacon before the eyes of two men who approached the cottage from totally opposite directions.

The footfall of the one, uneven, rapid, and impatient, suggested a person dominated by a strong though irresolute impulse: that of the other, in its steady, almost noiseless on-coming, possessed to the ear of a close observer a relentless purpose by no means likely to be balked of its fulfilment.

Martin Strange, for to him belonged that eager, hasty step,



crossing the narrow grass plot of which mention has been made, came to the open house-door at the very moment when Ninon, bearing a light in her hand, appeared on the landing and began slowly to descend the stairs.

Simultaneously a man entered the garden, and passing without sound over the damp grass, halted by the beech tree that as nearly as possible faced the entrance to the cottage.

Advancing to the door, and not perceiving Martin, who, obeying some inexplicable instinct, had drawn back into the shadow, Ninon lifted the lamp above her head, and gazed intently before her in the direction of the sea.

She wore a white gown of some clinging stuff that followed the curves of her lovely, youthful shape, brightened at breast and elbow with blue, and, the light being fully concentrated upon her, she shone out from the darkness like a living picture framed in ebony. All used as were the watchers to her beauty, it came upon them alike as a pure fresh surprise, as are mostly God's fairest, most delicate gifts that come to us now and again in the stress and turmoil of our passionate, struggling lives.

The girl's tender, innocent lips parted, and the words that she uttered floated out like a caress on the evening air.

"To-night," she said, "and will he not come to-night? my heart's delight . . . my dearest" . . . The thought stirring so sweetly at her heart shone through her eyes until they were bright and clear as stars, her pale cheeks glowed to the richness of a damask rose: in one magic moment she compassed again the freshness of her youth, the undimmed splendour of her girlish beauty, and whereas a few moments ago she had in her pallor appeared unsurpassable, there was between now and then the difference of a flower irradiated by vivifying sunshine, and the same when from it is withdrawn colour, and light, and warmth.

Martin Strange, beholding her face, hearkening to her words with a dizzy, unreal sense of amazement and rapture, stepped out of the shade and appeared suddenly before her.

What was the word that broke from her lips like a living thing of joy, and that made him recoil before her as though she had stricken him to the heart, while that other listener yonder creeps a step nearer, asking himself if his brain has turned and his senses have in good sooth left him at last?

"No," said Martin Strange, "it is not Michael."

In the poor wretch's voice was the utter negation of despair, and the *ignis fatuus* of hope, after whose gleam, now bright, now pale, he

had danced so long and through such deep and miry paths of dishonour, died out at once and for ever, in the very moment that the cup so passionately longed for, so long and patiently compassed, had at last seemed to be within his very grasp.

"Ninon," he said, and his voice sounded stale and worthless even in his own ears, "have ye forgotten how yesterday, 'twas but yesterday, you hearkened to my suit an' didn't give me nay when I said as how I should reckon you'd give me your promise to be my wife?"

"No," said Ninon, pale and wan, "you did ask me, but I did say nor yes nor no, for by this you shall have known, O! yes you shall have known, that not any other reply could I give you ever, and if you did think that because I said not no to you, I did mean yes, you were then altogether deceiving yourself. And if I could not find words for to speak, it was because I was in my heart so sorry that you should to me have been so bad a friend."

"So bad a friend?" he repeated, faltering, "an' how could I iver be that to you, Ninon, when I've always loved you so despritley."

"You did mislead me," she said, and her voice was very calm and quiet. "I am not so young and foolish now as I did use to be, and I do see it all now, and cannot help but for to despise you."

A bat, whirling with sudden violence against the lamp Ninon held, extinguished the flame, so that the darkness swallowed up the sweet sorrowful beauty of her face and the haggard, shamed misery of his.

"And to me it does not seem ever that you did truly love me," she went on. "Michael, he did love me, but not you, or you would not to me have brought so great misfortunes. When first I did come to Lynaway you was kind and good to me always, but after we did go to Marmot, ah!" she cried, breaking off suddenly, "that night so fatal and unhappy! you did change to me, and when Michael came and loved me you did make my life a bad thing to me day by day, so that I was in fear always, for you did say to me 'And if you will not love and marry me I will to all people tell the story of Marmot, and to you no one will ever speak again if it shall be known, the least of all Michael Winter, who is your shadow always.' And I did believe you because you were to me so old and wise, and I did know nothing of your English ways and thoughts, although it did seem strange to me why Michael or any one or other person should be angry with me for what was not never any fault of mine; but oh! I did love him so with all my heart that it was to me as death that he should scorn and convey himself away from



me, and as you did say to me always 'If to his ears shall reach one word he will go away and you will see his face no more,' my life to me was one fear, from the one day to the other."

For a moment she paused, then the soft voice went bravely on again.

"On the evening before my wedding that was to be you did follow me to the ruins of the old chapel and say 'Ninon, it is but a fancy you have in your heart for Michael; to me belongs your love since you did love me before he came, and will you not come away with me this night, and I will be good and faithful to you always?' But I did say 'No—it is not so, you was my friend and kind to me, but of love for you I did never have one thought.' And then you was as one who is mad, and cried out that you would to Michael tell all the story, and on my knees I did beseech you to have mercy, and then you did seem ashamed, and bade me to have no fear, for that between Michael and me you would not come, and I did think you kind and good, for I was not then so quick to see the evil and condemn it as now I am become, since in these two years that are past I have been thinking, thinking always, and you do seem to me a thing poor and to be despised when I regard you by the side of my ever-dear husband Michael.

"Perhaps I do wrong you in thinking that you did break your vow to me and speak evil of me to Michael on my wedding night, for it shall be possible that Stephen Prentice and William Marly, who did also know, betrayed me, though to me it is not likely, since they were of hearts so good, that of me they could not have thought evil."

Did the girl know how pitilessly cruel sounded her words to the man who had been honourable and honest until the one fatal temptation of his life overcame him, turning all things good in him to vileness?

For the harshest judgment that can be delivered by one mortal upon another can in no way approach in severity the unspoken condemnation of self that permeates the soul of a man who has once been virtuous but is now absolutely abandoned to evil. No one but himself can realise the horror of the successive stages through which he passed ere he committed moral suicide, nor can tell how every noble quality, every good impulse, every sterling attribute has, in passing through the alchemy of sin, been transmuted from purest gold to most worthless dross; no one but himself is able to lay side by side the pictures of what he once was and what he now is.

"And so it was ever," said Ninon sadly, "that while in my mind

I did have such thoughts of you, it has seemed to me a bad thing that you should dare to bring to me your words of love, for if Michael had died that night it is his murderer that you would have been. But when to me he shall return I will tell to him the story—all, and he will know that poor Ninon sinned against him never. And though to wait for him is long and weary, yet the end of it will come.

"It was but now that a feeling strange and joyous did overcome me, as though somewhere my darling was at hand, and to myself I did say 'To-night . . . he will surely come to me to-night' . . . and for his sake I did put from me my dress of black for one such as he once did love . . . but you, you do still seem to pass always between him and me." . . .

"He will niver come back," said Martin, gently, "but this thing I can do for ye, sweetheart, that ye shall niver see my face no more. . . The luv that have bin my pride an' my joy, my curse an' my ruin, shall go wi' me where I go this night, but it shall be a weariness to you, Ninon, niver again. An' I will not ask ye to forgive me, because if ye knowed all ye would hate me worse than th' lowest thing as crawls upon the earth this night; but if ye could jest promise me that in the futur', when all folks speak ill o' me an' cast stones at my memory, ye would just say to yerself 'He was bad, an' weak an' wicked, an' a coward an' cruel traitor to me, but he luv'd me, he luv'd me always, else he had niver so sinned for me, an' but for one black temptation he might ha' lived an' died honest.' Do ye think ye could promise me that, my dear, an' then jest say in yer own sweet voice 'Good-bye, Martin, an' God bless you'?"

"And for why should I say that?" she said, troubled at his tone, and timidly putting out her hand to touch his, her gentle heart already reproaching her for having been unkind to him.

He drew himself away from her touch as though she had stung him. "A murderer's hand!" he muttered to himself; then aloud he said gently,

"Would ye mind saying them words, Ninon, just them, no more nor no less?"

A little fearful, yet following the bent of his fancy, and wishful to humour him, she repeated his words after him, "Good-bye, Martin, and God bless you!"

For a moment, he stood quite still, as though the echo of her voice still lingered in his ears; then he raised a fold of the dress she wore to his lips, and went away without another word.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE WHOLE TRUTH.

MARTIN STRANGE, quitting the path above the shingle and striking across the beach, paused to listen to footsteps that seemed to be following close upon his own.

A superstitious fear seized him as they drew nearer, for in them he thought he recognised just such a decisive tread as had been Michael Winter's in his lifetime! Quickly recovering himself, however, and rendered indifferent to either spiritual or human interference by the resolve that animated his breast, he pushed steadily on, coming ere long to the line of rocks that lay between the village of Lynaway and the town of Marmot up yonder. These rocks had one peculiarity that rendered them remarkable. It was this: about half way across them, and two feet above high-water mark, to be reached only by clambering on the detached pieces of rock at its base, was a large circular cave cut out of the face of the gigantic and beetling cliff that in some places literally overhung the sea.

Whether originally used by smugglers, or carved out by the hand of man many hundreds of years ago, no Lynaway or Marmot man could tell; but of one thing they were very certain, that every year it was the means of saving more lives than one from drowning.

For the coast was a treacherous one, with many sharp curves and breaks, so that he who was not well acquainted with it might pursue his walk indifferently enough, believing himself to be in no danger from the advancing tide, until he suddenly discovered that he was hemmed in at all points, and that unless he knew of the cave and could reach it in time, a certain death awaited him. Such misfortunes were, however, rare, as but few strangers ventured on so rough a path, and those who lived hard by were well acquainted with the locality.

Knowing every step of the way, and making neither falter nor stumble, though the night was black as pitch, Martin came at last to the cave of which I have spoken, and, climbing into it, stood still for a moment in an attitude of surprise and doubt, as those other footsteps paused, as his had done, on the rocks below.

In another moment a man had swung himself up, and was standing beside him in the mouth of the cave.

One of those lightning convictions that now and again come to us mortals from we know not whence, came to Martin then as

he drew back, giddy with the surprise, yet absolutely without fear; for what was now to him the fury or revenge of Michael or any other man on earth? It was all the same to him whether death came now, or an hour later, only he thought he would rather go out of the world at his own time and in his own fashion . . . and he wanted no other sounds to intrude upon the echoes of certain words that would be in his ears at the moment of his departure.

"So you have come back, Michael Winter?" he said, quietly, "an' we all made so sure ye niver would—all of us but one."

"Dog!" cried Michael, an unspoken prayer rising in his heart that strength might be given him to keep his hands from murder this night. "Do not dare to take her name between your foul lips . . . O! Heavens!" he cried, turning aside, "and all the while she was innocent . . . innocent . . . Had ye a heart in your breast," he broke forth, and in his voice, strong man as he was, there almost sounded a sob, for the pity of it all had rushed over him in one overwhelming thought, that for a moment replaced the mad longing for revenge with a passion of sorrow and unavailing regret, "that ye could play such a black part to her and to me? And if I had died that night, I should have died, not knowing . . . for ever and ever I should have believed her to be what I might have known she never was, nor ever could be . . . Thank God!" he cried, his voice ringing out clear and bold (the future being then in his thoughts, not the past) "that the life I cursed, and hated, and would have joyed to part with, has stayed with me to this hour, for though I should die the next, I should take with me the knowledge of my girl's spotless purity . . . Hearken! when I fell overboard, with an ugly pistol shot in my side, the men all thought that I sank, but 'twas not so. For all that I was so sick of my life, I would have scorned to take it, so I just struck out for the shore, and in the darkness and confusion found it easy enough to hide (for I was wishful that they should reckon me dead), and though I was stiff and faint with loss of blood, I kept my senses well enough till the early morning, when I spied a ship passing by at no great distance. Making such signals as I could, and the cap'en thinking I was in danger of drowning, he ordered a boat to be put off and they took me on board. The last thing I remember is being taken over the ship's side; when next I came to myself I was in a hospital at Portsmouth. There I stayed for six months, between life and death; recovered somehow, and went to the West Indies. 'Twas on my last voyage that one night, when I was keeping watch on deck, with the stars and sea for company, it came across my mind



in a sudden flash that may be you'd told me a lie that night, and I said to myself 'I'll go home, and if they're married, my girl and Martin Strange, I'll not come between them; but if they're still apart, I'll go to her and have the whole truth from her own lips' . . . and this night I have had it, but not all—from your lying tongue I will drag the rest!" He broke off suddenly. "Oh, my God!" he cried in a terrible voice, "only a lie—one lie, to give to her and to me two such years as they that are gone! One lie—only one—and he could live—*live* with the knowledge of what he had done always before him, and dare to offer his love to the wife of the man who was, so far as he knew, murdered by that same lie! And this is the man that I have called friend . . . whose word I believed before the whole sweet teaching and the life and ways of my pure and gentle girl, who had power to drive me forth, an outcast, from all I loved and held dear on earth . . . Man!" he cried fiercely, "what had I done to you, what had she, that you should deal so vilely with us? Oh, my dear . . . my dear," he groaned, as he leaned against the stones behind him, shaken by love, remorse, joy, and a mad longing for revenge.

"I luv'd her," said Martin, sullenly, "an' you stole her away from me, an' the loss o' her drove me mad an' made a coward an' a beast o' me—that's all.

"When fust she come to Lynaway (I'll tell ye the whole story o' it, ye'll never have the chance o' hearing it agen), she being my cousin, she got to be home-like wi' me, an' wasn't shy as wi' the other lads, an' when I come to the cottage (for her mother favoured me a bit, an' didn't mislike to see me there) Ninon 'ud talk away to me in her pretty, gentle way, an' it seemed to me that ivery day she growed to like me a bit better, but I said to myself 'I'll wait a while longer; I won't press her for an answer yet,' she bein' so young an' gay, with no thoughts of sich things as marriage an' lookin' after a house, an' I niver sed a word till the day as we went to Marmot."

In the darkness Michael drew nearer, nearer still, and listened intently.

"Niver having bin there before, she was so pleased wi' the sights, an' the gran' shops, that 'twas past six o'clock afore we turned our faces round to go towards Lynaway. But as bad luck 'ud have it, we come past a big show where they was acting wi' puppet-dolls, an' a crowd o' people going in an' out, an' Ninon she stopped an' said 'Oh, Martin, I niver see anything like that in all my life.' An' seeing her face so wistful, I was so foolish as to take

her in, though I knowed all the while as 'twas wrong, an' that I bein' so much older than she, an' wiser in the ways o' the world, oughtn't to ha' kep her out so late, or give in to her wish.

"I mind to this day how she luffed at the rediklous figures as danced about the stage on strings, an' when we was come out she put her little hand in mine, an' sed she 'Oh, Martin, it was all butiful, an' thank you iver so for such a treat.' How it happened I shall niver know, but on looking at the clock I mistook the time, and thought the hour were eight when it really were nine, an' knowing that the tide wouldn't be in till half-past nine, I sed to her 'Will you be afeared to come home the beach way, Ninon, as 'twill save us a good mile an' a half o' the way, an' it's getting very late to be abroad?'

"She was not at all afeared, an' so we set out, an' the way being so rough, an' the night so dark, I got her to put her hand through my arm, an' all at once, afore I knowed what I was doing, I'd told her how I luv'd her, an' begged her to give me a bit promise that she'd be my wife some day.

"But she said, iver so gently, though I could tell she was frightened, an' for that I blamed myself, that she liked me dearly, and reckend me her good friend, but she had no love to give me or any other man.

"The words was scarcely out o' her lips when a cold sweat broke out over my face, for what should I hear but the sea rushing an' roaring about the base o' Smuggler's Folly, an' I knew as I was out in my reckoning, that the tide was coming in, an' that if we couldn't get to the cave in two minutes our lives wasn't worth the snuff o' a candle.

"I caught Ninon up in my arms an' ran like mad, and crying to her not to be frighted, I went straight into the water that comed up to my waist, an' her gown was all wet an' dripping when we got to t'other side. 'Twas easier work to git to the cave, an' I lifted her in, and felt wild wi' myself at having made so foolish a mistake about the tides, an' so brought all this trouble on the poor delicate lass, for I knowed that we should be kep there for hours, and what would all Lynaway be saying about us the while?

"I took off my coat an' wrapped her in it, she being so bitter cold, an' then, thinking that the wall was but hard for her pretty head (she having at last falled off sound asleep), I sat down beside her, so as she could rest her head agen my shoulder, an' so she slep on an' on, an' though I knowed the tide was out again I hadn't got the heart to wake her, an' 'twas such a joy to me to just feel the touch



o' her head agen me . . . ye needn't grudge it to me, Michael, for 'twas the fust an' the only time, an' she niver knowed it, for I jest moved away when she was waking. She looked about all puzzled, for there was by now a streak o' daylight, an' then I told her we must go our ways home, an' lifted her down from the cave.

"'Twas an unlucky chance as brought Stephen Prentice and William Marly to meet us that morn, but I was hoping as they'd think Ninon an' I'd got up early to do a bit o' courting out walking, so when Ninon wanted to stop an' tell 'em all about it I pulled her along wi' me, an' bade her niver say a word to any one, not even her mother, who had gone away, but was coming back in the afternoon, for though she was so innercent an' ignorant o' harm, I knowed what folks' tongues is, an' I didn't want 'em all clacking together over her an' me.

"But somehow, arter that night, Ninon was niver the same to me as she'd bin afore, an' niver give me a smile or a welcome when I come to the cottage; but knowing the queer ways o' girls, I didn't fret over it, for I guessed she'd bin a bit frightened at fust, an' I still think that she'd ha' grown to love me in time, if so be as ye hadn't come back when ye did.

"Well, ye came, an' 'twas all over wi' me then—I worn't so blind as I couldn't see that—but it seemed hard, hard, and I went bitter an' mad over the loss o' her, an' all the good in me was turned to bad, an' the bad to worse agen, so that 'twas no wonder, as I often sed to myself, as how she couldn't larn to luv me. Seeing her slip away from me, an' with my bad an' wicked heart allers full o' her, morning, noon, and night, there come into my head a cruel an' cowardly thought, an' when next I come across her alone I sed 'An' pray have you told Michael Winter that you was my sweetheart before you was his, an' that you stayed away with me from twelve o'clock o' one day to five o' the clock the next?' 'No,' she sed, 'because you did make me promise niver to tell any one, but I wish that you would let me, as I do not desire to have any secret, howsoever small, from him.' They was jest her words, an' she looked at me so innercently that I could see that she didn't understand, but the look o' her sweet face ony made me the madder to think o' what I had lost; so I sed, with a bad kind o' a smile, 'An' are ye pretending not to know, Mistress Ninon, that if I was to go to Michael an' tell him that he'd niver look at or speak to ye again?'

"She got as white as snow, for she had come so to believe all I told her, an' moreover she was so gentle an' humble always, that

she niver set up her 'pinion 'gainst other folks, an' God forgive me, but when I saw how she took it, I couldn't but know as how the Devil had put a weapon in my hand, if only I was so base an' dishonourable as to use it agen her.

"I sed to her 'Jest you go and tell Michael all about it, and see if he don't say good-bye to ye, for mind ye he's a very perticler man about wimmin, an' he'd niver look at one as anybody could up an' say a word to him about.' An' then she got all puzzled and at sea, for she couldn't see how she war to blame, an' yet if I told her she war, why then it must be so, for she niver could argue, an' was a child in all her ways and thoughts, wi' not so much knowledge o' the world as a Marmot girl o' ten years old might have."

"Coward!" burst from Michael's lips; "and knowing her to be thus, you could abuse her trust and so torture her?"

"I have told ye," said Martin, quite unmoved by this outburst, "that my heart war bad an' black, an' from sich a heart only black deeds could come.

"I niver met her arter that but I give her a look or a side word as made her wince, and once agen I asked her if she'd told you, an' she cried iver so bitterly, and said she luv'd you far too well to run the leastest risk o' your luvin' her one bit the less!

"Time went on, an' the night afore your wedding day and hers came round, an' 'twas that same evening I followed her to the old chapel ruins, and catching her there alone, prayed o' her that she should give you up and come away with me, I being mad wi' drink an' folly, an' the wicked thoughts give to me by the very Devil himself. I sed 'And if you will not come, Ninon, I will tell Michael bad things o' you, an' he will believe them, for he will say, "An' why did you not tell me of it all yerself, if there was no wrong in it, Ninon?"' I seem to see her now as she went down on her knees to me, prayin' me that I would not come atween her an' you. Something touched me then, and shamed me through an' through, an' I promised her, meaning to keep my word."

"For God's sake," cried Michael, "get to the end of this infernal story, if you can, before I have your blood upon my hands." ("Oh! my dear . . . my dear . . .!" he moaned to himself.)

"There's but little more to tell," said Martin, in the even, unconcerned voice of one who relates what he has seen, not what he has done. "Ye married her, and I bore the sight; ye took her home, an' I bore to see that also; but something drove me to go into your garden, to give one look at the house as held ye two together, not knowing that ye was abroad learning things through the blabbing



tongues of two tipsy fools—things as should send ye to me wi' a question on your lips as could be answered in just one little word, yes or no.

"My body an' soul cried out agen her being yours; the loss o' her was pressing on me then wi' a bitterness I had niver knowed before, an' the awful temptation as beset me then none can iver tell . . . An' I told ye the damndest, blackest lie that iver came out o' hell, not once, but twice over.

"O' what ye sed to me, or what I did arter that, I have niver knowed to this day, but the next thing I mind was standing on the shore beside Ninon, watching the boat come back in which old Peter said ye had gone away. The words was trembling on my lips that I should say to ye when ye touched the shore, an' that should make ye reckon me the vilest wretch alive, yet send ye straight to the arms o' your wife, when the boat came in *without* ye, an' I knew that I was as guilty o' yer death as though I had killed ye with my own hand that night."

"And believing in my death," cried Michael, scarcely able to articulate through the intensity of the emotions that swayed him, "you could insult her with the offer of your love, the foulest, most sinful passion ever inspired by aught so sweet and innocent?"

"Ay," said Martin, "I could do even that. I'd ha' gone on luvin' an' sinning for her for ever and ever if I'd thought there was iver a chance o' winning her luv; but she told me to-night as she despised me, an' when a gentle creature like her says that, there's no more to be said or done.

"An' now why don't ye go to her? She sed ye'd come to-night, an you've come; but ye needn't hurry, there's lots o' time before ye, years, an' after a bit ye'll both forget all about this bit time that's gone.

"Have ye any more questions to ask me? If not, ye were well away, for I'm growin' tired and sleepy. I shall sleep soundly an' well to-night.

"Are ye there still? If ye're waiting till I say I'm sorry for all I've done, ye'll wait for iver, an' don't forget that I luv'd her, luv'd her always."

\* \* \* \* \*

At the same moment that a man, slain by his own hand, murmurs in dying "She said '*Good-bye, Martin, and God bless you!*'" Ninon hears the sound of Michael's footstep "As he comes up the stair."

THE END.

## GEORGE ELIOT'S FIRST ROMANCE.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE," "A DOG AND HIS SHADOW,"  
"ZELDA'S FORTUNE," "PEARL AND EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE,"  
"STREAKED WITH GOLD," &c.



WHEN a great artist, whose very name has become a sure note of excellence, produces a work that the great fame-giving majority refuses to accept on the sole ground that it is his, or hers, there is a matter for dull congratulation. Such an event shows that past triumphs have been neither decreed blindly on the one hand, nor on the other accepted as a dispensation from the duty of making every new work a new and original title to future laurels. And such an event is the production of "Daniel Deronda."

The author herself can have looked for no immediate fortune but that of battle. The very merits of the book are precisely the reverse of those to which the wide part of her fame is due. Not a few critics have already said that "Daniel Deronda" is not likely to extend George Eliot's reputation. That is unquestionably true—the sympathies to which it appeals are not, as in the case of "Adam Bede," the common sympathies of all the world. But whether "Daniel Deronda" is not likely to *heighten* her reputation is an entirely different question, and will, I firmly believe, meet with a very different answer when certain natural and perhaps inevitable feelings of disappointment have passed away, and her two generations of admirers have reconciled themselves to seeing in her not only the natural historian of real life, whom we know and have known for twenty years, but also a great adept in the larger and fuller truth of romance, whom as yet we have only just begun to know.

"Daniel Deronda" is essentially, both in conception and in form, a Romance: and George Eliot has not only never written a romance before, but is herself, by the uncompromising realism of her former works, a main cause for the disesteem into which romantic fiction has fallen—a disesteem that has even turned the tea-cup into a heroine and the tea-spoon into a hero. George Eliot should be the last to complain that the inimicable realism of "Middlemarch" has thrown a cold shade



over the truth and wisdom that borrow the form of less probable fiction in "Daniel Deronda." She is in the position of every great artist who having achieved glory in one field sets out to conquer another. The world is not prone to believe in many-sided genius: one supremacy is enough for one man.

In short, I cannot help thinking that George Eliot's new novel has caused some passing disappointment because it is not another "Adam Bede" or "Middlemarch," and not because it is "Daniel Deronda." The first criticism of a book is sure to be founded on a comparison with others. Fortunately, "Daniel Deronda" lies so far outside George Eliot's other works in every important respect as to make direct comparison impossible. It cannot be classed as first, or second, or third, or last—that favourite but feeble make-shift for criticism, as if any book, or picture, or song could be called worse in itself because another is better, or better because another is worse. I believe that "Daniel Deronda" is absolutely good—and the whole language of criticism contains no stronger form of literary creed. Not only so, but I believe that it promises to secure for its author a more slowly growing, perhaps less universal, but deeper and higher fame than the works with which it does not enter into rivalry. In any case it marks an era in the career of the greatest English novelist of our time. It is as much a first novel, from a fresh hand and mind, as if no scene of clerical life had ever been penned. And, as such, it calls for more special criticism even than "Middlemarch"—the crown and climax of the series that began with the sad fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton. It is not even to be compared with "Romola"—that was no romance in the sense that the term must be applied to "Daniel Deronda" as the key to its place and nature.

However much we may divide and subdivide, there are in reality only two distinct orders of fiction. Unfortunately, while we have a distinctive name for the one, we have none for the other. Perhaps the difference between the fiction which deals with ordinary or actual things and people and that which deals with extraordinary things and people is so marked and obvious that no names are wanted to express it any more than a scientific term is needed to express the difference between an eagle and a phoenix. The important point is that "Daniel Deronda" is very broadly distinguishable from all its predecessors by not dealing with types—with the ordinary people who make up the actual world, and with the circumstances, events, characteristics, and passions that are common to us all. We have all been so accustomed to see ourselves and all our

relations and friends mirrored and dissected that we naturally expected to find the same familiar looking-glass or microscope in "Daniel Deronda." It is small consolation to a plain man, who looks forward to the ever-new pleasure of examining his own photograph, to be presented with the portrait of a stranger, though the stranger may be handsomer and less common than he. Nevertheless it may well be that he will prize the picture most when he is in the mood to remember that the world does not consist wholly of types, and that the artist who ignores the existence of even improbable exceptions gives a very inadequate, nay, a very false representation of the *comédie humaine*. If George Eliot can be said to have shown any serious fault as an artist, it is that she has hitherto almost timidly kept to the safe ground of probability. Of course the law on this subject is well understood, and has been clearly laid down a hundred times. Fiction is bound by certain rules of probability: fact by none. But this is only sound law where what is called realistic fiction—the novel of types and manners—is concerned. Applied to the Romance, it is not sound law. Romance is the form of fiction which grapples with fact upon its whole ground, and deals with the higher and wider truths—the more occult wisdom—that is not to be picked up by the side of the highway. "This, too, is probable, according to that saying of Agathon: 'it is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen,'" says George Eliot herself, quoting from Aristotle. "It is easier to know mankind than to know a man," she quotes from Rochefoucauld. And, as she herself says, "Many well-proved facts are dark to the average man, even concerning the action of his own heart and the structure of his own retina." But this is not the line upon which she has hitherto proceeded. Her practice is best described in her own words—"Perhaps poetry and romance are as plentiful as ever in the world except for those phlegmatic natures who I suspect would in any age have regarded them as a dull form of erroneous thinking. They exist very easily in the same room with the microscope and even in railway carriages: what banishes them is the vacuum in gentlemen and lady passengers." That vacuum she has hitherto done her best to supply, and has supplied it so far as such a thing is possible. We have learned—and we are apt to forget how ill we knew the lesson before "Adam Bede" made its mark upon the literature of the century—that poetry and romance are among the chippings of a carpenter's workshop, are even hovering about the whist-tables of a Middlemarch drawing-room, and are not strangers



to the shops of Holborn pawnbrokers. But are poetry and romance, any more than wit and wisdom, to be looked for only in studies and railway trains? We shall find plenty of all by taking the train for St. Oggs, or Treby Magna, or paying a visit to Mrs. Poyser of Dale Farm, or, for that matter, by staying at home among our own relations and friends. But we may travel far before we make the acquaintance of a complete Gwendolen Harleth or an entire Henleigh Mallinger Grandcourt in the flesh, though we may come here and there upon scraps and fragments of them—farther still before meeting a Hebrew prophet in a second-hand book-stall, or hearing from a Frankfort banker the legacies of wisdom bequeathed by a Daniel Charisi. And why should we not, for once in a way, travel away from ourselves? By risking the immediate disappointment of a large number of her most ardent admirers, George Eliot has paid us a higher compliment than if she had given us another Silas Marner. She has practically refused to believe the common libel, upon us who read fiction, that we only care to look at our own photographs and to be told what we already know.

Gwendolen Harleth is as much a romance heroine as Undine. When we are first introduced to her across the green table at Leubrunn we are not, like Deronda himself, puzzled by the question whether the good or the evil genius was dominant in her eyes. She is so far from being a "She-Tito," as one excellent critic, showing less discrimination than usual, has called her, as to be his very opposite—Tito Melema not only had a soul, but was an absolutely soul-haunted man. In Gwendolen we see at once not a soul, but only the possibility of a soul—not an actual, but only possible battle-field for the good genius and the evil. The faun in broadcloth, in Hawthorne's "Transformation," is more than matched by this nymph with the *ensemble du serpent* in sea-green and silver. Of course thus far Gwendolen Harleth is obviously typical: just as there are many Maggie Tullivers with grand ready-made souls all at sea among mean, narrow, and vulgar surroundings, so, by way of contrast, are there many Rosamond Vincys and Gwendolen Harleths. The bitter tragedy of Rosamond and Lydgate tells how one of these soulless creatures can act as the basil plant to which the Middlemarch surgeon likened his wife in after times—"a flower that flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains." That story demands for its development nothing but the plainest and simplest realism and the closest and most exclusive connection with every-day things—the smaller and

commoner the better. But, suppose it had been part of George Eliot's plan to endow Rosamond Vincy or Hetty Sorrel with a soul—the realistic, every-day machinery of "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch" must have ignominiously broken down. It would have been as adequate to endow Aunt Pullet herself with one. The seeming transformation of which we may fairly and without fear of being misunderstood—at least by any reader of "Daniel Deronda"—speak as the birth of a human soul is a possible thing in every case, but, in any given case, absolutely unlikely. It must depend upon outward circumstances, and the circumstances must necessarily be of an exceptional kind—either unlikely in themselves, or so intensified as to seem unlikely. That is to say, it demands the unbounded, open air of Romance for its representation, where Nature may be seen at work in her rarer aspects: where things are not as we all see them every day, but as some few people may see them once in a lifetime, and thus become exceptionally wise themselves, and, if they impart their rare experience, make others wiser. Gwendolen in St. Oggs, Gwendolen in Treby, Gwendolen in Middlemarch, *must* have lived and died "with her gunpowder hidden," as Sir Hugo Mullinger would say: with her goodness always at that stage of harvest when "it lies all underground, with an indeterminate future . . . and may have the healthy life choked out of it by a particular action of the foul land which rears or neighbours it." To make the original situation more striking, the difficulties of transformation more insuperable, the creator of Gwendolen Harleth has shown remorseless cruelty in depriving the possible, invisible harvest of every chance of showing a single blade. She is not only "the spoiled child," but is narrowed and grooved by spoiling. "To be protected and petted, and to have her susceptibilities consulted in every detail, had gone along with her food and clothing as matters of course in her life." She was not high enough placed to dream of playing a part in the great world, or low enough to have a share in the battles of the wide one. She had no exceptional powers or affections or passions or ambitions. Her only talents were an eccentric sort of beauty that was not likely to prove marketable, and a cold sharp tongue, pointed by a scornful wit of the sort that frightens men and repels women. She is only a bright ripple upon a dead background. Not one of her surroundings can possibly, except in a negative way, have the smallest influence upon her for good or evil. When by accident she comes in contact with great things, as in the person of Herr Klesmer, her thin nature shrivels up: she is nothing, and nowhere.



The lively impertinences with which she amused herself at the expense of Tasso and Mrs. Arrowpoint, Jennings and young Clintock, turn into mere shafts of ill-temper when let fly in a broader horizon. She is a real woman: and her blank horizon is more hopelessly, even more tragically, real than the indefinite tragedy which opens in prospect when she is made to faint, with a presentiment of conscience, at a sudden sight of the picture behind the panel at Offendene. It is more pathetic even than the gross and vulgar surroundings of Maggie Tulliver. She could not have found openings and revelations in chance looks and chance words like the miller's daughter. Poor Maggie's soul was above circumstance: circumstance stood to poorer Gwendolen in the place of a soul. George Eliot, who is never weary of dwelling upon the all-importance of early associations in developing character, and of showing how "what we have been makes us what we are," has carefully and explicitly denied her even the remembrance of a fixed dwelling. "Pity," she says, "that Offendene was not the home of Miss Harleth's childhood, or endeared to her by family memories! A human life, I think, should be well rooted in some spot of a native land . . . a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection. . . . At five years old mortals are not prepared to be citizens of the world, to be stimulated by abstract nouns, to soar above preference into impartiality. . . . The best introduction to astronomy is to think of the nightly heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to one's own homestead." Gwendolen knew but of one star: and that was Gwendolen.

The whole of the first book is devoted to this portrait of Gwendolen—it is a masterly picture, and, in spite of the careful and even exaggerated extraction from her life of all positive circumstance, in spite of the extraordinary difficulty of giving life to a character with no more tangible consistency than a moonbeam, we soon grow to know her as well as her familiar contrast, Maggie Tulliver. I feel tempted to say as well as we know the blacksmith's boy who set Rex Gascoigne's shoulder, for the sake of dwelling upon the marvellous skill with which George Eliot has more than once compressed a whole character, which suggests a whole history apart from events, into a sentence or two. He comes and goes, and we feel as if he had set our shoulder, instead of Rex Gascoigne's. But even before we can guess at the nature of the story, beyond a suspicion that exceptional sin, or exceptional sorrow, beyond common experience, is needed to transform the young lady of Offendene into a woman, the shadow of Grandcourt

appears. The manner of his entry is striking and artistic. He, also, at first sight, resembles one of Gwendolen's surrounding *vacua*—the addition of a cypher to a line of cyphers. It is only by degrees that he assumes the rank of the integer before them that gives them value. And, as he develops, he also develops the significance of *Deronda*. Passages from George Eliot's works could easily be multiplied to show how intensely she regards our active personal influence upon one another from without, the blows, so to speak, given and taken in the battle of life, rather than self-consciousness or self-culture, as the machinery for growth and change. She believes in the mesmeric effect of personality. Nearly every one of her novels contains an influencing character, in a greater or less degree—*Dinah Morris*, *Edgar Tryan*, *Felix Holt*, *Dorothea Brooke*, *Savonarola* are only more strongly marked instances. Naturally, in novels of types and manners, such personal influence mostly takes a large religious or social form. But to bring Gwendolen Harleth into relation with such men and women as these—the experiment would be absurd. That "utterly frustrated look, as if some confusing potion were creeping through her system," still repeats itself, I am sure, though she is married to *Rex* and corresponds with *Deronda*, whenever she feels herself standing on the edge of an idea—though she has no doubt given up the childish experiment of trying to read learned books in order to make herself wise. Her experiences were bound to be special and peculiarly her own: "Souls," said *Dorothea Brooke* to her sister, "have complexions too: what will suit one will not suit another." And so happened to her what is utterly unlikely, and therefore utterly inadmissible in representations of typical life and character such as all George Eliot's former works have been: perfectly necessary for the complete study of Gwendolen's transformation, and therefore perfectly legitimate in *Romance*, which studies human nature in its seeming exceptions, and not in its rules. The end is exceptional: the machinery must be exceptional also. And so the life of Gwendolen Harleth became bound up with that of *Henleigh Grandcourt* on the one hand and with that of *Daniel Deronda* on the other.

No doubt the main interest attaching to *Deronda* and *Grandcourt* is their relation to Gwendolen. Taken apart from her, and from the romance of her destiny, their intensity would savour of exaggeration. But nobody would dream of talking about exaggeration in connection with the fiend and the angel who, in the well-known picture, are playing at chess for a human soul. There



are many men more or less like Grandcourt, or rather like parts of Grandcourt: but he, taken as a whole, is a cunning combination of all the qualities, positive and negative, fit—to refer again to the harvest simile—to choke out the germ “by damage brought from foulness afar,” just as her earlier life represented the evil action of the rearing and neighbouring land. George Eliot has shown the force of her genius by turning this necessary *dysdæmon* into an actual man, and by bringing him into relation with Gwendolen in a simple and natural way, that serves to illustrate both his character—apart from his intended use—and hers. His original conception seems to belong to a speech of Mrs. Transome in “Felix Holt,” “A woman’s love is always freezing into fear. She wants everything, she is secure of nothing. This girl has a fine spirit—plenty of fire and pride and wit. Men like such captives, as they like horses that champ the bit and paw the ground: they feel more triumph in their mastery. What is the use of a woman’s will?—if she tries, she doesn’t get it, and she ceases to be loved. God was cruel when he made women.” This one-sided, poetical outburst is translated for Gwendolen into plain and bitter prose. She required to be crushed out of her very small self before she could expand into a self that was larger: and as such a preliminary process was a labour of Hercules we have a Grandcourt to fulfil the labour. One of the many passages to which I have already referred as illustrating George Eliot’s stress upon personal influence is quite as applicable to her relations with her husband as to her feelings about Deronda: “It is one of the secrets in that change of mental poise which has been fitly named conversion that to many among us neither heaven nor earth has any revelation till some personality touches theirs with a peculiar influence, subduing them into receptiveness. It had been Gwendolen’s habit to think of the persons around her as stale books, too familiar to be interesting.” Had she been left to Grandcourt alone, only half the process of transformation could have been possible: she would have undergone all the grinding sorrow, all the heart-breaking self-contempt, and all the longing to destroy life so that she might destroy her bonds; but she would have escaped from all this in time—her soul would have been strangled in its birth: she would have ended by becoming assimilated more and more to her tyrant, and would have been worse than at first because, instead of having no soul at all, she would have had the soul of a slave. That would not have been transformation, but degradation. It is at this point we see the full force of the title-page motto,

“Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul”—

For the soulless nymph is growing a soul now, and it is a soul to be feared. When she saw Mrs. Glasher riding in the park, unrecognised by Grandcourt, "What possible release could there be for her from this hated vantage-ground, which yet she dared not quit, any more than if fire had been raining outside it? What release, but death? Not her own death. Gwendolen was not a woman who could easily think of her own death as a near reality, or front for herself the dark entrance on the untried and invisible. It seemed more possible that Grandcourt should die: and yet not likely. The power of tyranny in him seemed a power of living in the presence of any wish that he should die. The thought that his death was the only possible deliverance for her was one with the thought that deliverance would never come; the double deliverance from the injury with which other beings might reproach her, and from the yoke she had brought on her own neck. No! She foresaw him always living, and her own life dominated by him; the 'always' of her young experience not stretching beyond the few immediate years that seemed immeasurably long with her passionate weariness. The thought of his dying would not subsist: it turned as with a dream-change into the terror that she should die with his throttling fingers on her neck avenging that thought. Fantasies moved within her like ghosts, *making no break in her more acknowledged consciousness and finding no obstruction in it: dark rays doing their work invisibly in the broad light.*" I have emphasised these last words because they express directly, and not merely suggest, the part that Grandcourt is intended to play in what promises to be her soul's tragedy.

Of course Deronda's part, if we remember the depth and subtlety of the drama that is being played, is obvious. It was necessary that we should perceive the action of the good as distinctly and intensely as that of the evil. And in incarnating the good influence, so to speak, I do not think that George Eliot has altogether succeeded so completely in enlisting our sympathies as usual. It is true the difficulties of the task were almost insurmountable. We know what men in general are apt to call men in particular who talk with never failing wisdom, and in whose armour of virtue there is no flaw. We know also what women for the most part think of such men, and therefore we know what novel readers in general will say and think of Gwendolen's good angel. I must own to a feeling of relief when Deronda was conscious of a wish to horse-whip Grandcourt; it was a touch of good warm-blooded sympathetic humanity. However, the sneer is a very cheap and not very effective form of criticism. Nobody dreams of sneering at the



Red Cross Knight, in another romance, or at Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, in romantic history. Nobody has ever suggested that ideal beauty of soul differs from ideal beauty of face in not being worth painting. It is one of the highest privileges of the romance to idealise: to show what, under intensely favouring circumstances of nature or culture, may be the best goodness as well as the worst wickedness of a man. If it is true that we needs must love the highest when we see it, it is well that we should have an opportunity of seeing the highest from time to time. In relation to Gwendolen, it is not so much with Deronda himself as with the wisdom and the goodness of Deronda that we are concerned. But he justly gives his name to the novel in so far as he, if not the principal actor in any drama, is a moving influence in three dramas which are only very subtly and indirectly connected—the stories of Gwendolen, of Mirah, and Mordecai.

Deronda is certainly not one of those who find nothing but barrenness from Dan to Beersheba. There are persons in real life who cannot walk from Charing Cross to Temple Bar and not meet with an adventure for every flag-stone: and he is one of these people. If Gwendolen is a nineteenth century nymph, he is a nineteenth century knight errant, and a fortunate one. He is not, however, unique or even very exceptional thus far, and there is a passage in Chapter XXXII.—too long for quoting at length, and too complete for spoiling by mutilation—which paints him in detail, and which ought to place him at once and for all in sympathetic *rapport* with us, if there be any power in words to keep our attention fixed to anything but incidents and conversations. At any rate, the remarkable circumstances of his birth and bringing up, his harmonious nature, his unbounded and all-sided sympathies, and by no means least, his wonderful talent for finding adventures at every turning, from his cradle to his marriage, qualify him to serve as the conductor whom we need to lead us, by natural steps, into the wide air of romance which Gwendolen must breathe if she is not to die. Through his eyes, which do not look upon common things commonly, we see that romance, the natural history of exceptions and intensities, is as true as reality, and more true than much that seems real. It is very remarkable that, in dealing with him, George Eliot has not only adopted the spirit of romance but its forms—nay, often its common and conventional forms, and that with deliberate preference and intention. Many of her novels contain a romantic incident, and some introduce many, but that is a different thing. Here we have the romantic framework made up of

separate incidents not very unlikely in themselves, but which when added or rather multiplied together make up a very unlikely whole. What is the "plot" of Daniel Deronda's history, if it is condensed after the manner of hurried reviewers? A foreign Jewish singer wishes that her only child may be spared what she considers the miseries of his race and become an English gentleman. He is brought up in luxury and kindness, but in ignorance of his race and parentage, by a baronet who is his mother's rejected lover. He saves from suicide a beautiful young girl—herself a Jewess, which is a rather strong coincidence—whom he afterwards marries. He—another strong coincidence—meets with the most untypical of all untypical Jews, a poor workman in London with the brain of a scholar, the heart of a poet, and the soul of a prophet, who by sheer force of enthusiasm inspires, and naturally inspires, the young man of thought and culture with a Quixotic purpose that is to absorb all his years and powers. Meanwhile he has been recognised at Frankfort, a little mysteriously, by a Jew banker as the grandson of his bosom friend, Daniel Charisi; and Deronda's mother, from some motive that I will not call insufficient only because I cannot understand it, sends for him, tells him his family history, and then passes out from his life again for ever. Thus set out like a pile of dry bones, and covering mysteries and family puzzles to which it is not George Eliot's ordinary habit to give more importance than they are worth, which is at best very little, the events of Deronda's life look like the skeleton of a pre-arranged dream. The effect is even carefully enhanced by such a coincidence as that between Mordecai's second-sighted vision of the manner in which his completer soul was to appear to him, "distantly approaching or turning his back towards him, darkly painted against a golden sky . . . mentally seen darkened by the excess of light on the ærial background," and the way in which Deronda actually approached him along the river, dark in face and dress, and as "from the golden background" of a glorious sunset. But let us at once put all these things, these wonders let us call them, in sharp, immediate contrast with the story of Gwendolen. The contrast is extreme—all the better. It is not more extreme, in truth, than the contrast between life's limits and conditions as dimly guessed by Gwendolen and its unconditioned boundlessness through Art as felt by Klesmer. We need to feel strongly all the difference between her original soullessness and the largeness of an idealised world. It is a strange sensation to go straight from Gwendolen, who needs a revelation to learn that the world is larger



than one of her whims, to Mordecai, the prophet to Jacob—not the less a prophet because Jacob is only little Jacob Cohen, the pawnbroker's son. I think one is not obliged to take any profound interest in the Hebrew politics of the future to appreciate Mordecai, so far as we are capable of extending our sympathies in an upward direction. In any case he amply fulfils a sufficient mission by keeping well before our eyes the existence of an ideal world, where all things, though but in dreams and visions, may seem possible, while we are watching Gwendolen's attempts to see beyond the edge of her gown. The Cohens are a foil to him that he may be the more forcible contrast to her, just as the picture of a Dutch kitchen is the most telling preparation for the study of a picture of saints and angels, and that, in its turn, for sympathy with one of human life or history.

There is no reason to fear that the adoption of the common forms of the romance shows poverty or carelessness in invention, or indeed that it shows anything at all except that there is a limit to the permissible length of a novel which the most popular of writers must not exceed. In the novel of types and manners situations are not more important than the way we arrive at them. In the romance—still using the word in its special and contrasted sense—the effects and situations are all-important, and the artist will not spoil his climax by elaborating preliminary details that are, except in their result, of no importance at all. It is not inartistic to use the romance-framework that comes readiest to hand, just as a musician would be very ill-advised who wasted power in inventing a new form for every new sonata. He would set people thinking about his forms too much, and about his effects too little. The direct, uncompromising adaptation of the spirit and form of the romance to a novel of our own time by the author of "Middlemarch" is in itself a striking and daring, perhaps hazardous, experiment in the art of fiction, and certainly the experiment is the more complete, and its effect the stronger, by using forms which held the same good wine of romance that was drunk by our less exigent fathers. If they are but a ready machinery for saving time that can be used for better purpose, they serve their turn. The mere story of "Daniel Deronda" may not be a particularly good one; but then few people have ever read a novel by George Eliot, unless it was "Silas Marner," merely, if at all, for the sake of the story. It is more important to note whether she displays the qualities—apart from the close realism she does not affect—for which they are read like the lives of old friends that are always

new. And in this respect one striking feature of "Daniel Deronda" is that it is not only George Eliot's first romance, but the first novel in which she has either taken our own day for her date, or the class of whom novel readers in general have most personal experience—excluding prophets and pawnbrokers—for her *dramatis personæ*.

In the very first page of the very first of her published works the authoress of "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton" affects to complain that "Mine, I fear, is not a well-regulated mind: it has an occasional tenderness for old abuses; it lingers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and top-booted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors." And these words were written when a great many things were in full force and vigour that have since joined those departed shades. If "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" were old world pictures when they were published, what are they now? They have almost fallen back into idylls, so far as that indefinite word implies any idea of obsolescent antiquity. They already illustrate history, and—as somebody once suggested in the case of Dickens—will soon require an archæological museum for their illustration, including, for example, a parish clerk, a parson's top-boots, and Master Marner's loom. The brass bands and ribbons of the North Loamshire election will stir no corresponding chord in the breasts of our grandchildren, who never saw the member chaired, or spent at least eight exciting hours in feeling that the welfare of creation depended on the difference between orange and blue. George Eliot's works are more full of such matters than even of advanced scientific allusions; she has the air at times of looking upon the present only as a link between the past that we love and regret and the future that we love and hope for. And, in so far as she is thus historical, the outward, circumstantial aspects of her novels must inevitably lose some amount of living interest as time goes on. Even so, we cannot read "Waverley" or "Redgauntlet" quite in the same personally sympathetic spirit as men who still numbered among them Jacobites in heart and, like the father of British romance himself, had talked with those who remembered the '45. For our own immediate selves, there is all the difference between "Daniel Deronda" and "The Mill on the Floss" that lies between Now and Once upon a Time. But there is a greater difference still. Each and all her works may be very easily separated into its accidents of period and circumstance and its essentials of what is true and human always, under all circumstances, and everywhere. I will say nothing about Shakespeare, but she certainly has a share in the genius and therefore probably



in the fortunes of Chaucer, who is as great as he is obsolete in small things, as enduring as he is great in large. It is precisely in the detailed elaboration of the little, characteristic, everyday things which procure universal acceptance for a book at once that we are most conscious of an unusual want in "Daniel Deronda." In this respect also it is distinctively of the nature of the Romance, which tends to bring universal and essential things into prominence, and to leave accidental and transitory things on one side. It will never require a department in the museum, at least until the peculiarities of Jews are merged in the yet greater oddities of Gentiles, and that time looks too far off to be worth considering. Its drawing-room atmosphere is only a roughly washed-in background: and then the atmosphere of the drawing-room is not likely to be changed, any more than that of the studio. Whatever of truth, wisdom, and human nature it contains is *absolutely* independent of circumstances and backgrounds. So far as Deronda and Mordecai are unlikely now, they will always be unlikely: but their creation will always be of equal value, because they are not men of this time in particular, but bring out into idealised prominence the history of the birth of Gwendolen's soul, which is a woman's soul. It would be surprising indeed if "Daniel Deronda" achieved at once the public triumph of "Adam Bede"—it is a novel professedly treating of our own day, and of the novel-reading class, and yet does not base its interest upon the afternoon tea-table. But it is one of the few books that can afford to wait for a long and quiet triumph with patient security. That also is one of the privileges of Romance: and of all books that recognise and reveal the truth that lies in the well of dreams.

It is of course tempting to dwell upon the various characters, subordinate as well as principal, in detail, and to indulge in the pleasure of marking what has struck oneself more particularly in the course of two careful readings. Mirah Cohen, the ostensible heroine of the romance as Gwendolen is of the reality; Klesmer, the latest type of musician; Mrs. Davilow, the innocent cause of Gwendolen; the honest, almost simple-hearted, worldly wisdom of the Rector of Pennicote, and the complicated unworldly humour of Hans Meyrick the painter, and some score of minor sketches, seem to call for more or less unlimited space in their due degree. Nobody, alas, has taken up the mantle of Mrs. Poyser. There is altogether less epigram and more serious, sub-humorous reflection than usual, as befits an age when mother-wits have also gone over

to the majority and joined the ghosts of vulgar errors. But there is no lack of sayings, though couched in less homely language than hers, that might grow into proverbs—usefully I would say if proverbs were ever useful. "Those who trust us, educate us." "The dullness of things is a disease in ourselves." But I assume that my readers are also already my fellow-readers, and these and many similar sentences are easily known and easily recalled. What I wish to dwell upon mainly is that the comparative method of criticism, unsatisfactory always, is extraordinarily inapplicable to "Daniel Deronda." It cannot be said to differ from "Adam Bede," or "The Mill on the Floss," or "Silas Marner," or "Middlemarch," or "Felix Holt," or even from "Romola" in degree, because it differs from them all in kind—in conception, scope, circumstance, and form. They deal with men and women in the aggregate, as they are or have been: this with individual men and women as they may be or can be. They treat prominently of manners: this leaves manners out of the question. They have to do with the broad passions and emotions common to us all: this with exceptional moods and passions, brought out by exceptional circumstances, special to individuals. They develop the study of healthy anatomy: this of pathology. They exclude, this includes, the unlikely. They reflect, this magnifies. They teach us to know ourselves, this helps us to guess at others. They appeal straight to the heart, this takes the road of the mind. They combine facts, this expands them into fancies. In a word, "Daniel Deronda" differs from them in being a Romance—and that of the highest kind—and moves upon different though converging lines according to different laws. Thus considered, it is practically a first book by a new author, and must be judged accordingly. We are not justified in saying whether we prefer this to any other novel or any other to this: we can go no farther than preferring one kind of novel to another. So far as truth to human nature is concerned, both forms are of equal virtue, and indeed supply each other's deficiencies. It would be a "poor tale," as George Eliot's midland farmers say, if any form or feature or guess at truth of any kind were to be left hidden because some kind of machinery for extracting them is forbidden by critical laws. A certain kind of fiction, which simply reflects faithfully, must of course be bound to accurate, typical fidelity by the strictest laws. But fiction at large, which has as much to do with unlikely things as Nature herself, has only one law, and that is the complete attainment of its end by any means, by the sacrifice of anything but possibility—and what



is not possible, where human nature is concerned, is proverbially hard to say. If the machinery of the Arabian Nights were necessary for extracting an additional scrap of human nature worth having out of the mine, then let it be used by all means, and gratefully. Fortunately we need not fear being driven to any such desperate resource when we see how powerful the ordinary forms of the Romance are in the hands of a great artist for depicting what surely cannot be shown by painting everyday types and everyday manners: the invisible transformation of a germ into a soul. No mere naturalist, who only knows what he sees, could describe the birth of the moth from the worm. "Deronda laughed, but defended the myth. 'It is like a passionate word,' he said; 'the exaggeration is a flash of fervour. It is an extreme image of what is happening every day.'" Such is not the mere apology for the romance—it is its more than sufficient reason for being.

It is, of course, idle to speculate whether "Daniel Deronda" marks the beginning of a new manner, as musical biographers say, on the part of its author. In its romance aspect it may be simply a parenthesis, a brilliant display of strength in a foreign field. But it would be pleasant to regard it as the forerunner of a line of fiction that will immediately concern ourselves and our children who live in the England of to-day. We cannot help envying the England of yesterday the painter it has found. As she says of Deronda, "To glory in a prophetic vision . . . is an easier exercise of believing imagination than to see its beginning in newspaper placards, staring at you from a bridge beyond the corn fields; and it might well happen to most of us dainty people that we were in the thick of the battle of Armageddon without being aware of anything more than the annoyance of a little explosive smoke and struggling on the ground immediately about us." George Eliot has hitherto too much neglected the newspaper placards upon the railway bridges and thought—I dare not add the words "too much"—of the cornfields. She has abandoned the houses, not of St. Oggs or Middlemarch, but of London, too freely to those who try to copy the close realism that she herself popularised among us without "the force of imagination that pierces or exalts the solid fact, instead of floating among cloud-pictures." After all, there is something better than pleasure and vanity in our wishing to see our own selves as we are, and we have a right to complain that we have been neglected—until to-day. Our afternoon tea-tables have been photographed *ad nauseam*: it is time for the cover to be removed, that we may see underneath them. We welcome "Daniel Deronda," not only

as a grand romance of a woman's soul, in the highest sense of the word, but also the first novel that gives us the hope of studying ourselves in the same spirit with which we have been able to study mankind at large as typified by our fathers. There are incomplete Grandcourts and imperfect Derondas who will repay study as fully as the more picturesque class of country-town people and Loamshire farmers, and no less for their own sakes than as means to an end. Gwendolen Harleth alone is enough to show how closely and deeply she can study our drawing-room Undines, if such there be: And "*Daniel Deronda*" alone (the book, not the man) is proof enough that its author has the courage to enter upon the surest road to the highest kind of popularity—that which apparently leads above it. There is not a sentence, scarcely a character, in "*Daniel Deronda*" that reads or looks as if she were thinking of her critics before her readers at large, or of her readers at large before the best she could give them. She has often marred a stronger and more telling effect for the sake of a truer and deeper—and this belongs to a kind of courage which most artists will be inclined to envy her. But her processes of construction open another question, too long to speak of in a few words. Apart from all considerations of such processes in detail, "*Daniel Deronda*" is a probably unique example of the application of the forms of romance to a rare and difficult problem in human nature, by first stating the problem—(the transformation of Gwendolen)—in its extremest form, and then, with something like scientific precision as well as philosophic insight, arranging circumstance so as to throw upon it the fullest light possible. From this point of view even the objects of Mordecai's enthusiasm have their place in the drama as supplying the strongest contrast to common lives and thoughts obtainable in these days, and Deronda's perfection as affording the ideal we must keep in our minds in order to study whatever falls short of it. Less even in its intrinsic merits, with all their greatness, than in the promise it gives of doing tardy justice to the profounder poetry of our own immediate day, lies the highest value of this true Romance of Gwendolen Harleth and Daniel Deronda.

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## A "PITSO."

BY T. B. GLANVILLE.

**P**ITSO" is Sesuto for Parliament. "Sesuto" is the vernacular name of the language of the Basutos. The Basutos are South African natives occupying a territory which seven years ago, at the request of the tribe, became part of the British empire and is now an irregular district of the Cape colony—that is to say, a district almost entirely occupied by natives who are unrepresented in the Colonial Legislature and whose affairs are in the hands of commissioners.

At the time of the cession in 1869 the condition of the Basuto tribe was miserable in the extreme. A long war with the settlers of the Free State, one of the two Dutch republics in South Africa, had ended in the utter defeat of the Basutos. Two thousand warriors had been killed, hundreds of old men, women, and children had perished from hardship and hunger, fifteen thousand souls had fled the country and sheltered themselves behind the sharp ridges of the Drakenberg; the cattle which had been their pride had been swept away by the conquerors; the ploughs and waggons which they had learnt to buy had been broken to pieces, their fields and gardens ravaged, and their houses or huts burnt. Overtaken by famine as well as by war, and driven to take a huddled refuge in caves and crevices, they fell an easy prey to fever, and at one time half the tribe was smitten with typhus. With all this they lost heart; they could not trust their chiefs; there was nothing around which they could rally; and their only chance was to enfold themselves in the British flag. After a period of negotiation, Sir Philip Wodehouse, at that time Governor of the Cape, as the representative of the Queen accepted the allegiance of the tribe, and the war was stayed. Peace, however, was not secured without further loss. The Free State demanded and obtained nearly half the land of the tribe. All the rich plains from the western bank of the Caledon towards the sources of the Modder, the Vet, and the Zand—the cornfields and the rich grazing ground of the lost herds—were made over as a spoil to the victorious Boers for ever.

Then Moshesh, the chief who had made the Basutos a people—a wise man and not a bad one—died, and left the tribe to the rivalry

of many leaders. The Queen's sovereignty had been accepted, but the change was not well understood, and there was much confusion in the minds of chiefs who were not chiefs and of Basutos who had suddenly become British subjects. This was in 1869.

In 1876, seven years after this period of thick darkness, humiliation, and ruin, the Governor's Agent, reporting to the Cape Secretary for Native Affairs, was able to say that the tribe possessed 299 waggons, 14 carts, 2,749 ploughs, 238 harrows, 35,357 horses, 217,732 horned cattle, 303,080 sheep, 215,485 goats, and 15,635 pigs, the whole being valued at £1,200,000. At the same time the quantity of land under cultivation was 61,404 acres. In the previous year merchandise, being chiefly articles of British manufacture, was introduced to the value of £200,000, and in 1874 it was reported that 2,000 bales of wool and 100,000 muids of grain, the produce of the district, had been exported. The revenues for 1875 were close upon £17,000. The establishment of trading stations, the building of houses, the opening of schools, the making of roads, and the establishment of postal communication are the subjects of other statements from the Governor's Agent.

In explanation of this wonderful recovery, which probably as to rate beats that of France since its war, it must be said that the Basutos on becoming British subjects swarmed to the South African diamond fields, where their labour was in lively demand, and wages were very high. As their employers provided them with rations they were able to save their earnings, which enabled them to become buyers of live stock and ploughs. Possibly their honest gains were supplemented by stray diamonds which they may have forgotten to hand over to their masters. Assisted by this source of wealth, the Basutos have flourished. But that which has most of all contributed to their welfare is British rule, under which they have enjoyed the advantages of peace, order, and justice, together with the wise guidance of able administrators.

This brief sketch of a remarkable change in the fortunes of the Basutos will assist us to a better comprehension of a "Pitso."

In 1874 Mr. Griffith, the Governor's Agent, determined to revive an old custom of the tribe, and hold a public meeting of the chiefs, headmen, councillors, and common folk at Maseru, the headquarters of the Agency. The reasons for doing so were manifold, all of them proving the wise and kindly spirit in which the administration is conducted. The Pitso, he considered, would show to the Basutos a consideration on the part of the Government for their ancient practices as well as for their views and feelings, and prove



to them that they were ruled not as slaves, but, to use their own expression, as *batho*—men. It would, he thought, act as a safety-valve to pent-up misunderstandings and grievances. The Basutos have a saying that "a silent man is an angry man"; and the Pitso would allow the anger to vanish into thin air. According to their traditions the words uttered in council are official, solemn, and authoritative; hence they give form and direction to public opinion and sentiment. Besides all this, the Pitso, by bringing the chiefs and people together round the British flag, presented the opportunity for a ceremonial and public acknowledgment of allegiance to the Sovereign Power on the part of the whole tribe in all its ranks. In addition to these larger and general reasons, Mr. Griffith had one of a special character. A month or two before the meeting, he had taken with him to Cape Town five sons of Basuto chiefs, and he hoped that these travelled Thanes would tell the story of the wonders they had seen, and produce an effect favourable to British influence. In this he was somewhat disappointed, as "Jonathan, the son of Molapo," and "Lerothodi, the son of Letsie," sent their excuses on plea of sickness, and did not attend. Sofonia, one of the five, was, however, present, and told his strange experiences to his stay-at-home countrymen.

The place of meeting, Maseru, stands where the Little Caledon joins the larger river of that name. Although Maseru is the seat of government, it has no hall large enough for a representative meeting of the tribe, so the Pitso was held in the open air. For fretted roof, pictured walls, cushioned seats, and carpeted floors there were the greensward, the willowed banks of the river, the far-stretching plain, the distant precipices of the Thab Bosigo bathed in light, and a sky clear and shining through its whole arch. West of the Caledon and in sight of "honourable members" were herds of springbuck and wildebeeste, grazing undisturbed by eloquence and its answering applause. Amongst the crowd were some well-dressed men: a few of the chiefs, it may be, in paper collars and lacquered boots; the majority, however, were swarthy Africans in grease, second-hand European clothes, skins of deer, jackal, and leopard, blankets, old military great coats, and slouched wide-awakes. At the place of honour, beneath the folds of the Union Jack, sat the Governor's Agent, Mr. Griffith, one of those men—Mr. Brownlee, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and Captain Blyth being others—to whose skill in the management of the natives British South Africa is greatly indebted.

And now we come to the oratory of the Pitso, to report which is

the object of this paper. The Basutos shall speak for themselves, through an interpreter, the rendering being close and faithful to the original. The readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* will find the debate to be not only amusing from the novelties in style and figure, but curiously interesting from the subjects discussed and the manner of their treatment. It will be seen that not only did these Basutos (men who but yesterday were almost as wild as the antelope or the gnu they chased over the plain) treat with shrewdness questions of their own place and time, but that they had something to say on education, on the comparative advantages of secular and religious teaching in schools, and on women's rights. It will also be seen that the African tongue can be taught, within a wonderfully short space of time, to use terms, or the vernacular equivalents of terms, which a generation ago were not much in the mouths of Englishmen. As a matter of course the speeches of the chiefs were not altogether free from the jealousy of the magistrates who had superseded them, and of the common people who had been promoted to freedom and equal rights. On the whole, however, the general result of the meeting was a vote of confidence in British rule without the formality of a division. It may be necessary to say that the form of cheering common amongst Basutos is to repeat the last words of any sentence which commands emphatic assent.

As it is my purpose to give prominence to what the Basutos themselves said, the preliminary speeches of the Agent and his assistants, admirable as they were, will be omitted. Some of the native speakers must be passed by without a note, for Basutos are sometimes as dull as an ordinary member of the British Parliament, and the deliverances of others must be weeded. In no case, however, will the reports be improved on the originals, which are given in the first person, and must remain so.

George, son of Moshesh, was the first to speak. He said: "I cannot adequately express my gratitude to my father for bringing the Government into this country. The Queen is our cave of refuge and shelter. In saying that, I am not speaking evil of our own chiefs; but the prosperity of the tribe, which I see nowadays, makes me think of Moshesh and the Queen; and she has put over us a good Governor, a righteous ruler, and in that righteousness of the Government is our present happiness and prosperity. My only feeling of uneasiness is on account of the smallness of our territory; and yet God, to whom all things are possible, has power to give us more space to live in. This is with me no cause of



dissatisfaction. I am full of praise and thanks to the Governor's Agent, to Letsie, to Molapo, and to the other chiefs who support the Government. You, Faku (Mr. Griffith's native designation), we thank aloud. In the presence of all the people we thank you aloud."

Then all the people shouted "We thank you aloud, O Faku!"

Mapeshoane, son of a chief, said: "My words are the words of Austen (one of the magistrates), and as he speaks so do I speak this day. Let us respect our elder brothers, and let us not despise even the younger ones. As for Mr. Griffith, I wish we had an ox-skin in which he might be wrapped up and preserved in safety for ever, so that we never may lose him. The hut-tax is good. May the hut-tax and power of the Governor's Agent grow bigger and bigger, and ever increase."

Then the people shouted "May the hut-tax and the Agent grow bigger and bigger!"

Silibalo, chief son of Moshesh, said: "I have but a little word to speak. If I were to speak ever so much, I should only speak the words of Rolland (one of the magistrates), and add to them exactly similar words out of my own heart. I am glad there is still so little crime in the country. Let me repeat the word of Rolland about the gardens. I say, keep the gardens close together, so that there may be open pasturage for the stock."

Sofonia Moshesh, one of the young travellers to Cape Town, said: "I am sorry that Lerothodi and Jonathan are not here to-day. It was their duty to be here and tell you about the journey we made with Mr. Griffith to Cape Town, and how he took such good care of us, even on board ship, when we were so sick, and when he himself was not quite well either. Even then he took great care of us. How can I tell you all we saw? We saw so many wonderful things! To begin with, we travelled wonderfully, for in six days we reached the railway from the Diamond Fields, and it was over an immense tract of country that we passed. About Victoria and Beaufort West we saw country where sheep and stock thrive, and yet there is no grass there; it is a land of small bushes—they call it 'Karoo'; and then, further on, after Beaufort West, we saw a country where nothing but stones grow. Yes, the stones there are like the grass here; and the trees grow only in river beds, where no water flows; and we saw a great many towns, and people innumerable; and then the mountains—the Maluti. Why we saw towns in those Maluti, and everywhere there was abundance of food and stock. Then when we saw so many people living in such wild

lands of bushes and stones we thought to ourselves, how righteous, fair, and just is that Government which does not take away from us Basutos here this beautiful, rich, grass country of ours to put its own people into it! Yes, the righteousness of this Government is very great; and in some of the wildest mountains we found splendid, smooth, safe roads made to travel over; and near Cape Town we saw beautiful farms and villages, and towns full of big trees, such as the pear tree, and the poplar, and the oak tree; and once we passed through a narrow gorge in the mountains, lined with trees on both sides of us; and we passed over many bridges, too, and in the night we travelled as quickly and as safely as in the daytime. At one place we came to a town where it had just been raining and snowing, and we passed the same river four times, but never touched the water. We went high over the water upon the top of four magnificent bridges. In another place there was a mountain of dark iron-stone, where the road was cut through a solid mass of rock, and the hard wall of stone was on both sides of us as we passed through the heart of the rock. And how shall I describe the wonders of the fire-waggon—where people more in number than those I see now before me every day travel backwards and forwards with ease and such rapidity that the lightning is hardly quicker on its path? Everywhere we were fed also with fat, rich meat, even where the cattle and sheep grazing in the veld appeared most meagre and small, but they were fattened for the butcher. We saw, also, whole forests of trees which were entirely the fruit of man's industry; not one of those trees had originally grown there of itself, every tree had been separately planted and cared for; and yet now there was a great forest of trees running over a great tract of country. Other works of men's hands, too, we saw, such as cannon, and the most beautiful guns, many of them brand-new, and glittering in the sunshine. I only tell you of a few things out of the very many we saw. When I look at this country of ours now I feel sorry for the past and hopeful for the future. Mr. Rolland reminded you that you must take care not to mistake the shadow for the substance, not to be wanting the milk instead of the cow. I say, value the peace you have now, send your children to school, let them learn to read that they may be able to understand the Queen's laws. If all were able to read, all would know the laws for themselves, and not break them, as some of you unwittingly do through ignorance. It is education we want now. I do not say anything at the present moment about Christianity. I am



speaking only of secular instruction in the schools. This Pitso is your Parliament. Let me speak freely to you in your Parliament. I find we have now two laws: an old law and a new. This is not right. I find the chiefs nowadays oppressing the people about their garden lands, and the trespassing of stock therein. Under our own native law there was no charge for trespass, but now the chiefs make some of us pay damages. That is to us a new law. And it is badly carried out, for they do not understand yet the value of money, and they impose sometimes most exorbitant damages for trespass; I have even heard of thirteen shillings for a very slight trespass. It is foolish; it is too much; this is a bad thing. Let this thing cease from amongst you."

Mokhameledi, chief, and brother of the late Moshesh: "This is the largest Pitso I have seen for years, and I hope that next year's Pitso will be still larger. This is the doing of Moshesh; he was a prophet, for he prophesied what would happen to-day. These people were all scattered by famine; to-day there is abundance, and the people begin to return. Our houses used to be but little huts, and few were our children; we want larger dwellings, and our children are rapidly increasing in number. These magistrates here, children of the Queen, have been begotten for you by the Government. Cherish them; they are your safeguards. It is wonderful to me when I look round this country now and see such a number of ploughs and waggons; I say may God bless you, Mr. Griffith, our father! I beg of you when we stumble in our ways not to think we do so on purpose. It is not so. The only thing I think is, we should have a larger kraal to live in. Our country is too small. Last year Makotoko said we were lean kine, but now I see we are getting fat. I praise the wisdom of Moshesh; he brought peace and plenty into the country by bringing the Government. The Government is not in the habit of calling you away from under your chiefs; but if ever it does so on any occasion it is because they had in that particular instance done you some injustice. These chiefs here are still as ever the chiefs of the Basutos: and the Governor's Agent is in the place of Moshesh; and to him as to Moshesh, the chiefs come when matters are too difficult for them to unravel or to deal with. As under Moshesh the common people could possess stock and property in safety, so now it is under the Government. No witchcraft was countenanced by Moshesh, so neither is it now by Government; and everything that was just and honourable in the

great chief Moshesh I now see repeated in the rule of Government The Government is to this land like the rain!"

Then the people all shouted "Rain! Rain! Rain!"

Tsekelo Moshesh: "I salute the Union Jack, which we see flying here above our heads to-day. This assembly is truly a fine sight; it is like the days of old—the days of the great national councils of Moshesh; and once again we hear that everywhere the country is in a state of prosperity. When Moshesh died he pointed to this flag as the symbol of blessing under the Queen's Government. Oh! to-day I am as full as a river! If only I had time to speak all I have to say! I ask you for time enough to speak in; but still I shall not be able to utter all I have to say—my heart is full. I am glad to hear the good news of the continued diminution of crime in the country; and even I hear the Boers (Orange Free State farmers) speaking the same word. Ah! now at last they begin to speak the truth. For no longer do they call us a nation of thieves. Let me tell you war alone did not bring the Government in here; but I say that Moshesh would have done so, even without war at all; war and its disasters only precipitated matters which had long been in the mind of Moshesh. You Bakwena, you don't speak right out when you speak. Let me speak the plain truth for you. In assisting and supporting the Government you are only benefiting yourselves. Government was very unwilling to add to its responsibilities by coming into the Sesutho, but we begged and entreated, and implored of it to come, and at last the Governor helped us, and then the Government came in. Therefore it is your duty to support and assist the Government. Sir Philip Wodehouse came here with a switch in his hand, and Mr. Brand tried to prevent his entering into the country; but the Queen's mercy brought her in amongst us, for she had compassion upon us, and so now you are the children of mercy. Before the days of Buchanan Basutoland was very little known, and even then only in Downing Street and not at all in Parliament. Now we hear that there is not only a Parliament at the Cape, where we are known, but that there is a responsible Government there. Now what I want to ask is this—are we now under the Queen or under a responsible Government at the Cape? We ask this of Mr. Griffith because we have full confidence in him. That is one question we want to ask him. What is our position in this respect? Not knowing the answer to this question, and how the matter stands, I am unable to say many things which otherwise I would wish to say to-day. If we are under the Colonial Govern-



ment I am aware that we shall enjoy many privileges. For instance, under the Colony we shall be saved from fire, by the fire engines of the Government, if it should happen that fire threatens to consume us. But then again I perceive that we have many heathen customs left. How then can we belong to the Cape, when our habits and customs are in many respects so very different from those of the colonists? We have lately seen an inspector of schools who came here, and he wanted to conduct the schools on exclusively religious principles. That is, he intended making religion the chief object of attainment in the schools. Now, this is most certainly not in accordance with the wishes and expectations of the great majority of the Basuto people. I am not, you will understand, opposing Christianity by what I say; I only say there are a great many of us who hope to see undenominational schools in the country, where secular education may be acquired without the profession of the Christian religion being made an indispensable qualification for the pupils. One thing more I wish to say, and I have done. It is this, let us ask Government for a council of chiefs and headmen who may sit with Mr. Griffith, consult with him, and make known to him the wishes of the people. This will at once be a help to Mr. Griffith, and a representation of the people in the administration of the affairs of the tribe. I praise Mr. Griffith and thank him; we all praise him and thank him for his wisdom and prudence and justice; and we say let his position be exalted."

Then all the people shouted "Let his position be exalted—exalted!"

Motha, chief, and son of Moshesh: "Chiefs! heirs of Moshesh! can you bear the weight of your inheritance? I recommend you to the care and protection of Mr. Griffith, the arm of the Government. I still see many people coming here dressed in skins, yet they are the Queen's sheep. I hear of no dissatisfaction amongst them—they are the sheep of the Government; and they are having many lambs now. I say we are all under the Government with our whole heart; and as we are your sheep, so we say to you 'Shear us'; but remember that, after all, we are children very young. Oh! be patient with us until we are able to walk!"

Sinukwane, headman: "We heard the laws just now; are we going to obey them? Most certainly we are. We submit to them with our whole heart; and yet many of these laws I fear we shall some of us transgress through ignorance, but not purposely. There

is in this country a great mixture of different nationalities, with all sorts of different customs. There are, for instance, Basutos and Bushmen, and Tambookies, and Fingoes, and Zulus. Now Moshesh gave laws to all these, and yet even he, who knew them well, was sometimes disobeyed by them. Believe me, our heart is set to obey the laws of the Government, but our various heathen customs may possibly lead us into an infringement of them unwittingly. Be patient then and long-suffering with us. Griffith! You are in the room of Moshesh! Rule us, but be patient with us; we are looking to you and to the magistrates. Let Letsie and Molapo explain all things to us, so that we may not transgress."

Then all the people shouted "That we may not transgress!"

Nena, chief, son of Moshesh: "We have heard the laws read; do we understand them? We have heard the laws read! Do we know them? Does Mr. Griffith know all the people here? How can he? But Letsie could show them to him and point them all out, for he knows them. Let the chiefs, therefore, summon the people, and invite them to Pitsos, &c. You are sowing dissension by your letters addressed to the petty chiefs and headmen. Let the chiefs be the médium of your communications; through them speak and summon the people, and invite people, but not in your letters."

Khoso, chief: "Our ears are dull to-day. We do not quite understand. How is this? We thought to hear all about the chiefs that went to Cape Town! We Bechuana people are too fond of exercising power and authority. Everybody tries to make himself a chief. This is what ruins the Basutos. But now let it be known that there is only one chief in the land, the Government. I am rejoiced on account of you Bakwena, and I say you ought to support the Government. You will all go home to-day, and none of you will hold an evening meeting ('lekhobla') at your villages, to consider and learn the words of the Government; and yet you ought to do so, and you ought to hold such meetings many evenings in your own villages."

Tsuloane, a young lad: "I am only a lad, in fact quite a little boy. Yet you must not think that I am mad because I rise to speak. I would only ask one question: supposing your wives don't obey you, or your children don't obey you, what are we to do under these laws we have heard read? Will they, your wives and children, not complain to the magistrates against you if you beat them? What will we do then, I ask?"

Maphathe, headman: "I thank you for the laws you have read to us: they are good, they are a cave, a true cave of refuge and



protection. This cave, this safety, this protection, was provided you by Moshesh. Some of the words which have been spoken to-day may have offended you, sons of Moshesh, but look at the cave and behold its beauty, its place, and its safety. This Government makes people of us, not beasts, as we were once. See how many men that were naked are clad to-day, and we have not only clothes but hoofs (boots), with which we tread unhurt now, even on the sharpest thorns and splinters. I am only sorry for one thing, that the Government didn't come in when I was a little boy; I'd have been rich to-day! As to the narrowness of the country, many who come home to us from the colony will be obliged to go back again. I think even now there must be more Basutos in the Orange Free State than there are in the Sesutho. There is no room for them here. That's really a matter for serious consideration. As for the Government, let the chiefs support it to their utmost: it is their inheritance from Moshesh."

Matlelebe, headman: "You have been talking about the small size of the country. Be obedient and faithful to the Government, and it may then provide room for you. It has been asked, 'Do we understand the laws?' I say, give us education, and we shall then be able to read the laws for ourselves and understand them all. All I can say is, you will find that these laws are very righteous and fair and just. What Mr. Rolland said was, not that you must make your country larger, but that you should arrange your gardens better. You are inconsistent in some things you have spoken to-day. You say Mr. Griffith is your chief, and yet at the same time he must only call people together through their own chiefs. These words are not consistent; they cannot be reconciled together. That is what I say."

Lejaha, petty chief: "We love people who give sentences in our favour: it is but natural to do so. It seems as though in the great question of our life or death the Queen's Government had said 'Live,' and had saved us from death. In our own old laws and ways of government what stability was there? The word of the chief was the law, and it might change, and shift, and swallow you up; still it was law. We are not afraid of an ant-heap, which is fixed, and steady, and stable; but we are afraid of a river, which is unstable, full of quicksands, and carries us away. As for the hut-tax, it is good and excellent. If any man refuses to pay his hut-tax, why he ought just to be killed! That's what I say."

And all the people said "Let him be killed."

Mphanya, headman: "These white men are like files. They

come and polish us up! They are like brushes too: they come and brush us clean! But for them we should all have come to grief long ago, quarrelling and eating each other up. The Government is like a plough, ploughing through the whole country, and everywhere in its path follow productiveness and fertility, where formerly there was only a desert and sterility."

Lefuyane, petty chief: "You, Letsie, Molapo, and Masupha, don't quite understand the position of affairs. A chief is a chief by righteousness. Moshesh became a great chief by reason of his justice and equity. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. All the greatness that Moshesh achieved was by humbling himself; and thus he became a great nation. Pride, self-will, and rebellion destroy chieftainship. I observe that you still send ambassadors of your own to Faku's country, the country of the Bapedi, and other places, although you are now subjects of the Queen! Is that as it ought to be? Does anybody taunt me with my loyalty to Government? I did not engage in the Government service because I was hungry. Not at all. It was Letsie, by bringing the Government into the country, that made me enter the Government service. Government will provide for us; it will provide for us in every possible way. You now hear that it has not many words; but you must learn them all."

Makotoko: "I want to speak a word that is in my heart. But first I will ask a question: When these laws were read, were they merely read as being recommended for adoption, or were they read as being the existing laws of the country? Doubtless, as the existing laws; and yet some of these laws I hear to-day for the first time, though the others we are all obeying and observing." [He means to point out that the chiefs do not let the English laws become known to the people more than they can possibly help, just telling them a few and keeping back the rest.] "The true chief here is the law. What constitutes chieftainship but the fact of the chief being implicitly obeyed? Well, this law is being obeyed, and that constitutes it a chief. Do you understand this law? If so, well; if not, all the worse for you! I exhort you, chiefs of the Bakwena, not to be pulling the people back, but to be pushing them forward. Every nation was once backward like we are. You chiefs should help to establish schools. I find grave and important matters in these laws about the allotment of land and the regulation of trade. I ask Government to work gently with these people, these Basutos, for they are very ignorant; they will not disobey purposely, but in the grossness of their ignorance they may



transgress the law without knowing it. Education is the thing we want now. I say let nobody knee-halter the children; let them all go and learn at the schools."

Ramatsietsane: "All who govern are appointed by God, and to them a sword is given which is not borne in vain; with it they chastise the evil-doer. With respect to the Queen and Government, I say, act towards them as the servants of Christ act towards Him whom, not having seen, they obey. In this Government the book is kissed, showing a superior 'brightness' (*sic*) and truthfulness to any such old forms of Government as we had amongst ourselves before, when no book was kissed at all. You, sons of Moshesh, would certainly have fought amongst yourselves long ago but for the Government. Nkwashu speaks the truth. Which of you chiefs invited me to come to this meeting to-day? Not one! Doesn't it show that you would have killed me had it not been for the Government being here? I agree with Tsekelo that the Government was procured by Moshesh. You, Tsekelo, pointed to this flag, and asked 'What is the position of the people under responsible Government?' Is there really then a defect in the Government? Yes, doubtless; for a double, a divided chieftainship exists. Herod was conscious of the same sort of defect in his own kingdom in the case of Herodias, when his heart was divided in itself between his love for St. John the Baptist and his love for Herodias, his brother Philip's wife! But such division of heart is not good; for no house divided against itself can stand. I pray you, therefore, be united, and give your hearts to Government."

Moketsi, representative of the chief Moletsane: "Nena spoke a sensible word; nevertheless, I find fault with his idea of 'dissension,' and of the chiefs sending messages to the people to let them know things. Letsie never lets me know anything. I hope the Government will always inform us, and call us together by direct word of its own, and not through the chiefs at all! What peace and what plenty exist in this country now! Look at all the different kinds and shapes and sizes of hats you have on your heads to-day! What a sign of development of trade in the country! What a token of plenty! I agree with Rolland and those who say that the villages are too small and too much scattered about the country; they should be larger, so as to have fewer of them, and thus bring the arable lands more within compass, and make the pasture land more open and available. Moshesh was not the first chief who has died leaving to his people the legacy of this Government, which protects and clothes its subjects as we are this day. Before you

find fault with this Government you should make quite sure that what you complain of is perfectly true. The country is progressing. The only thing is it is too small. The hut-tax is easy now to pay, though at first it appeared to you to be quite a heavy burden."

Ramohapi, chief: "I praise God for so many heads here to-day! What a number! Never did I think that I should see so many again. I thank and bless that head, the Queen, who brought to us and settled upon us this great peace. As for me, I never thought at all before, in the days of old, about the benefits which this Government would confer upon us. My eyes were dim in those days; and I say to you, who are the 'children of peace,' if you are to enter in and possess the land, you must first say 'Peace be to this house.' This was the contrivance of Moshesh, your father. You, Griffith, are the eye of the Queen for our safety and defence, and I believe you were chosen by God for this appointment amongst us. I don't quite agree with you about Molapo; he was not with us in body perhaps (at these Pitsos in former years), but he was with us in spirit and in heart. Masupha was not with us at one or two former meetings, I know, because he was opposed to the Government on a certain question at that time; but now his heart is healed, his sore heart has been taken away, and a new heart has been given him. I am glad that it is so; very glad. You who say that Mr. Griffith ought not to have invited you by his own direct word to this meeting, but only through the chiefs, do you really mean what you say, in your hearts? Why, I know that you are often found appealing from Letsie's decision and word to Mr. Griffith; and so I find it impossible to believe that in this matter you are sincere in what you say; but if you are, then let me tell you, you are only digging a pitfall for Letsie. Last year I should have liked Letsie to have informed us about the Pitso that was held then; but he didn't. What I wish is that Letsie and the chiefs should inform us about things as well as Mr. Griffith. If Mr. Griffith informs us, let the chiefs inform us too; if Mr. Griffith protects us, let the chiefs protect us too; if Mr. Griffith finds fault with us, let the chiefs do the same. Thus, I say, let the chiefs and the Government co-operate and work hand-in-hand together."

And all the people said "Let them work hand-in-hand together."

Masupha, one of the principal chiefs: "I greet the representative of the Queen, and Letsie, and Molapo, and you, O Bakwena! I speak in great gladness of heart. I speak first of the journey of the young chiefs to Cape Town. I am the father of one of those who went there. They went with you, Griffith,



and you have brought them back in health and safety, and one of them has stayed at school in Cape Town, which is quite right. It is my son that stayed, and what I want to see introduced is knowledge and education. I have now a portrait of my son (a photograph) which is so like him that when I look at it I feel inclined to talk to it. This shows me the cleverness and power of the civilised people. Lerothodi and Jonathan I do not see here to-day, but they are with you nevertheless, and will be so certainly in their day. With regard to laws and taxes, I have neither time nor any necessity for speaking to-day. I only wish to endorse the words of Tsekelo, that a council of assessors (such as Letsie, Molapo, and other chiefs) should sit together in deliberation with Mr. Griffith, and assist him in governing the people. Another word or two I want to say because my name has been mentioned by you, Sofonia, and by my magistrate, Mr. Surmon. Why should I be mentioned to-day as the only chief whose people move out of or into a district without 'permits' from the magistrate? I have given orders to my people not to do so. If they have done so it is because of their own stupidity, and it was done without my knowledge. I have in all things tried to support the Government. It is hard that Mr. Surmon should speak against me in public before speaking with me in private about this matter, and letting me know his grievance against me."

Tlalele, chief, son of Moshesh: "It is a fine thing to be allowed to speak your mind out, and to know that no trap is laid for you if you do speak. It is a great privilege to speak as you think. The Basutos are not capable of thinking about many matters which we ought just to leave to Mr. Griffith and the chiefs. This Government rules us and controls us, and yet it gives us no 'belly-ache.' I sleep well in my own house now, and rise when I please in the mornings. If Government says I must rise early, why, all right, I will rise up very early; but if Government is silent on the subject, why, I can just rise when I like. I praise and laud Moshesh for the cave he has provided for us; I feel thankful now at last we can sleep in peace. How fine it is to see such a large assembly! We like the Government very much indeed. I am glad to see you, Bakwena, following your chiefs to this Pitso (meeting). True, the land is very small; still after all there is a good deal of land left, but you are spoiling and wasting it by making so many small separate villages. I say, have large villages, and when you move the present widely-scattered huts plant pumpkins in the place where they stood. At present you are foolish;

you are making villages in places where your gardens and pasture lands ought to be. Every man that asks the chiefs for leave to form a village gets it at once, and places it in the middle of what ought to have been reserved for pasturage."

Ralie, chief: "I have nothing much to say to-day; our words, the words of the grey-headed men, do not agree with those of the young people to-day. I have listened very attentively to the laws we have just heard read in our ears. I say that Letsie and Molapo ought to place confidence in and speak with you, Mr. Griffith, about everything that concerns their welfare and that of the people. You are a lazy people, and don't take enough trouble to learn and make yourselves acquainted with the laws and requirements of the country."

Matala, petty chief: "The country truly is small, its limits are narrow; but that evil is greatly increased by the careless manner in which you occupy it, for you take no precautions for the husbandry of your resources; and though the country is small you don't make the most of the little you have."

Letuana, councillor of Molapo: "I have heard what has been said, but you speak like people who are holding guns in their hands. We are already entirely in the hands of the Government. What are you all talking about, as if you were in a sort of bondage? We are told to speak freely and without fear to-day. Well, I for one will do so, though I have not much to say. I want to know what constitutes a man's property, because as regards the laws about marriage I remark that the case of the girl only is mentioned, as if men had no rights or property that might be endangered in case of marriage. How about the male, as well as the female, in these marriage laws? Am I, for instance, obliged by these marriage laws to allow my daughter to marry a man I don't like? Can Government not take a man's property and yet take from him his daughter? That is what I ask about the marriage laws. I fully agree with Mr. Rolland about all he has said with regard to lands and villages and trees; but, in connection with the land question, I say the Government allows traders to place themselves in the way of the 'maboellas' (garden reserves). Yes, and the missionaries do the same, and all the white men do the same, for they do not understand the custom of the 'maboella,' or else they don't respect it. Again I shall ask about the marriage law, for I think the female has protection, but not the male portion of the community."

Simone, headman: "I have a fault to find with the registering



of marriages. I only see the Christian people bringing their half-crowns to register their marriages, but not the heathen people. Why is that? Is not the registration good for the heathen people as well as the Christian? I only ask. Another thing, too, I have in my mind, and that is, the Government ordered us to catch Langelibalele, and yet the animals that were captured by us were taken away from their captors. We were the real captors of Langelibalele, and we have been poorly treated. The Natal people only pursued him, they did not catch him, and yet they took away everything. Government did not allow the Basutos to keep what they had taken from Langelibalele, and that's why I can't sleep well at night, for this matter troubles me, and I am dissatisfied on this subject."

Molapo, son of Moshesh: "Mr. Griffith! Come to our assistance. These people who are giving their opinions, like Ramatsiet-sane, are those who have been with the missionaries. I say, go on in your own way, make your own arrangements, and educate and govern this people. I see Dr. Casalis, and others born here amongst us, but the Sesuto of the white man is not understood. In former days I once asked some of the most ignorant of the people, who had been a little into the chapels, whether they understood about God and about Satan, and which they liked best, and some of them told me they liked Satan best. Let education come into the country—that is what the people require, and that will make them cling to and respect the laws. I speak to you, the representative of Government, and I speak to the missionaries too now. The intelligent people here, like Sofonia and George, and others, are your work; they are the children of education and religion. Well, one dog cannot perhaps kill the wolf, but two are sure to do it. Education is the second dog, as religion was the first to make the people wise, and kill ignorance, and folly, and stupidity. Makotoko said that at one time the white people too were ignorant and foolish; but the foundation of all material improvement is the Word of God. I say, therefore, teach, educate the people. I know what would make these people contented and pleased, and that is 'schools.' The new schools will not interfere with mission schools. I desire most heartily, most emphatically, to see schools in the country. A very few may be rich enough to send their children a long way into the colony to schools at a far distance, but the greatest benefit to the tribe would accrue from schools in this country itself. Another thing I have to speak about—Moshesh was wise, but he was wise only up to a certain point. There are matters which must be discussed and

settled by more heads than one, however wise. Now, of the cattle Moshesh took at Sebetoane, he did not keep one, but he distributed them all amongst the people; and when I saw Mr. Griffith do the same, I asked myself 'Did he learn this from Moshesh?' Even those who did not fight got something. This was true wisdom on the part of Mr. Griffith. His activity, too, is wonderful. How he worked all day and travelled about all night I saw at the capture of Langelibalele; and this is just what Moshesh also used to do. You are invited to speak out openly in the ears of the Government to-day, and tell all your grievances. That is good. If there are divisions amongst us, I am sorry for it; it is heathenism that causes divisions amongst us. Let Mr. Griffith bring his schools here, and the people will be his scholars. We wish our children to learn 'God save the Queen!' and let the schools be multiplied."

The people shouted "God save the Queen, and let schools be multiplied."

Letsie, paramount chief: "Mr. Griffith, live! Representative of the Queen, officers of Government, missionaries, and you sons of Moshesh! I say let us carry the stone our father Moshesh said we must carry. This is what Moshesh provided for us as a duty. I called Moeketsie to come here to-day, and I did so because he was one of Moshesh's councillors. I have heard what has been said, and I know we are weak and divided, and it is because our heads are washed with fat and not with soap. I say to you, chief (Mr. Griffith), teach us and train us, and put your spurs into us. Some of the things mentioned in the laws frighten me. We, Letsie, Molapo, and Masupha, the sons of Moshesh, are the ones first likely to break these laws through our ignorance. But I observe that each one of Moshesh's sons, when he quarrels, sets up for himself a new boundary. We have an excellent magistrate in Mr. Griffith, and I find no fault in him. I also, like you, Simone, am dissatisfied about the horses of Langelibalele; I said to Molapo's people, why should you have all that stock taken from Langelibalele. I hear the people asking: 'When shall we ever be a wise people?' I told you, Mr. Griffith, at Korokoro, that my beard had grown grey and yours too, mine with the instruction of folly and yours with the instruction of wisdom. We shall always be faithful to the Government, and I hope we shall always be protected." [All the people shouted "May we all ever be protected!"] "I remember being beaten once by my father because I had asked for meat at Masikhonyana's house; and you too, Molapo, were beaten because you had gone to a dance without leave. Thus we see that folly



brings punishment upon men. Now you make a bugbear of these laws ; but be educated, receive instruction, and there will be no more bugbears. At the same time I implore of you, Mr. Griffith, not to ask us to walk while it is yet too early and we are still too young to see."

And all the people cried "We are still too young to see!"

By the time Letsie had finished, the sun was well down upon the rim of the western plain, and after a speech from Mr. Griffith three hearty cheers were given for the Queen, and the Pitso was dismissed.

I may add by way of explanation that the Basuto tribe is much indebted to missionary teaching, especially to the French Protestant Missionary Society. This will account for certain figures, modes of expression, and Biblical illustrations which appear in some of the speeches.

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## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

### X.—THE PASHA OF THE PEN.

*February 26.*



ERARD'S travelling companion, it appears, spent half his time abroad in noting down for the benefit of the public what he had seen and heard during the other half; as if the public in England wanted to know how things in America struck him. Some of the keenest and wittiest men amongst us have tried and failed to make an amusing book of travels in Yankee-land, and a similar fate has befallen every cousin who has undertaken to tell Boston or Baltimore what struck him as par-tic'lar when he "came out" hither. I think the difficulty that in both cases has proved insuperable arises from the undeniable and undisguisable fact that, in the main, the two communities are so much akin in language, literature, and laws, in dress and dramatics, religions and recreations, tendency to overwork, and belief in the superiority of their race, that no skill of the pencil or trick of the pen can make Brown junior or Taylor the younger look interestingly strange or essentially different from old Mr. Brown or Grandfather Taylor. The divergences, whims, and kickings-over the traces are, of course, innumerable on the newer and wider road to fortune; but in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred they seem little or anything more than the effervescence of our old ideas and humours. It is the unlocking of the old family box; the emancipation of the spirit pent up and overcrowded, too heavily rated and too heavily weighted in its island home. The nice distinctions and characteristic traits of life here and existence there may be painted charmingly with a light hand like Hawthorne's; but nothing, after all, can be less suggestive of novel impressions or historical scenes such as you expect for your money in a book of travels. There are not two distinct metals, and, therefore, no amount of sulphuric or other acid can make their contact give forth the startling or nipping spark. But these are a reader's notions utterly at right angles with a bookmaker's; they are an old fellow's philosophy, incredible to a



young fellow's ambition to see himself announced in newspapers and periodicals as the father of twins in foolscap.

Clinton is a well-conditioned boy of three-and-twenty, a good scholar, and, what is better, a good son. His widowed mother has, I believe, anticipated part of her slender jointure to carry him through Oxford, enter him at Lincoln's Inn, and let him see something of the world before he settles down to the Bar. I hear that he requites her self-devotion with affection and deference, all the more commendably feminine in their gentleness because he is thoroughly manful and plucky when occasion requires, and ready to rough it, I am told, with comrades of his own standing whenever called on to do so. He ought to do very well in life, and I hope sincerely he and Gerard may continue to be close friends. But how am I to help him in his present need of a publisher? I once, I think, met Mr. Orme at dinner, and sat opposite Mr. Hatchard in a black-panelled coach at a funeral; but neither of them would give sixpence for so many pounds weight of manuscript by an unknown hand, on my recommendation. Investment in copyright and printer's ink is a transaction governed ordinarily by considerations wholly beyond the ken of the unbusinesslike author. Formerly the duties of the critic retained by each publishing house were divided between running down the works produced by some rival, or running up those produced by themselves. But another function is now discharged by him; he has to buy the raw material for his employer as cheap as he can, and help to sell the finished article done up in suitable packages for the market at as high a price as possible. The works of well-known authors have a market value which efforts of this kind cannot perceptibly alter or change. They are like Consols, which everybody must have, or pretend to have, and over whose selling price the brain-brokers exercise little or no influence. But the wider and more speculative stock of fiction, biography, history, and travels is subject to their interference and amenable to their sway. I happen to know one of them who, besides being an anonymous contributor to various periodicals of repute, is known to be the editor of a popular weekly journal a two-column critique in which, favourable to a new book, is said to be worth the knave of trumps at whist, counting both in tricks and honours. The best thing I can do for Clinton is to take him to the Albany and introduce him to this great man of letters, who, though he will never waste half an hour over the manuscript, may put him in the way of having it published on the usual terms of no cost and half profits. Profits, of course, there will never be,

but at the end of six months a balance of charges against him of £14 7s. 8d. This will have the effect of curing a worthy fellow of the painful digital disease under which he is now suffering, and thenceforth he will devote himself all the more surely to the culture of the venal arts of his profession, whereby he may live and die a wealthy man.

*March 5.*

True to time, my youthful friend came to me this morning at ten minutes after one, and, punctual to our appointment, we rang at the awful critic's door as St. James's clock chimed half-past one. On our way I endeavoured to prepare Clinton for the literary grandeur of the personage whom he was to see. Pomp of manner and ineffability of tone but very inadequately expressed the distinctive traits of his method of communicating his ideas and signifying his will. With great natural energy, great store of acquired knowledge, great facility of pen, great volubility of speech, great success in most things he has hitherto attempted, and unfaltering confidence in his ability to succeed in whatever he may choose to attempt, he is a man to be listened to, and, if you like, to be laughed at when he is gone; but not to be argued with or opposed at the moment in any dogma he may lay down regarding a doubtful reading in Shakespeare, the age of a friend's second son, the best mode of dressing oysters, the numbers killed at Marston Moor, the aspect of the room where Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt," or the colour of the robe he ought to wear when he plays Julius Cæsar as one of the amateur company of noble and distinguished authors. The love of celebrity is the master passion of his life; and where celebrity is not to be had he goes in for notoriety as better than nothing. Some of his earlier books, in which he took pains and did not venture to take liberties with the authorised vulgar tongue, are excellent in their way; but their way is that of securing a place in a comprehensive library—not in the advertising column of third editions. Sober historical writing may be all very well as a foundation to build upon, but, like other hewn corner stones, it is soon almost forgotten in the subsequent growth around it of herbage and brushwood that hide it from the view. The ambition of Burston is to be heard and seen of men; the facility of his penmanship gratifies the one longing, and his readiness to play in private theatricals allays the other hunger. He is generally engaged indeed in this, if not in that. Talking one day to Leigh Hunt of the bent of every man's genius, Burston avowed his belief that Nature intended him by versatility of voice and the gift of



divining character to do for our time what Garrick did for his day; and, noticing a look of incredulity in his companion's face, he exclaimed, with a look of rapture, "Ah! if you only saw me act!" Leigh Hunt rejoined "Why, I never saw you do anything else." In short, I said, as we ascended the Albany stairs, "He is what used to be called in Sheridan's time a bit of a Bashaw; but never mind if he does you a good turn. I have no doubt if you hit his fancy that he can and will."

When we were shown into his study the great man was not there. His writing table, of gigantic size, was piled with books and papers of all descriptions. On the floor around his chair lay open folios of polemics, Parliamentary reports on education, rolls of play-bills of the time of Foote, a heap of corrected proofs, two ominous piles of discarded MSS., a half-open parcel containing several pairs of gold embroidered velvet breeches, and ranged against the lower shelves behind several three-cornered hats with green, pink, and lilac feathers. A mirror from floor to ceiling filled the space between the two windows, suggesting endless and ever-varying pleasures of contemplation. In one recess was a painfully accurate likeness of the late Mr. Macready; in the opposite corner an antique bust, the worse for the ill usage of time—the modern pedestal bore in Greek letters the name of Proteus. A small effigy in bronze of Aristophanes occupied one corner of the mantelpiece, that of Molière the other. But the glory of the room was the array of invitations from men of genius and men of quality, actresses and countesses, singers and statesmen; it was a wonderful collection, suggestive by its breadth of the universal homage paid to genius; by its altitude the eminence he had climbed. On the couch where I reposed, while waiting his advent, lay an uncut copy of his own last work, with a fly-leaf open on which I could not help reading some words newly written of presentation to Lord Palmerston, "from one of his steadiest friends through good and evil report." The book was nominally the life of a well-known contemporary with whom he had been intimate, and who had quietly submitted all his life to be patronised by the Pasha of the Pen. When his Highness dined at the house of his friend, if he liked any dish particularly he would commend it to the host's attention with gastronomic emphasis: "I dare say, my dear fellow, you are not acquainted with its merits, but allow me to assure you that it is exceptionally excellent; the idea of the combination, if I recollect right, is ascribed to M. Herpal, the most enlightened *gourmet*, as Lord Sefton used to say, whom he had ever known; and the *chef* has realised it perfectly; I don't

think I ever had it done better:" as if the house, and the dinner, and the cook, and all belonged to himself. On another occasion I recollect he said he spent a day in the country with the same lamented friend, whose children had a holiday and shared all the unceremonious pleasures going on. One of them, less frolicsome than the rest, sat under a tree engrossed in some marvellous tale. Burston marched slowly towards him and stood for a moment in a philosophic pose, "contemplating youthful curiosity enjoying its appropriate food," as he magnificently phrased it; and then he proceeded to interrogate the child, and, as he said, to analyse the emotions caused by the story in the little intellect. Some sharp or quaint answer to his interruption tickled his fancy; and rejoining the father he said, in what was evidently meant to be a touching tone of mingled admonition and reproof, "I wish to call your observation to that boy—clever, very—you don't know what he is; you have not studied his character and capacity; 'he hath a clear and commendable wit rarely noticeable in one so young,' as our too much forgotten dramatist has it; but the boy has talent, talent I do assure you; take it from me, he has something in him; and you ought at once to take him in hand, settle beforehand what books he should read, and in what order, occupying every inch of the prolific soil with wholesome but varied—mind, I say varied—seed; and not allow a day or hour to be lost in the artistic process of his intellectual development." Happily the father simply laughed and replied, "My dear Doctor Johnson Secundus, try one of those peaches just brought in, I think you will find the flavour refreshing this hot day." Clinton asked what was thought of the work. I told him I had not read it, but that I had seen it described in last Saturday's *Thumbscrew* as a Life of Mr. Burston, with occasional notices of the late distinguished writer, whose name figured in gold letters on the back.

We waited on, and still the Pasha did not appear. His servant, when showing us in, had murmured in a hesitating tone of apology that his master was just then undressing. What he could mean by *un-dressing* at that hour of the day I could not at the moment conceive; but the gloves and foils that occupied one of the vast carved chairs of the apartment suggested the probable explanation that there had been a rehearsal that morning, or that he had been going through a duelling scene in his part before the glass already mentioned. The latter conjecture I subsequently found was a true one. The crash of deadly arms had just subsided as we rang the editor's bell. Exit Sir Fillibert into the dressing-room, the door of which



closed as we entered; and during the twenty-five minutes we had to wait "sounds within" indicated that to save time the great man was stripping and eating lunch, rehabilitating his person and refreshing it with hock and seltzer-water. At last the folding doors opened, and Proteus Redivivus entered the chamber. "Hah! how d'ye do? Young friend's name? Clinton; hah! memorable name; not always associated with triumph in the field, but (as I was writing only yesterday in a review where I had to give a rapid sketch of the American War, condensed you know, but as I hope clear to the least informed understanding) always associated with honour." After this preliminary flourish he went direct to business, and forgot himself, his airs, and antics in bland and benignant inquiries about the young author's sojourn beyond the sea, and as to his purpose in offering his notes and jottings on Younger England to the reading public of the Elder Land. Clinton avowed with *naïveté* his assumption all through that what he had found amusingly novel would be new and entertaining to many at home who had leisure to read and money to buy a couple of well-written volumes. An encouraging nod of the head, and a scarce perceptible expiration of smoke inhaled from a corpulent meerschaum, intimated that the august critic, who held the literary lives of authors in his hands, was listening. The sound of his own voice gave Clinton courage, and he began gently but unmistakably to flap his pen-feather wings. I fain would have stopped him; but his nearest boot was not within the reach of my cane, and my most expressive look came not within range of his eye. I grew anxious and angry, fearing that this deviation from the narrow way of modesty and matter-of-fact into the green fields wherein all donkeys delight to gambol might destroy the favourable prepossession which I thought at first he had made. I fixed my eye on the bust of Proteus, and then let it steal round to the living archetype with the pipe in its mouth. The eyes were half closed, as if in meditation, and I drew a freer breath when I observed the inclination of the head slowly change. The lower half of the right leg had stolen gently out from under the heavy folds of the quilted dressing-gown, till its profile was distinctly visible; the massive foot, half hid in a yellow papouche such as Pashas wear, and the splendid calf rising in due proportion, clothed in a beautiful puce-coloured stocking with dazzling clocks of gold. Blessed spectacle, which I doubt whether its owner or I took most delight in gazing on, for it afforded proof positive that not a word of the sanguine rodomontade of my rash *protégé* had found its way to the cerebellum of the reposing

critic, still wrapped in contemplation of his costume and his part. At the first pause I ventured to interpose with a hope that we were not encroaching too much on time that I knew was so fully occupied. "No, no; don't mention it; most happy; is the MS. quite complete? Yes, just so; well, let me have a look at it; I seldom take long to form an opinion; instinct or habit—what you will—tells one where to look in order to form a judgment. I don't know that I shall have ten minutes to spare till Friday; but I generally keep that for a leisure day on which I do nothing but a few leading articles and a critique or so for the *Scrutineer*. But in the intervals between parochial and foreign politics I have no doubt I shall find time to look into 'Childe Harold' in prose, eh? something of that kind I see you have been about—yes, just so; and if you will do me the favour to look me up after dinner, say about nine or ten o'clock on Friday night, at my office in Porcupine Court, I can talk to you about the book. By the way, have you ever tried your hand in journalism? No? Well, might do worse; turns in money quicker than philanthropic itinerary. Look here, there is the last Bill laid upon the table for University Reform. Great subject—I say a great subject. Let's see what you have to say about it. You can look up Hansard for the last three sessions and see how much has been said and how little has been done on the subject. We go in for a clean sweep; not one stone that ought to be pulled down should be left upon another. I made the observation in a speech delivered by me at the Literary Fund dinner last year; you can quote it from the report of my speech if you like. But hit hard—don't be afraid; only in good classic style; you'll see how the *Scrutineer* is written; we admit nothing second-rate. Now I am afraid I must say good morning, for I am due in ten minutes at Lady Fantasy's, in Portland Place, where I promised to read Shelley's 'Epipsychideon'; and I have still to change my dress. Good morning." *Exeunt omnes.*

*March 10.*

Clinton gave an amusing account to Gerard of his interview on Friday night at the publishing office. He found the inexorable censor grave and moody, "for his heart was oppressed with care." He had had no dinner—nothing—that is, nothing worthy of the name of dinner. His sub-editor had fallen sick without notice, as he said complainingly. The whole rig of the ship was consequently out of gear; all the work was thrown suddenly upon him, and in order to bring out the paper in proper time he had had to sit there since luncheon. Fortunately for him



there was no quantity he could not write, and no subject on which he did not feel himself at home; but still it was fagging and a terrible bore. Clinton had gone charged to the muzzle with Oxford Reform; but it seemed as if he was not likely to have the chance of pulling a trigger. The editor when he arrived was evidently out of temper with—well, with—the printer, who was late; and the state of foreign affairs, which was foggy; and a correspondent from Aldershot, who had given him the lie about an alleged job in promotion; and the conduct of the Home Secretary about an inquest, which was abominable; and the pertinacity of a Wallachian Princess who would force her way into his presence, to tell him he must expose the wrongs of her country “in next paper or liberty would die”; and with the pens he found on the wretched desk at which he sat (never were such instruments of torture); and, above all, with an unfortunate little boy who had walked to the Temple in the rain for an article vivisectioning the coroner, and was waiting to take back the proofs to the Q.C. who wrote it, when Mr. Burston had inserted in the margin certain suggestions and alterations of his own. There was silence in the laboratory of wit while the bad pen of the Pasha tardily impressed on the flimsy his finest distinctions. A feeble sound came from the corner where the poor hapless messenger had dropped to sleep weary and wet to the skin. Gradually that sound grew slightly louder, and at length swelled to the volume of a very small snore. “Boy!” growled the Pasha in a deep voice, and thinking that hint would be enough, was proceeding with his commentaries on the doubtful point of the law of evidence when the unconscious urchin emitted another snort more intolerably distinct. “Boy!” roared the Pasha in a rage. The miserable little Mercury opened his eyes and stood with cap in both hands waiting, and ready to be off once more; but no orders were ready, and he relapsed into a doze again, speedily committing the same outrage as before. Another indignant ejaculation roused him, and after shuffling his heavy shoes on the floor for a moment or two in token of readiness to run, there was another interval of silence, and tired nature once again sought refuge in balmy sleep. Premonitory symptoms once more grew faintly audible, and Clinton, who had been watching the whole affair, saw what was coming, and ventured to interpose with a suggestion that the poor little fellow seemed thoroughly done, and could not help going to sleep; and possibly, he added, if he got a nap he might be able to trot the faster on his late errand. “Humph!” said Mr. Burston, “there’s

something in that"; then fixing his awful eyes upon the culprit, whom Clinton had wakened this time, he said in a magisterial tone "Boy! you may sleep, but you mustn't snore."

By the time the legal article was finished, and sundry improvements were made, apt quotations inserted, and shortcomings in the style of fallible contributors made good by the happy ingrafting of choice idiomatic terms of expression, it waxed late, and Proteus declared that he was worn out, and that he must go to the Garrick to sup. He took it for granted that Clinton would like to come with him, and so without formal invitation he brought him away. Not a word was said about University Reform until after the midnight repast was over and a compensating hour of pleasant and pungent gossip had been spent in the smoking-room, when men from the play, the House, or a late dinner dropped in, each with his contribution of scandal, fun, or catastrophe. Clinton thought it the pleasantest place he had ever been in in his life. Burston was not brilliant, but highly dogmatic whenever he spoke, and his authority seemed to be recognised by many, if not by all, as something it was no good disputing. Ere they parted, however, for the night, he asked for the article, and promised to let him know when he wished to see his young acquaintance again.

So Clinton must wait; but I should not be surprised if something came of it after all; and in any case I am glad I thought of the introduction.



## TRUGANINI.

BY J. A. LANGFORD, LL.D.



MRS. R. ROBINSON called her the "Princess Lalla Rookh," but her native name was Truganini, and she was the last of the Tasmanians. It was on the 3rd of March in the present year that I was favoured with an interview with this last survivor of the aboriginal people whom Captain Cook found in Van Dieman's Land a hundred years ago; and before my return to England the news reached me that she was dead. It is a notable fact that this woman's life compassed the whole period in which the extinction of her race was accomplished; for, being seventy-three years old when she died, she must have been born in 1803, the year in which the island was taken possession of as a place of settlement by Lieutenant Bowen. The estimated native population at that time was from three to four thousand, and within the span of this one poor woman's life the work of extermination was begun and completed. She lived to see her people first hunted to death by English convicts, and afterwards civilised off the face of the earth; but there is some slight satisfaction in knowing that her last years were made happy by the care and kindness of the representatives to-day of the ruthless Anglo-Saxon destroyers of her kindred.

By the extinction of Truganini's race we lose a link in the family of man. They were a savage race in the nineteenth century, but it is not very long since we also were savages, using clubs and delighting in war-paint. The Maori of this generation is, I fancy, very like the Briton of the time of Cæsar; and I felt while talking with the last of the Tasmanians that a few hundred years before the *Veni, vidi, vici* was written there must have been a strong resemblance between the inhabitants of the British Isles and those of Van Dieman's Land when it became a part of the British Empire. I hope our ancient predecessors merited as much as any other uncultured tribe the appellation of "noble savages"; and there were many elements of native nobility in the lost race of the Tasmanians. The Britons ran wild in the woods, hunting their own game, as the islanders of Tasmania

until only a few years ago hunted the opossum, the kangaroo, and the wombat. They will hunt no more. The work they had to do in the world is done. Whatever part they had to bear in the curious history of man's development has been added finally to the grand total.

Truganini's end was in strange contrast with that of most of her people, and in equally strange contrast with the greater part of her own extraordinary, and indeed romantic, life. Let me glance briefly at her career antecedent to these last days of her old age, before I recall the impressions of the visit I paid her at Hobart Town a few weeks before her death.

William Lanné, or King Billy as he was called by the whites, was the last male representative of the aboriginal Tasmanians. He died in March, 1871, leaving only Truganini to lengthen out the existence of this family of the Maoris for five years longer. With the later history of that race her name is closely and not unworthily connected; for she was a woman of great activity, and exercised considerable influence over the remnant of her people. In some respects our Princess may be accepted as the heroine of the story of the last days of the Tasmanians.

The Black War, with its cruelties, massacres, and outrages on both sides, was over; the curious attempt to catch the whole native population—known as "The Line"—had been tried and found to be ineffective. The Bruni Island Depôt had been formed, and Mr. G. A. Robinson, called the Conciliator, had proposed his plan for ending the cruel persecution of the poor blacks and succouring, civilising, and Christianising the few which yet remained. In 1830 this remarkable man, finding that the Bruni effort was a sad and lamentable failure, "proposed nothing less than proceeding into the wilderness with a few companions, all unarmed, and endeavouring to fall in with the aboriginal tribes if possible, to bring about conciliation and persuade them to surrender themselves peaceably." Of course "practical" people looked upon the proposal as that of "either a madman or an impostor." At this time Mr. Robinson, who had at one period of his life been a bricklayer, was the superintendent of the establishment for the civilisation of the aborigines at Bruni Island. He thoroughly understood the people whom he hoped to rescue from the wilderness and save from the violence of his own countrymen and the not less cruel violence of each other. His own statement on the subject is clear and explicit: "I considered that the natives of Van Dieman's Land were rational; and although they might, in their savage



notions, oppose violent measures for their subjugation, yet, if I could but get them to listen to reason, and persuade them that the Europeans wished only to better their condition, they might become civilised and rendered useful members of society, instead of the bloodthirsty, ferocious beings they were represented to be. This was the principle upon which I formed my plan." It is at this period in the history of her people that our heroine comes prominently on the page of Tasmanian history.

Among the natives gathered together on Bruni Island was the young woman known to her people by the name of Truganini, and called the beautiful Tasmanian. Mr. Robinson had conferred upon her the title of Princess, and the name of Lalla Rookh. She was twenty-seven years of age, and devoted the whole energy of a very energetic nature to helping the Conciliator to carry out his plan. She was, writes Mr. James Bonwick, in his most interesting volume, "The Last of the Tasmanians," "the one on whom he most relied, and who proved a faithful and efficient ally throughout his subsequent bush career." "This was the beauty of Bruni, and one of the heroines of Tasmanian story." We have no picture of her as she appeared at this time, the first being that given by Mr. Bonwick, thirty years after her "wonderful career with Mr. Robinson." But even then he understood the "stories told of her vivacity and intelligence. Her eyes were still beautiful, and full of mischievous fun. Thirty years before she would have been captivating to men of her colour, and not by any means an uninteresting object to those of whiter skins. Her mind was of no ordinary kind. Fertile in expedient, ingenious in council, courageous in difficulty, she had the wisdom and fascination of the serpent, the intrepidity and nobility of the royal ruler of the desert." Her virtue was not quite so conspicuous as her beauty. La Belle Sauvage was fond of intrigues on her own account, and rather gloried in the captives she made to her sable charms and vivacious fascinations. She played her grave and serious husband, Worredy, *alias* the Doctor, many tantalising tricks, which often caused the irritated lord and master to administer corporal chastisement to his roguish spouse.

Truganini was faithful to her leader. She attended Mr. Robinson through all his arduous and dangerous labours, and on one occasion at least she saved his life by her courage and presence of mind joined to her ability in swimming. This was in September, 1832, on the Arthur River. A conference had been held with a forest tribe; but the eloquence of the Conciliator was not powerful enough to win their confidence or to persuade

them to come in. They sharpened their spears, prepared their weapons of war, and began to enclose round their friend, who, for the first time since he had begun his mission, was compelled to seek for safety in flight. He fled, and but for Truganini would doubtless have been killed. In rushing towards the Arthur River he overtook his faithful friend. He could not swim, and did not know what to do. She advised him at first to hide in the bushes, but his knowledge of his enemies' skill in hunting told him this would be useless. "I knew too well," he says, narrating this adventure thirty years after it occurred, "the keenness with which the blacks tracked the smallest object to trust to that; therefore, as my only hope, I launched a log of wood into the river, on which I leant, and the kind-hearted woman immediately jumped into the river and swam across, dragging the log after her." Truganini never forgot this deed of daring. Mr. Bonwick says he mentioned it to her many years after its occurrence, and the "little old woman clapped her hands, danced about, and laughed most merrily. She then gave me her version of the affair, adding most expressive and pantomimic performances to aid her in her narrative."

In spite of all difficulties Mr. Robinson in a few years accomplished his mission. His sufferings and those of his little party were very great. They had to endure the extremes of heat and cold; to traverse regions never before visited by the white man; to pierce wild and unknown forests, to cross snow-covered mountains, to penetrate through difficult passes and gorges; but the faith that was in him bore him on until he had won over the last tribe and gained the confidence of the last native. Tasmania is a small country, and the remnant of the race sought to be saved consisted of only a few of its original possessors; but in this work of mercy as much courage in danger, fortitude in suffering, patience in endurance, and enthusiasm of faith were displayed as in deeds which have been immortalised by the song of the poet and made for ever memorable in the page of the historian. One example of this must suffice. In the latter part of 1834 the heroic leader and his heroic little band of blacks in journeying by "Cradle Mountain and over the lofty plateau of Middlesex Plains, experienced unwonted misery." For "seven successive days we continued travelling over one solid body of snow; the natives were frequently up to their middle in snow." These are Mr. Robinson's own words; and Mr. Bonwick adds: "But still the ill-clad, ill-fed, diseased, and wayworn men and women, including the merry little Truganini, were sustained by the cheerful voice of their uncon-



querable friend, and responded most nobly to his call; while their legs, as we are told, were cruelly lacerated in threading the thorny scrub and clambering the sharp rocks." Surely there was something noble, something worth saving, in a race which could display such fidelity, strength, and courage.

For five years this work was carried on, and during the whole of that period our heroine was true to her task and faithful to her leader. The result of the efforts thus made to save the few survivors of a dying race is thus summarised by its latest and best historian, Mr. Bonwick: "On the 22nd of January, 1835, the last party of eight aborigines came into Hobart Town. The mission was accomplished. Mr. Robinson had finished his work. In 1830 and 1831 he had brought in fifty-four; in 1832, sixty-three; in 1833, forty-two. The last two years 1834 and 1835 saw the island swept of its original inhabitants." The people of Hobart Town rejoiced greatly at the success and completion of the work, and, I am glad to say, duly honoured and well rewarded the man of peace and conciliation who had succeeded where armies had failed.

The aborigines had been rescued, but now what was to be done with and for them? At first they were sent to Swan Island, but this would not do. Next Gun Carriage Island was tried with a like result, and then they were removed to Flinders' Island. In all these pilgrimages Truganini was with her people, and bore her share in their troubles and sufferings. Schools and religious services were established, and attempts were made to teach the Tasmanians learning and religion. At the age of thirty-three our heroine became a pupil, but notwithstanding her quickness, her ready wit and vivacity, her progress was not very satisfactory. At an examination held in 1838 Mr. Bonwick records "My particular friend, Lalla Rookh, or Truganini, was not examined in literature." But chapels, schools, and civilisation could not save the race. The mortality at Flinders' Island was terrible, and this settlement had to be given up. In 1847 only twelve men, twenty-two women, and ten children remained, and these were removed to Oyster Cove. In 1859 Mr. Bonwick visited the place, and gives us the following picture of our heroine at the age of fifty-six:—"Laughing little Lalla Rookh, or Truganini, was my especial favourite of the party. She acted among the rest as if she were indeed the sultana. She was then much over fifty years of age, and preserved some of those graces which made her beauty a snare in olden days and sadly tried the patience of her respective husbands. Her coquetry reminded me of the faded loveliness of French Courts; and, as she stood

smirking and smiling beside me, I thought of the septuagenarian admirer of Voltaire. Her features, in spite of her bridgeless nose, were decidedly pleasing, when lighted up by her sparkling black eyes in animated conversation. Her nose was of the genuine saucy *retroussé* order. She was further adorned with a fair moustache, and well developed curly whiskers, that were just beginning to turn with advancing years . . . *She is the last of the race.*"

The little flock at Oyster Cove became quickly fewer and fewer in number, and rapidly fell before the effects of drink and other civilising influences. In seventeen years all were dead but four. In 1864 the only aborigines alive were William Lanné, otherwise King Billy, Truganini, and two other females. In October of that year the *Hobart Town Mercury* reported their presence at a recent Government ball. The two women mentioned above never visited Government House again; King Billy died on the 5th of March, 1871, and the septuagenarian Truganini alone remained. The Government allowed £80 a year for her support, and placed her under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge, both of whom had been long engaged in the work of protecting the natives. At the time of my visit Mrs. Dandridge was a widow, and the Princess Lalla Rookh was still under her care.

Being at Hobart Town, I was naturally very anxious to see this extraordinary woman, of whose singular career I had heard and read so much. There was no difficulty in obtaining an interview, for "the last of her race" was more surprised at the small number of persons from the outside world who came to see her than annoyed at the curiosity of those who did. Vanity, the foible of her youth, was a characteristic through her long and eventful life, and remained the predominant feeling of her old age. She was pleased to be visited and talked to by white people, for whom she had done and suffered so much. All she required was to know the time when visitors would come, so that she might be prepared to receive them; for this daughter of the bush was as fastidious about her dress as the belle of a London season, and very properly declined being taken by surprise. All this I learned from the Attorney-General of the colony, the Hon. W. R. Giblin, whose friendly courtesy and genial hospitality to all strangers are well known and duly appreciated. He made our stay at Hobart Town very pleasant indeed, and supplied us with a large amount of information on the state of Tasmania. He also arranged the visit to Truganini, which was fixed for mid-day, March 3, 1876, at which time he, my friend, one of my fellow-travellers, Mr. John Willis, and myself had an interview with the sable princess.



A few minutes after we had taken our seats in the neat little parlour Mrs. Dandridge entered with Lalla Rookh on her arm, and the presentation took place. It was quite a little ceremony, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by the principal performer. Having shaken us all by the hand, she took her seat with some dignity and grace, as one rather accustomed to deference, and liking it. In personal appearance she was short, rather stout, with a strongly-marked face, nose flat, hair short, curly, and grey, a decided moustache and whiskers, and a pair of bright sparkling black eyes. Altogether a remarkable-looking woman, not black, but of a dark-brown colour inclining to black. Her hands were short, but not at all clumsy-looking; and in spite of her more than seventy years she seemed as merry as a cricket. As was said of her more than forty years before, she was the very picture of good-humour. The Misses Hill relate an anecdote illustrative of her manner. She had been introduced to the Governor, when she poked that high and important functionary in the chest, exclaiming "Too much jacket, too much jacket," which was her way of telling the Governor that his Excellency was getting too fat.

Great care had been paid to her toilet on the day of our visit. She wore a dress of bright and varied colours, a bright little shawl over her shoulders, fastened by a large brooch in front, and a necklace of those many-tinted, rich-hued, brilliantly polished, and sparkling Fijian shells, as much prized by the fair ones of the civilised world as by their dark sisters of barbarous tribes. Her short frizzy grey hair was almost hidden by a gorgeous turban-shaped article of apparel for which I have no name. Her whole get-up was very striking and picturesque.

She spoke fair but broken English, and was very fond of talking. Her memory was still retentive of past events, to which she referred with evident pleasure. She remembered Mr. Robinson and her adventures with him in his long and dangerous mission. At the mention of his name her bright eyes beamed more brightly, and she was unmistakably pleased with any reference to the subject of her connection with that true friend of herself and her people. Bush life, she said, was very bad, and she should not like to go back to it again. She had seen many people killed in her time, both white folk and black, but that was all over now. She had not forgotten Flinders' Island, nor Oyster Cove, but was more comfortable and happy where she was living now. Mrs. Dandridge said she sometimes spoke a great deal of her past life, relating in her own quaint and simple manner many of the scenes and incidents in her strange career. Not a few of these were deeds of

violence and murder. Night attacks of the blacks on remote settlements, cruel slaughter of the inmates—men, women, and children—and equally cruel retaliations of the whites; wanderings through the bush, and sufferings from want of food, cold, and fatigue. No record has been made of these stories of her life, which we then thought, and I still think, is a great pity, for they might have thrown much light on the life, customs, and habits of this now extinct race.

Truganini was clearly pleased with our visit and our talk. Once when Mr. Giblin had turned his back she exclaimed "Big man, big man, him; got any piccaninnies?" Before leaving we asked what she would like us to send her. At this her eyes grew brighter than ever, and her face assumed a look of eager expectancy. Her acquisitiveness had certainly not grown weaker in her old age. We asked, "should it be tobacco?" "No, no," she quickly replied, "get plenty tobacco." "Shall it be money?" "Yes, yes," was the eager response. So we gave her money. She took it with remarkable avidity, wrapped it up carefully in her handkerchief, clasped it closely and tightly in her right hand and held it fast during the remainder of our visit. She clearly understood all we said, except when we told her that we had come many thousands of miles, over great seas from far distant lands. The words appeared to convey no distinct idea to her mind, and her face was a perfect blank. But when I told her that I had a wife and children to whom I should often talk about her, she again brightened up, and it was quite manifest that she had a deep pleasure in hearing that she would be talked about.

We now rose to wish her good-bye. She also rose and gave us her left hand to shake, her right was still keeping fast hold of the money. "Was she glad we had been?" "Yes." "Would she like to see us again?" "Yes." "Was she happy?" "Yes." "Did she like white people?" "Yes." "Well, good-bye, and may you live long and always be happy." "Good-bye." And so we left her. As we passed the window she stood in front of it and waved us a last farewell; this time with her right hand clenched over the handkerchief containing the money.

Mrs. Dandridge told us that the old lady was nearly always quiet, cheerful, contented, and happy; childlike and simple in many of her ways; at times chatty and fond of chatting, but at other times taciturn and a little morose. She was very fond of being taken notice of, glad when any one went to see her, and often surprised and not a little displeased that so few visitors came. Our visit would be a source of great pleasure to her, and that day would be a



red-letter one in her now somewhat solitary life. We were also told that what the poor thing knew of religion was a great comfort and consolation to her, although her notions were rather hazy, and her belief of the simplest kind. "There is a great comfort after all," said her kind-hearted attendant, "in knowing that she will die a Christian."

Before I returned to England Truganini was dead, and the Tasmanians had disappeared from the face of the earth. I do not think that their fate could have been averted—delayed it might have been. Wherever the white man settles, the races who live by hunting, and the tribes who are continually at war with each other, seem doomed, and their extinction is only a question of time. The native Australians are becoming fewer and fewer; the races of the Pacific are decreasing year by year; the Red Indians are slowly disappearing. It is our duty to see that this work is not hastened by any injustice and cruelty towards the original possessors of the soil; but this duty is one which is in almost all such cases entirely neglected. Our responsibility is great, but we rarely show by our acts that we are conscious of that responsibility. The history of our treatment of the Tasmanians is the history of the treatment of all native races by European settlers in their lands. If there is a natural law which determines that the inferior must give place to the superior, we hasten its operations by our own acts of cruelty and injustice, and our progress is marked by the bones of the peoples whom we have destroyed.

None of the portraits and photographs of Truganini which I have seen give anything like a true picture of the woman. They present in an exaggerated way the large, prominent, and heavy mouth; the broad, flat, bridgeless nose; the high cheek bones, the overhanging eyebrows, the beard and whiskers, and give you the idea of a rather strongly-pronounced savage. But the bright sparkling eye, the mischievous glance, the touches of good humour, the merry smile, and the arch look indicative of a love of mirth and fun which characterised her, are all lacking. No one could form a correct opinion of her nature from her portraits. I am glad that I saw her with all these traits clearly displayed, and that my impression of "the last of her race" is as pleasing as my interview with her was full of interest. Among the memorable events which occurred during my rambles in the lovely island of Tasmania this visit will always hold a most prominent place. It is something to have seen and talked with the last of a now extinct branch of the family of man.

# THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

"THE NIGHT OF THE DEAD."

**I**T was All Saints' Eve, 1813.

While Rohan Gwenfern was penetrating, torch in hand, into the ghostly Roman vault, or aqueduct, deep-buried in the heart of the cliffs, the chapel bells of Kromlaix were ringing, and crowds were flocking through the darkness to hear the priest say mass, a task in which he and his "vicaire" would be engaged unceasingly till the coming of dawn. The night was dark and still, but the rain was falling heavily, and a black curtain covered the sea. Everywhere in the narrow streets of Kromlaix were glistening pools formed by the newly fallen rain, and into these the heavy drops plashed incessantly, making a dreary murmur. But fainter and deeper than the sound of the rain came another sound, like a cry from the earth beneath: a strange far-off murmur, like the distant moaning of the sea.

The doors stood open wide, and in every house the supper-table stood spread, with a clean linen cloth, lights, and the evening meal; and around the table stood vacant chairs; and on the hearth there burnt a fire, carefully arranged to last till dawn. For it was the Night of the Dead; and after the death-bell had been tolled, the dead mass said, the supper eaten, and the household retired to rest, the Souls of the dead would enter in and partake of the solemn feast in the dwellings where they had died, or where their kin abode. Then the household would listen, and hear strange wailings in the rooms and at the doors; and then they would rise from their beds, fall upon their knees, and pray that, but for this one waking night of the year, those they loved might sleep in peace.

Not only from the little churchyard on the hill-side, where the light was gleaming through the open chapel door, would the Souls of the dead come; but over the wild wastes inland, and down the lonely roads from the far-off towns, and most of all, in from the washing waters of the sea. Strange phosphorescent lights were



red-letter one in her now somewhat solitary life. "In the air strange  
told that what the poor thing knew of rest, from all the places  
and consolation to her, although her heart was back to the homes they  
her belief of the simplest kind. "All is well," said her kind-hearted attendant, "the moon would be full, and it  
die a Christian."

Before I returned to Enniscorthy, there was no moonlight, and  
Tasmanians had disappeared. The rain; but lights flashed in all the  
think that their fate could be better. The curate and the "vicar" were performing the mass. The  
been. Wherever the curate and ghosts were hovering in the black air,  
hunting, and the tribulation leaving her mother behind her in the chapel,  
seem doomed, and the darkness with some companions of her own.  
The native Australian had parted with them at her uncle's door.  
of the Pacific. She found the kitchen bright and cleanly swept,  
slowly disappeared. A great fire on the hearth, and the hero of  
hastened by the chimney corner.  
"Where, Marcelle?" he cried with a nod, withdrawing  
cases entirely. "The old one was anxious about you,  
show by the great wooden pipe which he had brought back  
history from Germany. "The old one was anxious about you,  
treaty and the boys?"  
If the old one is still at chapel, and will not return till it strikes  
give  
act  
bo

"And you?"  
"I am tired, and I shall go to bed."  
"Supper is ready," said Gildas; "sit down and eat."  
Marcelle shook her head. She looked very pale, and her whole  
manner betokened bodily or mental fatigue.  
"Good night," she said, kissing Gildas; then she lit her lamp,  
and went wearily up the stairs. All that day her heart had been  
full of Rohan, and now, when night came, she was thinking of him  
with strange pain. It was the Night of the Dead, but she was too  
young to have much to mourn for, and beyond her two brothers,  
who had died in battle, had known no losses. Nevertheless, the  
burthen of the time lay heavily upon her, and she trembled before  
the shadow of something that did not live. Rohan Gwenfer was  
her dead, lost to her and the world, buried out yonder in the black  
night, as surely as if he no longer breathed at all. While others had  
been praying for their lost, whom the good God had stricken, she  
had been praying for hers, whom God had no less surely taken  
away. With the dead there was peace; for the dead-living there  
was only pain. So her sorrow was the worst to bear.

in her heart she had yearned to be alone to pray; and so she had come home. And after midnight struck, the room was so dark, that the poor ghosts might come on the board. Ah God, if he too might have had at least the blessed bread of peace! In the great kitchen, Gildas Derval smoked away and anon giving vent to an expression of impatience, as rain still fell without with weary and ceaseless sound, he was a murmuring from the black streams pouring down the street. Once or twice Gildas arose, and gazed out into the black night—a Night of Death indeed!

As the minutes crept on, and the hands of the Dutch clock in the corner pointed to half-past eleven, Gildas grew more uneasy. The witching hour was close at hand, and the silence was growing positively sepulchral. At every sound he started, listening intently. Hero as he was, he felt positively afraid, and bitterly regretted that he had suffered Marcelle to go to bed.

"What the devil can detain my uncle!" he muttered again and again.

At last the door opened and the Corporal staggered in, wrapped in his old military coat, and dripping from head to foot; his cocked hat, which he wore *à l'Empereur*, formed a miniature waterspout upon his head.

"Soul of a crow," he cried, "was there ever such a night? Are they not returned?"

"Only Marcelle," growled Gildas; "the rest are still at the chapel, though it is time all good Christians were abed."

The Corporal stumped across the room, and remained with his back to the fire, his wet clothes steaming as he stood.

"I went up the street to look for them, but seeing they did not come, I went to the shore. The tide is up to the foot of the street, and it has still some time to flow. They are frightened down there, and will not sleep to-night; but the sea is calm as glass."

As the Corporal ceased to speak Gildas sprang to his feet, and simultaneously the house shook to its very foundations as if smitten by a sudden squall of wind.

"What's that?" cried Gildas, now quite pale, crossing himself in his terror.

"It must be the wind rising," said the Corporal; but when he walked to the door, and threw it open to listen, there was not a breath.



"It is strange," he said in a low voice, coming back to the fire. "I have heard it twice before to-night, and one would say the earth was quaking under foot."

"Uncle!" murmured Gildas.

"Well, *mon garz*?"

"If it is the Souls of the dead!"

The old Corporal made a gesture of reverence, and turning his face round looked at the fire. Several minutes passed in uneasy silence. Then suddenly, without warning of any kind, the house shook again! This time it did not seem as if stricken by wind; but there came to both Gildas and the Corporal that strange unconscious sickening dread which is the invariable accompaniment of earthquake. The sound, like the sensation, was only momentary, but as it ceased, the men looked aghast at one another.

"It is dreadful," said the Corporal. "Soul of a crow, why does the woman linger?"

With a suddenness which startled Gildas and made him growl in nervous irritation, the little trap-door of the Dutch clock sprang open, and the wooden cuckoo sprang out, uttering his name twelve times, and proclaiming the hour! . . . Midnight!

The Corporal, full of a nameless uneasiness, could no longer restrain himself.

"It is unaccountable," he exclaimed. "I will go again and see."

Before Gildas could interpose he had wrapped his coat once more about him and sallied forth into the night. Through the heavy murmuring of the rain and the rushing of the waterspouts and streams Gildas could hear the "clop clop" of the wooden leg dying up the street; then all was silence.

Of all situations this was the one Gildas was least fitted to face with advantage. He was not deficient in brute courage, and in good company he might have faced even a visitor from another world; but his little "campaign" had disturbed his nervous system, and that night of all nights in the year he did not care to be left alone. And, indeed, a far more enlightened being would, under the circumstances, have shared his trepidation. The air was full of a sick uncomfortable silence, broken only by the "popping" and "pinging" of the heavy metallic rain; and ever and anon, when the house trembled with those mysterious blasts, the effect was simply paralytic.

Gildas stood at the door looking out into the rain. The darkness was complete, but the light from the chamber glistened

on a perfect stream of black rain running down the street. As he stood there listening mysterious hands seemed outstretched to touch him, cold breaths blew upon his cheek, and there was a sound all round him as of the wailing dead. Lights burned in the windows down the street, and many doors stood open like his own, but there was no sign of any human being.

Re-entering the kitchen, he approached the wooden stairs, and called gruffly—

“Marcelle ! Marcelle !”

There was no answer.

“Marcelle ! are you asleep ?”

The door of the room above opened, and Marcelle’s voice replied—

“Is it my uncle ?”

“No, it is I—Gildas. Are you abed ?”

“I am undressed, and was half asleep. What is it ?”

Gildas did not care to confess that he was afraid, and wanted company ; so he growled—

“Oh, it is nothing ! Mother has not come home yet, that is all ; but my uncle has gone to look after her. It is raining cats and dogs !”

“She told me she would not return till midnight, and she has the boys. Good night again, Gildas !”

“Good night !” muttered the hero of Dresden ; then just as the door above was closing he called, “Marcelle !”

“Yes.”

“You—you need not close your door—I may want to speak to you again.”

“Very well.”

There was silence again, and Gildas returned to the fireside. As he did so the cottage again trembled as before. He drew back to the foot of the staircase.

“Marcelle !” he cried.

“Yes,” answered the voice, this time obviously from between the sheets.

“Did you hear that ?”

“The noise ? Ah, yes ; it is only the wind.”

“It is only the Devil,” muttered Gildas to himself, and inwardly cursing Marcelle’s coolness, he stepped again to the street door and looked out. A black wall of rain and darkness still stared him in the face. He stood for some minutes in agitation, with the cold drops splashing into his face. There was not a breath of



wind, and by listening closely he could distinctly hear the murmur of the sea.

Suddenly his ears were startled by a sound which made his heart leap into his mouth and his blood run cold. From inland, from the direction of the chapel, there came a murmur, a roar, as if the sea lay *that* way, and was rising in storm. Before he could gather his wits together there rose far away a sound like a human shriek, and all at once, through the dreary moaning of the rain, came the rapid tolling of a bell. Simultaneously he saw dark figures rushing rapidly up the street from the direction of the sea shore. Though he called to them they did not reply.

Yes, there could be no mistake. A bell was tolling faintly in the distance; doubtless the chapel bell itself. Something unusual was happening—what, it was impossible to guess.

Two or three more figures passed rapidly, and he again demanded what was the matter. This time a voice answered, but only with a frightened cry—"This way, for your life!"

Anything was better than to stand there in suspense; so without a moment's reflection Gildas ran after the others up the street.

There had been rain for weeks, and the valleys inland were already half flooded; but to-night it poured still as if all the vials of the aqueous heavens had been opened. Well might the ground tremble and the hidden River roar! At last, as if at a preconcerted signal, the elements awoke in concert, and sounded the signal of storm. The sea rose high on the shore, the wind began to blow, the River rose blackly in its bed, and, most terrible of all, the pent-up floods burst their barriers among the hills.

With the natural position of Kromlaix our readers are already familiar. Situated in the gap of the great sea-wall, and lying at the mouth of a narrow valley, it was equally at the mercy of inundations from inland, and of inundations from the ocean. Rocked, as it were, upon the waves of the sea which crawled in beneath it to meet the subterranean river, it nevertheless endured from generation to generation.

Only once in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had destruction come. That was many years ago, so far back in time that it seemed an old man's tale to be heard and forgotten. Yet there had been warnings enough of danger during this same autumn of 1813. Never for many a long year had there been such a rainfall; never had there been such storms to mark the period of the autumnal equinox. Night after night the hidden river had given its warning,

so that sometimes the very earth seemed shaken by its cry. The spring-tides, too, were higher than they had been for many seasons past.

And now, on this Night of the Dead, when earth, air, and sea were covered with ghastly processions trooping to their homes, when the little churches all along the coast were lighted up, and death-lights were placed in every house, the waters rose and rushed down upon their prey. Down through the narrow valleys above the village came, with the fury of a torrent, the raging Flood, filling the narrow chasm of the valley, and bearing everything before it towards the sea. It came in darkness, so that only its voice could be heard; but could the eye of man have beheld it as it came, it would have been seen covered with floating prey of all kinds—with trees uprooted from the ground, fences and palings torn away, thatched roofs of houses, and even enormous stones. Well might those shriek who heard it come! Faster than a man might gallop on the fleetest horse, swifter than a man might sail in the swiftest ship, it rolled upon its way, fed by innumerable tributary torrents rushing down from the hills on either side, and gathering power and volume as it approached. However, when it reached the dreary tarns of Ker Léon, some miles above the village, it hesitated an hour, as if prepared to sink into the earth like the River, which there ends his course; then, recruited by new floods from the hill-sides, and from the overflowing tarns themselves, it rushed onward, and the fate of Kromlaix was sealed.

But during that brief space of indecision up among the tarns, the farmer of Ker Léon, a brave man, had leapt upon his horse without stopping to use saddle or bridle, and galloped down to Kromlaix, shrieking warning as he went. At midnight he reached the chapel on the hill-side, and without ceremony, wet, dripping, and as white as a ghost from the dead, delivered his awful news. Fortunately the large portion of the population was still in the chapel. Shrieks and wails arose.

"Sound the alarm!" cried Father Rolland; and the chapel bell began to toll.

It was at this moment that the old Corporal, soaking and out of temper, arrived at the chapel door, and found the widow and his two nephews just ready to return home. He passed through the wailing groups of men and women, and accosted the farmer himself.

"Perhaps after all it will not come so far," he cried; "the pools of Ker Léon are deep."



The answer came, but not from the farmer. The roar of the waters themselves coming wildly down the valley !

"To the hill-sides !" cried Father Rolland. "For your lives !"

Through the pitch darkness, struggling, screaming, stumbling, fled the crowd, leaving the chapel behind them illumined but deserted. The rain still fell in torrents. Guided by a few spirits more cool and courageous than the rest, the miserable crowd rushed towards the ascents which closed the valley on either side, and which fortunately were not far distant. The old Corporal caught the general panic, and with eager hands helped on his affrighted sister-in-law. They had not gone far when a voice cried in the darkness close by—

"Mother ! uncle !"

"It is Gildas, and alone," cried Mother Derval. "Almighty God ! where is Marcelle ?"

The voice of Gildas replied—

"I left her in the house below. But what is the matter ? Are you all mad ?"

A wild shriek from the panic-stricken creatures around was the only answer. "The Flood ! the Flood !" they cried, flying for their lives ; and indeed the imminent hour had come, for the lights of the chapel behind them were already extinguished in the raging waters, and the flood was rushing down on Kromlaix with a fatal roar, answered by a fainter murmur from the rising sea.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### DELUGE.

AFTER emerging into the great water-cave and clinging to its walls as the furious torrents came boiling down to mingle with the sea, Rohan Gwenfern paused for some minutes, awe-stricken and amazed ; for it seemed as if the very bosom of the earth had burst and all the dark streams of its heart were pouring forth. The tumult was deafening, the concussion terrific, and it was with difficulty that Rohan kept his place on the slippery ledge above the water. When his first surprise had abated he left the cave and ascended to his aerial home on the face of the cliff.

All there was dark, for night had now fallen. Leaning forth through the cranny which served him as a window, he saw only a great wall of blackness, heard only the heavy murmur of torrents

of rain. There was no wind, and the heavy leaden drops were pattering like bullets into the sea, in straight perpendicular lines.

He sat for a time in the darkness, pondering on the discoveries that he had made. Although his brain was to a certain extent deranged by the agonies he had undergone, and although he was subject to alarming cerebral seizures during which he was scarcely accountable for what he thought or did, the general current of his ideas was still clear, and his powers of observation and reflection remained intact. He was perfectly able, therefore, to perceive the obvious explanation of what he had seen and discovered. The subterranean cave and its passage communicating with the sea formed an enormous aqueduct, fashioned, doubtless, for the purpose of letting the overflowing waters escape in times of flood. He had read of similar contrivances, and he knew that an aqueduct had been excavated not many leagues away, beyond La Vilaine. In fashioning the extraordinary place advantage had doubtless been taken of natural passages which had existed there from time immemorial; but how the work was effected was a question impossible to answer, unless on the supposition that the Roman colonists had possessed an engineering skill little short of miraculous.

He remembered now all the old stories he had heard concerning former submersions of his native village, as well as the popular tradition that the buried Roman city had been itself destroyed by inundations. Was it possible, then, that the river which he had discovered crawling through the heart of the cliffs was the same river which plunged into the earth among the tarns of Ker Léon, and after winding for miles eventually crept under Kromlaix and poured itself into the sea? If this was the cause all the phenomena were intelligible. The Roman colonists, fearful of floods and of the rising of the river, had constructed the aqueduct for purposes of overflow, so that when the hour came the angry waters, before reaching the city, might be partially diverted out into the great water-cave, and thence through "Hell's Mouth" to the open ocean. How carefully the hands of man had worked! How grandly, under the inspiration of that dead Cæsar whose marble shadow still stood below, the mind of man had planned and wrought the aqueduct! Yet all had been of no avail. At last the finger of God had been lifted, and the shining city by the sea was seen no more.

Real and simple as seemed the explanation, the fact of the discovery was nevertheless awful and stupefying. It seemed no less a dream than Rohan's other dreams. He saw the ghost of a buried world, and his heart went sick with awe.



As he sat thinking he suddenly remembered that that night was the Night of the Dead.

No sooner had the remembrance come than a nameless uneasiness took possession of him, and approaching the loophole he gazed forth again; and now to his irritated vision there seemed faint lights here and there upon the black waste of waters. He listened intently. Again and again amid the heavy murmur of the rain there came a sound like far-off voices. And yonder in Krom-laix the mass was being spoken and the white boards were being spread, for the Souls which were flocking from all quarters of the earth that night.

He lit his lantern, and sat for some time in its beam; but the dull dim light only made his situation more desolately sad. Pacing up and down the cave in agitation, and pausing again and again to listen to the sounds without, he waited on. The darkness grew more intense, the sound of the rain more oppressively sad. Repeatedly, from far beneath him, he heard a thunderous roar, which he knew came from the waters rushing into the great ocean-cave.

As the hours crept on there came upon his soul a great hunger to be near his fellow-beings, to escape from the frightful solitude which seemed driving him to despair. In the dense darkness of that night he would be safe anywhere. As for the rain, he heeded it not. There was a fire in his heart which seemed to destroy all sense of wet or cold.

At last, yielding to his uncontrollable impulse, he groped his way slowly downward through the natural passages and caves, until he emerged at the great Trou of St. Gildas. Here he paused until his eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, and at last he was able dimly to discern the outline of the vast natural cathedral. It was nine o'clock, and the tide had scarcely three parts flowed, so that not a drop had yet touched the Cathedral floor, and egress through the Gate was still possible.

Descending rapidly in his customary fashion, he reached the shingle below. Familiar even in darkness with every footstep of the way, he passed out through the Gate and waded round the promontory, where the water was only knee deep, until he reached the shore beyond. The rain was still falling in torrents, and he was soaking to the skin; but totally indifferent to the elements, he proceeded on his way. Yet he was bareheaded, and the ragged clothes he wore were only enough to cover his nakedness. Accustomed to exposure and to hardships of all kinds, he did not feel cold; it would be time enough for that when winter came.

Crossing the desolate shingle, he ascended the Ladder of St. Triffine.

At midnight Rohan Gwenfern stood leaning against the Menhir, and gazing down into the blackness where Kromlaix lay. The rain still continued, and the air was pitch-dark; but he could see the blood-red gleam of the window lights, and the faint flickerings of lanterns carried to and fro. Inland, in the direction of St. Gurlott, streamed glittering rays from the windows of Father Rolland's chapel. Listening intently, he could hear at times the cry of a human voice.

It was the Night of the Dead, and he knew that in every house that night the board would be left spread with remnants, that the dead might enter and eat. Less houseless and less outcast than himself, they were welcome, that night at least, wherever they chose to knock; while he, condemned to a daily living death, only creeping forth from his tomb in the cliffs like any other wandering and restless ghost, dared not even at such a time approach close to any human hearth. He had resisted "even unto blood," and Cain's mark was upon him. For him there was no welcome; he was outcast for evermore.

As he stood thus, watching and thinking, the bell of the chape began to peal violently. The sound, coming thus unexpectedly from the darkness, was as the sudden leaping of a pulse in the wrist of a dead man. Almost simultaneously Rohan heard a faint far-off human scream. At first, with the superstitious instinct that had been bred in him and had not yet altogether forsaken him, he thought of the poor outcast ghosts peopling the rainy night, and wondered if the sounds he heard were not wholly supernatural—whether dead hands were not touching the ropes of the chapel bell, while corpses gathered round the belfry and wailed a weary echo to the sound. But the bell pealed on, and more human cries followed. Something terrible was happening, and the alarm was being given.

He had not long to wait for an explanation. Soon, from inland, came a roaring like the sea, as the mighty torrents approached; shrieks arose from the gulf, on which the black rain still poured; and lights flitted this way and that, moving rapidly along the ground. He heard voices sounding clearer, as the flitting lights came nearer, and on the hill-side opposite lights were moving too. Rohan understood all in a moment. The inundation was coming, and those who had been warned were taking to the heights.

It was now past midnight, and with the rising of the high tide



there had risen a faint wind, which, as if to deepen the horror of the catastrophe, now blew back the clouds covering the moon, then at the full. Although the rain continued to fall in torrents, the air was suddenly flooded with a watery gleam, and the village stood revealed in silhouette, with the black tide glistening coldly at its feet; and above it, approaching with terrific rapidity from the inland valley, and towering up like a great wall, rolled the Flood. Simultaneously, from a hundred throats, rose horror-stricken screams; and Rohan distinctly beheld, on the slope beneath him, the human figures clustering and looking down. Meantime, all seemed quiet down in the village itself: the lights gleamed faintly in the windows, and the moonlight lay on the dark roofs, on the empty streets, on the *caloges* close to the water's edge, and on the black line of smacks and skiffs which now floated, as if at anchor, on the high tide.

Again the clouds covered the moon, and the picture of Kromlaix was hidden. Amidst the darkness, with a roaring like that of a strong sea, the Flood entered the village and began its dreadful work of destruction and of death. It was dreadful to stand up there on the hill-side, and to hear the unseen waters struggling in the black gulf, like a snake strangling its victim and stifling its dying cries. The tumult continued, deadened to a heavy roar, through the heart of which pierced sharp shrieks and piteous calls for help. One by one the lights were extinguished. Like a Thug strangler crawling and killing in the night, the waters ran from place to place, looking for their prey.

When the clouds again drifted off the face of the moon, and things were again dimly visible, the Flood had met the tide, and wherever the eye fell a black waste of water surrounded the houses, many of which were flooded to the roofs; the main street was a brawling river, and the lanes on all sides were its tributary streams; many of the boats had driven from shore and were rocking up and down as if on a stormy sea; and there was a sound in the air as of an earthquake, broken only by frantic human cries. The desolation was complete, but the destruction had only just begun. From the inland valley fresh torrents were tumultuously flowing to recruit the floods; so that the waters were every moment rising; and the tide, flowing into the streets, mingled with the rivers of rain. Under the fury of the first attack many buildings had fallen, and the fierce washing of the waters was rapidly undermining others. And still there was no sign of the cessation of the rain. Deluge was pouring upon deluge; it seemed as if the wrath of Heaven had only just begun.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## "MID WATERS WILD."

SITUATED apart, some distance from the main village, and built close upon the sea-shore under the shelter of the eastern crag, the house of Mother Gwenfern stood, with several other scattered abodes, far out of danger. The only peril which seemed to threaten it came from the high tide, which that night rose nearly to the threshold, and, augmented by the rains of the flood, surged threateningly on every side. Leading from the cottage to the heights above was a rocky path, and on this, gazing awe-stricken in the direction of the village, stood Mother Gwenfern, gaunt as a spectre in the flying gleams of moonlight. Around her gathered several neighbours, chiefly women and children, the latter crying in terror, the former crouching on the ground; but hard by was a group of men, including Mikel Grallon.

Little had been said; the situation was too appalling for words. While the flood played tiger-like with its victim, the women prayed wildly and the men crossed themselves again and again. From time to time an exclamation arose when the moon looked out and showed how the work of destruction was progressing.

"Holy Virgin, old Plouët's house is down!"

"Look—there was a light in the cabaret, but now it is all black!"

"They are screaming out yonder!"

"Hark, there!—it is another roof falling!"

"Merciful God, how black it is! One would say it was the Last Judgment!"

The heights on each side of the village were now dotted with black figures, many carrying lights. It was clear that, owing to the superstitious customs of the night, many of the population had made good their escape. It was no less certain, however, that many others must have perished, or be perishing, amid the raging waters or in the submerged dwellings. Hope of escape or rescue there seemed none. Until the flood abated nothing could be saved.

The group of men on the face of the cliff continued to gaze on and mutter among themselves.

"The tide is still rising," said Mikel Grallon, in a low voice. He was comparatively calm, for his house, being situated apart from the main village, had so far escaped the fury of the inundation.



"It has nearly an hour yet to flow!" said another of the men.

"And *then!*" cried Grallon, significantly. All the men crossed themselves. Another hour of destruction, and what would then be left of Kromlaix and of those poor souls who still lingered within it?

As they stood whispering a figure rapidly descended the path from the heights above them, and joining the group, called out the name of Mikel Grallon. The moon was once more hidden, and it was impossible to distinguish faces.

"Who wants Mikel Grallon? I am here."

The new comer replied in a voice full of excitement and terror.

"It is I, Gildas Derval! Mikel, we are in despair. The old one and all the rest are safe up there: all of our family are safe but my sister Marcelle. Holy Virgin protect her, but she is in the house, out yonder amid the flood. My uncle is mad, and we are heartbroken. Can she not be saved?"

"She is in God's hands," cried an old man. "No man can help her now."

Gildas uttered a moan of misery, for he was really fond of his sister. Mother Gwenfern, who stood close by and had heard the conversation, now approached, and demanded in her cold, clear voice—

"Can nothing be done? Are there no boats?"

"Boats!" echoed Mikel Grallon. "One might as well go to sea in a shell as face the flood in any boat this night; but for all that, boats there are none. They are all out yonder, where the flood meets the tide, save those that are already carried out to sea."

The widow raised her wild arms to heaven, murmuring Marcelle's name aloud. Gildas Derval almost began to blubber in the fury of his grief.

"Ah God that I should come back from the great wars to see such a night as this! I have always had bad luck, but this is the worst. My poor Marcelle! Look you, before I went away she tied a holy medal around my neck, and it kept me from harm. Ah, she was a good little thing! and must she die?"

"The blessed Virgin keep her," cried Mikel Grallon; "what can we do?"

"It is not only Marcelle Derval," said the old man who had already spoken; "it is not only one, but many, that shall be taken this night. God be praised, I have neither wife nor child to die so sad a death."

As the speaker finished and reverently crossed his breast, another voice broke the silence.

"Who says there are no boats?" it demanded in strange sharp tones.

"I," answered Mikel Grallon; "but who speaks?"

There was no reply, but a dark figure, pushing through the group of men, rapidly descended the crag in the direction of the sea.

"Mother of God," whispered Grallon, as struck by a sudden thought, "it is Gwenfern."

Immediately several voices cried aloud, "Is it thou, Rohan Gwenfern?" and Rohan—for it was he—answered from the darkness: "Yes; come this way!"

In the great terror and solemnity of the moment no one seemed astonished at Rohan's appearance, and strange to say, no one, with the exception perhaps of Mikel Grallon, dreamed of laying hands on the deserter. The apparition of the hunted and desperate man seemed perfectly in keeping with all the horrors of that night. Silently the men followed him down to the shore. The tide was now lapping at the very door of his mother's cottage. He paused, looking down at the water, and surrounded by the men.

"Where are all the rafts?" he asked.

"The rafts! What raft could live out yonder?" cried Gildas Derval; and he added in a whisper to Mikel Grallon, "My cousin is mad."

At that moment the foot of Rohan struck against a black mass washing on the very edge of the sea. Stooping down he discovered, by touch rather than by eyesight, that it was one of those smaller rafts which were rudely constructed at that season of the year for the purpose of gathering the *goëmon* or sea-wrack from the reefs. It consisted of several trunks of trees and tree branches, crossed with fragments of old barrels, and lashed together with thick slippery ropes twisted out of ocean-tangle. A man might safely in dead calm weather pilot such a raft when loaded, letting it drift with the tide or pushing it with a pole along the shallows; and that it had quite recently been in use was clear from the fact that it was still partially loaded and kept under water by clinging masses of slippery weed.

As Rohan bent over the raft the moon shone out in full brilliance, and the village was again illumined. The flood roared loudly as ever, and the black waters of the sea seemed nearly level with the roofs of the most low-lying dwellings. Upon the edge where flood and sea met the waters boiled like a cauldron, and debris of all



descriptions came rushing down in the arms of the rivers of rain. There was another heavy crash, as of houses falling in. As if the terror had reached its completion, the rain now ceased, and the moon continued visible for many minutes together.

"Quick! bring me a pole, or an oar!" cried Rohan, turning to his companions.

Several men ran rapidly along the beach in quest of what he sought; for though they did not quite understand how he intended to act, and although, moreover, they believed that to launch forth on the raft was to put his life in jeopardy, they were under the spell of his stronger nature and offered neither suggestion nor opposition.

"Rohan! my son!" cried Mother Gwenfern, creeping down and holding him by the hand. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to Marcelle Derval!"

"But you will die! you will perish in the waters!"

In the excitement of the moment Mother Gwenfern, like all the rest, forgot the man's actual relation to society, forgot that his life was forfeit, and that all hands would have been ready, under other circumstances, to drag him to the guillotine. All she remembered was his present danger: that he was going to certain death.

In answer, Rohan only laughed strangely. Seizing a large oar from Gildas Derval, who ran up with it at that moment, he sprang on the raft and pushed from shore. Under his weight, the raft swayed violently and sank almost under water.

"Come back! come back!" cried Mother Gwenfern; but with vigorous pushes of the oar, which he thrust to the bottom and used as a pole, Rohan moved rapidly away. For better security, since the raft seemed in danger of capsizing, he sank on his knees, and thus, partially immersed in the cold waters that flowed over the slippery planks, he disappeared into the darkness.

The men looked at one another shuddering.

"As well die that way," muttered Mikel Grallon, "as another!"

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### MARCELLE.

THE wind had risen, and was blowing gently off the land; and the sea, at the confluence of flood and tide, was broken into white waves. As Rohan approached the vicinity of the submerged village his situation became perilous, for it was quite clear that the raft could not live long in those angry waters. Nevertheless, fearlessly, and with

a certain fury, he forced the raft on by rowing, now at one side, now at another. Though the work was tedious, it was work in which he was well skilled, and he was soon tossing in the broken water below the village. The tide all round him was strewn with *débris* of all kinds—trunks of trees, fragments of wooden furniture, bundles of straw, thatch from sunken roofs—and it required no little care to avoid perilous collisions.

The moon was shining clearly, so that he had now an opportunity of perceiving the extent of the disaster. The houses and *caloges* lying just above high water mark were covered to the very roofs, and all around them the sea itself was surging and boiling; while above them the buildings of the main village loomed disastrously amid a gleaming waste of boiling pools, muddy rivers and streams, and stagnant canals. Many dwellings, undermined by the washing of the torrents, had fallen in, and others were tottering.

A heavy roar still came from the direction whence the flood had issued, but it was clear that the full fury of the inundation had ceased. Nevertheless, it being scarcely high tide, it was impossible to tell what horrors were yet in store; for though the rivers of rain in the main streets were growing still, the water was working subtly and terribly at the foundations of the houses.

How many living souls had perished could not yet be told. Some, doubtless, dwelling in one-storied buildings, had been found in their beds and quietly smothered, almost before they could utter a cry. Fortunately, however, the greater portion of the population had been astir, and had been able to escape a calamity which would otherwise have been universal.

Eighty or a hundred yards from shore a crowd of unwieldy vessels, with masts lowered, tossed at anchor; others had floated off the land and were being blown farther and farther out to sea; and here and there in the waters around were drifting nets which had been swept away from the stakes where they had been left to dry. More than once the raft struck against dead sheep and cattle, floating partially submerged, and as it drifted past the nets Rohan saw, deep down in the tangled folds, something which glimmered like a human face.

Once among the troubled waters, he found it quite impossible to navigate the raft. The waters pouring downward drove it back towards the floating craft and threatened to carry it out to sea. At last, to crown all, the rotten ropes of tangle gave way, the trunks and staves fell apart, and Rohan found himself struggling among the troubled waves of the tide.



He was a strong swimmer, but his strength had been terribly reduced by trouble and privation. Grasping the oar with one hand and partially supporting himself by its aid, he struck out to the nearest of the deserted fishing craft; reaching which, he clung on to the bowsprit chain and drew his body partially out of the water. As he did so, he espied floating a few yards distant, at the stern of a smack, a small boat like a ship's "dingy."

To swim to the boat, and to drag himself into it by main force, was the work of only a few minutes. He then discovered to his joy that it contained a pair of paddles. Unfortunately, however, it was so leaky and so full of water that his weight brought it down almost to the gunwale, and threatened to sink it altogether.

Every moment was precious. Seizing the rope by which the boat was attached to the smack, he climbed up over the stern of the latter, and searching in its hold found a rusty iron pot. With this he in a few minutes baled out the punt; then seizing the paddles, he pulled wildly towards the shore.

The work was easy until he again reached the confluence of flood and tide. Here the waters were pouring down so rapidly, and were moreover so strewn with dangerous *débris*, that he was again and again in imminent danger.

Exerting all his extraordinary strength, he forced the boat between the roofs of the *caloges*, and launched out into the stream of the main river pouring from the village; swept back against a nearly covered *caloge*, he was almost capsized; but leaping out on the roof he rapidly baled his boat, which was already filling with water. Fortunately the flood was decreasing in violence and the tide had turned; but it nevertheless seemed a mad and hopeless task to force the frail boat further in the face of such obstacles. The main street was a rapid river, filled with great boulders washed down from the valley, and with flotsam and jetsam of all kinds. To row against it was utterly impossible; the moment he endeavoured to do so he was swept back and almost swamped.

Another man, even if he had possessed the foolhardiness to venture so far, would now have turned and fled. But perhaps because his forfeited life was no longer a precious thing to him, perhaps because his strength and courage always increased with opposition, perhaps because he had determined once and for ever to show how a "coward" could act when brave men were quaking in their shoes, Rohan Gwenfern gathered all his strength together for a mighty effort. Rowing to the side of the river, he threw down his oars and clutched hold of the solid masonry of a house; and, then

dragging the boat along by main force from wall to wall rapidly he accomplished a distance of fifteen or twenty yards. Pausing then, and keeping firm hold of the projecting angle of a roof, while the flood was boiling past, he beheld, floating among the other *débris*, what seemed the body of a child.

Repeating the same manœuvre, he again dragged the boat on ; again rested ; again renewed his toil ; until he had reached the very heart of the village. Here fortunately the waters were less rapid, and he could force his way along with greater ease. But at every yard of the way the picture grew more pitiful, the feeling of devastation more complete. The lower houses were submerged, and some of the larger ones had fallen. On many of the roofs were gathered groups of human beings, kneeling and stretching out their hands to heaven.

"Help ! help !" they shrieked, as Rohan Gwenfern appeared ; but he only waved his hand and passed on.

At last, reaching the narrow street in which stood the Corporal's dwelling, he discovered to his joy that the house was still intact. The flood here was very swift and terrible, so that at first it almost swept him away. He now to his horror perceived, floating seaward, several almost naked corpses. Opposite to the Corporal's house a large barn had fallen in, and within the walls numbers of cattle were floating dead.

The Corporal's house consisted, as the reader is aware, of two stories, the upper forming a sort of attic in the gable of the roof. The waters had risen so high that the door and windows of the lower story were entirely hidden, and a powerful current was sweeping along right under the window of the little upper room where Marcelle slept.

Ah God, if she did not live ! If the cruel flood had found her below, and before she could escape had seized her and destroyed her like so many of the rest !

The house was still some twenty yards away and very difficult to reach. Clinging with one hand to the window frame of one of the houses below, Rohan gathered all his strength, baled out his boat, and then prepared to drag it on. To add to the danger of his position the wind had now grown quite violent, blowing with the current and in the direction of the sea. If once his strength failed, and he was swept into the full fury of the mid-current, the result must be almost certain death.

With the utmost difficulty he managed to row the boat to the window of a cottage two doors from that of the Corporal ; here,



finding further progress by water impracticable, for the current was quite irresistible, he managed to clamber up to the roof, and clutching in his hand the rope of the boat, which was fortunately long, to scramble desperately on. At this point his skill as a cragsman stood him in good stead. At last, after extraordinary exertions, he reached the very gable of the house he sought, and standing erect in the boat clutched at the window sill. In a moment the boat was swept from beneath his feet, and he found himself dangling by his hands, while his feet trailed in the water under him.

Still retaining, wound round one wrist, the end of the rope which secured the boat, he hung for a few seconds suspended; then putting out his strength and performing a trick in which he was expert, he drew himself bodily up until one knee rested on the sill. In another moment he was safe.

On either side of the window were clumsy iron hooks, used for keeping the casement open when it was thrown back. Securing the rope to one of these by a few rapid turns, he dashed the casement open and sprang into the room.

"Marcelle! Marcelle!"

He was answered instantly by an eager cry. Marcelle, who had been on her knees in the middle of the room, rose almost in terror. Surprised in her sleep, she had given herself up for lost, but with her characteristic presence of mind she had hurriedly donned a portion of her attire. Her feet, arms, and neck were bare, and her hair fell loose upon her shoulders.

"It is I—Rohan! I have come to save you, and there is no time to lose. Come away!"

While he spoke the house trembled violently, as if shaken to its foundations. Marcelle gazed on her lover as if stupefied; his appearance seemed unaccountable and preternatural. Stepping across the room, the floor of which seemed to quake beneath his feet, he threw his arms around her and drew her towards the window.

"Do not be afraid!" he said, in a hollow voice. "You will be saved yet, Marcelle. Come!"

He did not attempt any fonder greeting; his whole manner was that of a man burthened by the danger of the hour. But Marcelle, whom recent events had made somewhat hysterical, clung to him wildly and lifted up her white face to his.

"Is it thou indeed? When the flood came I was dreaming of thee, and when I went to the window and saw the great waters

and heard the screaming of the folk I knelt and prayed to the good God. Rohan! Rohan!"

"Come away! there is no time to lose."

"How didst thou come? One would say thou hadst fallen from heaven. Ah, thou hast courage, and the people lie!"

He drew her to the window, and pointed down to the boat which still swung below the sill. Then in hurried whispers he besought her to gather all her strength and to act implicitly as he bade her, that her life might be saved.

Seizing the rope with his left hand, he drew the boat towards him until it swung close under the window. He then assisted her through the window, and bade her cling to his right arm with both hands while he let her down into the boat. Fearful but firm, she obeyed, and in another minute had dropped safely down. Loosening the rope and still keeping it in his hand, he followed. In another instant they were drifting seaward on the flood.

It was like a ghastly dream. Swept along on the turbid stream, amid floating trees, dead cattle and sheep, flotsam and jetsam of all kinds, Marcelle saw the houses flit by her in the moonlight, and heard troubled voices crying for help. Seated before her, Rohan managed the paddles, restraining as far as possible the impetuous progress of the boat. Again and again they were in imminent peril from collision, and as they proceeded the boat rapidly filled. Under Rohan's directions, however, Marcelle baled out the water, while he piloted the miserable craft with the oars.

At last they swept out into the open sea, where the tide, beaten by the wind and meeting with the flood, was "chopping" and boiling in short sharp waves. The danger was now almost over. With rapid strokes Rohan rowed in the direction of the shore whence he had started on the raft. Gathered there to receive him, with flashing torches and gleaming lanterns, was a crowd of women and men.

After a moment's hesitation he ran the boat in upon the shore.

"Leap out!" he cried to his companion.

Springing on the shore, Marcelle was almost immediately clasped in the arms of her mother, who was eagerly giving thanks to God. Amazed and aghast, the Corporal stood by with his nephews, gazing out at the dark figure of Rohan.

Before a word could be said Rohan had pushed off again.

"Stay, Rohan Gwenfern!" said a voice.

Rohan stood up erect in the boat.



"Are there no men among you," he cried, "that you stand there useless and afraid? There are more perishing out there, women and children. Jân Goron!"

"Here," answered a voice.

"The flood is going down, but the houses are still falling in, and lives are being lost. Come with me, and we will find boats."

"I will come," said Jân Goron; and wading up to the waist, he climbed into the boat with Rohan. Marcelle uttered a low cry as the two pushed off in the direction of the village.

"God forgive me!" murmured the Corporal. "He is a brave man!"

The tide was now ebbing rapidly, and though the village was still submerged, the floods were no longer rising. Nevertheless, the devastation to a certain extent continued, and every moment added to the peril of those survivors who remained in the village.

Aided by Jân Goron, Rohan soon discovered, among the cluster of boats at anchor, several large fishing skiffs. Springing into one, and abandoning the small boat, the two men managed with the aid of the paddles to row to the shore, towing astern another skiff similar to the one in which they sat. A loud shout greeted them as they ran into land.

Totally forgetful of his personal position, Rohan now rapidly addressed the men in tones of command. Oars were found and brought, and soon both skiffs were manned by powerful crews and pulling in the direction of the village. In the stern of one stood Rohan, guiding and inspiring his companions.

What followed was only a repetition of Rohan's former adventure, shorn of much of its danger and excitement. The inundation was now comparatively subdued, and the men found little difficulty in rowing their boats through the streets. Soon the skiffs were full of women and children, half fainting and still moaning with fear. After depositing these in safety, the rescuing party returned to the village and continued their work of mercy.

It was weary work, and it lasted for hours. As the night advanced other boats appeared, some from neighbouring villages, and moved with flashing lights about the dreary waste of waters. It was found necessary again and again to enter the houses and to search the upper portions for paralysed women and helpless children; and at great peril many creatures were rescued thus. Where the peril was greatest, Rohan Gwenfern led; he seemed, indeed, to know no fear.

At last, when the first peep of dawn came, all the good work was done, and not a living soul remained to be saved. As the dim chill light rose on the scene of desolation, showing more clearly the flooded village with its broken gables and ruined walls, Rohan stepped on the shore close to his mother's cottage, and found himself almost immediately surrounded by an excited crowd. Now for the first time the full sense of his extraordinary position came upon him, and he drew back like a man expecting violence. Ragged, half naked, haggard, ghastly, and dripping wet, he looked a strange spectacle. Murmurs of wonder and pity arose as he gazed on the people. A woman whose two children he had saved that night rushed forward, and with many appeals to the Virgin kissed his hands. He saw the Corporal standing by, pale and troubled, looking on the ground; and near to him Marcelle, with her passionate white face shining towards him.

Half stupefied, he moved up the strand. The crowd parted to let him pass.

"In the name of the Emperor!" cried a voice. A hand was placed upon his arm, and turning quietly he encountered the eyes of Mikel Grallon.

Grallon's interference was greeted with angry murmurs, for the popular sympathy was all with the hero of the night.

"Stand back, Mikel Grallon!" cried many voices.

"It is the deserter!" said Grallon, stubbornly, and he repeated "In the name of the Emperor!"

Before he could utter another word he found himself seized in a pair of powerful arms and hurled to the ground. Rohan Gwenfern himself had not lifted a finger. The attack came from quite another quarter. The old Corporal, red with rage, had sprung upon Grallon, and was fiercely holding him down.

Scarcely paying any attention, Rohan passed quietly through the crowd and rapidly ascended the cliff. Pausing on the summit, he looked down quietly for some seconds; then he disappeared.

But the Corporal still held Mikel Grallon down, shaking him as a furious old hound shakes a rat.

"In the name of the Emperor!" he cried, angrily echoing the prostrate man's own words. "Beast, lie still!"

*(To be continued.)*

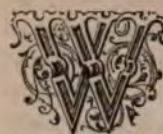
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## RECOVERY OF PALESTINE.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

### III.—UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.



WE are making out a new plan of Jerusalem: of that Jerusalem which was seen and trodden by our Lord. We are far from having done our work as yet, but we are steadily recovering a true and vivid picture of the Holy City as it stood when He looked down into its streets and courts from Olivet. We now know, as He knew, the great wall along the Cedron valley, the holy of holies on the Temple mount, the wide dip of the Tyropæon, with the bridge, the palace, the prætorium, the three towers, and the mighty walls ascending from the Hebron gate towards the Assyrian camp.

In every place we seek the live rock. Here we are sure, and here only we are sure. Take one example of our work. Long ago men suspected that the Cedron valley (spoken of by the prophets as the valley of Jehoshaphat) used to be deeper than it is now, to be more rugged and desolate than it is now, and even to have another course than it has now. The texts of Scripture hardly tally with the apparent bed. The fall should be more abrupt, the chasms darker than they look. In these soft slopes, here dotted with trees and there with graves, we fail to catch the awful features of that ravine in which the enemies of Israel are to be gathered and judged. If the prophet Joel meant the valley parting Moriah from Olivet as his place of judgment, the natural aspects of the ravine must have been greatly changed. Have they? Yes; our spades say—yes. By sinking shafts in the soil—the waste of many buildings during many ages—we have found the original Cedron bed. In ancient times this bed lay more than eighty feet nearer to the Temple wall than the present hollow. The bed sank more than thirty feet deeper than it does now. The lower courses of the wall were then exposed, and the coping-stones overhung a dark precipitate gorge. By drilling to the rock and clearing off the waste of centuries we are able to see the ravine over which the Temple rose, as it was seen by Joel and Ezekiel. Then the New Testament speaks of the Cedron as a brook: “Jesus went forth with His disciples over the

brook Cedron." There is no brook in that hollow now, and critics have been exercised in finding an excuse for such a name as brook being given. Our spades found out the truth. When we arrived at the natural bed we saw water flowing as of old. Water will find a level, and will always run along the lowest course. Remove the rubbish which conceals the Cedron of St. John, and you will find the brook Cedron which our Lord and His disciples crossed.

In seeking for the rock surface, as the Tyrian builders had to seek in order to secure a solid platform for their structures, we have come in many parts of Jerusalem on extremely ancient works. Here it is a length of scarped rock, there an unsuspected wall, anon a primitive canal. In one place we find original quarry marks on a stone; in a second place, under old and broken arches, we find still older and more broken arches. Now we strike on secret tunnels; now we drop into buried tanks. Again, we enter unknown chambers, grope through noisome passages, and crawl through the slits of ruined towers, all trace of which had passed beyond the memory of man. This underground Jerusalem is at once both old and new. At intervals we pick up pot shards, bits of jugs, and broken glass. Here is a cheap domestic jar, and here again some pottery with the monogram of an unknown king. Fragments of vase handles were found at a great depth, among heaps of broken pottery, not far from the Temple wall. They are Phœnician works. One fragment is stamped with the Phœnician letters:

LE MELEK ZEPHA.

In English, King Zepha's, or King Zepha's vase. The stamp is like our royal arms; more strictly perhaps like our book-plates. The bird with outspread wings is a dove, a bird held sacred by the Phœnicians of Tyre. With them the dove was regal and divine. No man was allowed to kill a dove, and to eat the flesh was sacrilege. A dove, with wings like Helios, perched on a golden bull or globe, was the Tyrian symbol of empire. Hence it was the stamp and signet of a king. Who was this Zepha? Of what dynasty was he member, of what country was he king? There was a Zephi or Zepho, Duke of Edom; but he was a grandson of Esau, and died seven hundred years before Solomon was born. Zepha must have been a king of Tyre. Strange that his glory should have passed away; he and his country and his gods; and that after the earth had swallowed him up, this bit of broken pottery, cast as waste under the Temple wall, should bring to light, and restore to history, his name, his regal mark, and his sacred dove!



In carrying on our work we squeeze into drains, we fight through choked up cisterns, and we creep into hollow walls. Here we have to break through roofs, there we have to drop down sinks, and crawl up sewers. The mining in Vinegar Yard was child's play compared against our boring through the bowels of Jerusalem. Some of our discoveries are enigmas. A chamber, hitherto unknown, is found in the Haram wall. Captain Warren, moling under the earth, noticed a slit in the Haram wall, made by cutting out parts of the lower and upper beds of two courses. The slit was four inches wide and eighteen inches long. What could it be and whither could it lead? Warren was forty feet below the ground; a stone was dropped; a sound came back. There was a chamber in the wall. By coaxing the slit with an iron tool he opened it three inches more, and then with much squeezing got through into the secret chamber in the wall. More mystery awaited him. The passage was forty-six feet long, and seemed to end in a wall on the Birket Israel, the ancient pool of Bethesda. Some of the stones are sixteen to eighteen feet long. Three holes are drilled through the great stone at the end. Some of the work is comparatively recent, and a rude carving of a Byzantine cross suggests that Syrian Christians were employed on the repairs. These modern craftsmen may have been employed by Constantine the Great!

But while we meet with some puzzles, we also meet with many facts which come on us like flashes of morning light. One of our capital discoveries in underground Jerusalem is that of the Phœnician letters. We have found them in two or three different places, always at a great depth, and in every case on stones which have the Tyrian level. All these marks are in red paint; the stones in their original sites. When we have found these marks, it is hard to doubt, from the surroundings, that we stand in presence of Solomonic work.

Sinking a shaft in front of the north-eastern angle, Captain Warren struck the Temple wall within six feet of the corner stone. Marks in red paint were seen: they were evidently mason's marks, and seemed to be Phœnician numerals. Some of the letters were five inches high; drops and streaks of paint are splashed about, as the Tyrian craftsmen dabbed and dried their brushes. The regular marks seemed to have been made before the stones were built in; no doubt in the quarries where the stones were cut and dressed. When touched by a wet finger the paint came off.

Of these great stones the world had no other history when we

began our labours than that of the original builder. "The foundations were of costly stones, even great stones, stones of ten cubits, and stones of eight cubits." Captain Warren has found these stones, and verified this rather startling text. He stood in presence of these great stones, eight cubits and ten cubits in length. "The King commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones to lay the foundations of the house, and Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them." Our explorer stood in front of these stones as Hiram's engineers stood when they were first laid in the rock.

Emanuel Deutsch arrived in Jerusalem while the shaft was open, and he went down it to inspect this record of his race. In the port at Sidon he afterwards found marks of the same kind, and after careful weighing of the evidence he came to these three conclusions:—1. The marks on the Temple stones are Phœnician. 2. They were painted before the stones were built in. 3. They are quarry-signs, not writings or inscriptions. In another part of the same wall, at a great depth below the ground, Captain Warren found other marks, also Phœnician, painted in red colours by the Tyrian quarrymen.

I call the finding of these mason's marks one of our capital discoveries, for two reasons:—in the first place, because they settle the question of whether this work was Solomonic or Herodian; in the second place, because they prove the literary accuracy of the text in Kings, that workmen from Tyre were employed in quarrying these stones for the Temple wall. Theorists who cut the Temple mount into pieces want us to believe that the work is Herodian, built with a view to an enlargement of the Temple area. This contention falls to the ground in presence of these mason's marks. Herod employed Greek artisans, who knew nothing of Phœnician letters and numerals. Their marks would have been in Greek. No less striking is the evidence in favour of the sacred text. This narrative has been the subject of much debate. Josephus gives two accounts of Solomon's buildings on the Temple hill, and these accounts unhappily disagree. Lewin supposes that Josephus made his first statement before he had studied his subject with much care. A difficulty is admitted. But our discovery removes suspicion from the sacred text. "Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them." In the presence of our Phœnician marks, it is impossible to doubt that Hiram's builders did also help to hew these stones.

Captain Warren pushed his gallery along the wall from the stone



marked by the Phœnician letters, to the south-eastern angle. He worked round the corner stone. Corner stones were considered by the Jews as having a spiritual character. They held things together. Any stones in the first course served for the upper wall to rest on; but the corner stones faced two ways, and had two functions to sustain. They served as rests and clamps. Hence they had a moral significance. Hence the poetry of Israel overflows with reference to them. Isaiah sings of "a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." Jeremiah, in denouncing Zion, cries in his prophetic fury, "They shall not take of thee a stone for a corner, nor a stone for foundation." The chief glory is the corner stone. Our Lord is called the corner stone, and chief corner stone, by His disciples; and on one occasion, quoting from the Psalms, He used the corner stone rejected by the builders in happy illustration of His own place in Israel. Of all corner stones, those of the Temple were the most important and the most sacred in Jewish eyes.

Here was Captain Warren not only touching this sacred block, the chief corner stone, which in the minds of both St. Peter and St. Paul symbolised our Lord, but prodding it with his pick and scraping it with his iron tools. Never since that stone left the quarry had an iron instrument grazed its side. No iron tool ever came near the Temple hill. "The house was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither," says the Book of Kings: "so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house." Iron was a suspected metal. In the Rabbinical traditions iron is described as "the shortener of man's days." As the altar was given to man as a blessing, it was called "the lengthener of days." Hence it was unlawful for that which cuts life short to come near that which gives length of days. The corner stone is a huge block, finely dressed, lying ninety feet below the present ground. Nowhere on earth, not even in the classical remains of Italy, can any wall be seen so striking as the ramparts resting in the days of Solomon on this corner stone.

To make a sure bed for this block, the rock had been cut away and levelled to a depth of two feet. The upper surface of the rock was soft, and the original architects had cut down to a harder surface. On that harder bed the stone was laid. And here a curious thing was seen. Scraping round the great stone, Captain Warren found that a niche had been scooped under the big block; a niche some twelve inches wide by twelve inches deep. Mould

seemed to fill it up; but on the removal of this mould a small Phœnician jar was found in the hole.

Who placed this jar under the corner stone? The bit of pottery has neither beauty of form nor value of material to make it precious in our sight. A common jar, baked of ordinary clay, why was it placed so carefully beneath the chief foundation of the Temple wall? That stone was fixed in the cut rock, where it now lies, three thousand years ago, in the presence of King Solomon and all his court. Hundreds of princes, millions of pilgrims, have gone this way, and all these years that little earthenware jar has been keeping its secret under the corner stone of the Temple wall!

In front of the Golden Gate, lying out in the Cedron valley, we have found a wall of ancient and massive stones. Unable to sink a shaft near the gate, Captain Warren began at the distance of a hundred and forty feet, sunk his shaft to the rock surface, and then drove a gallery towards the wall. He crossed a tank or sepulchre, of ancient form, and near this work he found a scarp, three feet nine inches high, with an inclination west and north. A wall of rough masonry topped this buried scarp. Warren was now fifty feet below the ground. Breaking through the rough masonry, he pushed towards the gate, hoping to get at the first course of stones, as he had done near the corner stone. A few yards onward he found a sharp rise in the rock surface—not, however, a scarp—and two yards farther on a second rough mass of wall. The picks soon drilled a way through this obstacle, and the gallery crept forward till the miners came to an inverted pillar—the most singular object they had found in their strange adventures. This pillar was suspended in the earth. How it hung there was a mystery. On the lower flat were seen some marks, apparently engraved, and probably those of a dial. Whether this column has any fellows could not be ascertained.

Passing this mysterious shaft, our miners came on a wall of huge stones, running north and south. Undaunted by this obstacle, they raised their picks, and tore a hole into it more than five feet deep; but no mining tools in their possession were strong enough to drill through such a wall. They were now about forty-six feet from the Golden Gate. Unable to cut a way through, they tried to get over the top, but without success. The only way was to get round, so they drove a gallery to the south for fourteen feet, but in that direction the work had no break. On turning to the north they drove much farther, finding no break, but noting that the buried



wall ran off in the direction of north-west, apparently towards the Cedron ravine.

What was the function of this buried wall, lying forty-six feet forward in the Cedron valley? No reply has yet been given. Herr Schick, indeed, using Captain Warren's discoveries in concocting his new plan of Jerusalem, has thrown an outer wall round the Temple platform, which outer wall he has carried up the Cedron ravine from Siloam. Since the Temple wall was absolutely impregnable on the eastern face, another explanation must be sought. I offer mine.

The Golden Gate has always been a mystery. It is an ancient and a beautiful pile. The date is in dispute. Viollet le Duc says it may be the work of Herod, Hadrian, or Constantine. Fergusson ascribes it to the reign of Constantine. The passage has long been closed. An Arab legend says it was blocked up in consequence of a prophecy that when the city falls a Christian army will enter by this gate. Heraclius was said to have entered by this opening when he brought back the Holy Cross to Jerusalem on his return from the Persian war. Fear of a second Christian victor greater than Heraclius may have led to the closing of this famous gate. What the Colosseum was to mediæval Rome the Golden Gate was to mediæval Palestine. The Crusaders kept it closed; the Saracens built it up. Among the Christians it was honoured as the gate of Christ: the gate by which He came into the Temple courts. Once a year the portals were thrown back, and a procession entered from the road by Olivet, bearing palms and singing hosannas to the Lord.

The name of this gate has frequently been changed. In ancient days it was called Shusan Gate (Gate of Susa) from the circumstance that a plan of that famous city was engraved on the door in golden lines. About the time of our Lord it was known as the Golden Gate or Beautiful Gate. The Greek word means beauty, the Latin word means golden, and our own translators use the name Beautiful. Other Christians call it Golden. By the Saracens it was called Bab ed Dabaria—Gate of Eternity; and by the modern Arab it is called Bab er Ramâh—Gate of Mercy. It has not been noticed, in connection with this mystery, that the name of Golden Gate was familiar to the Syrian converts and was represented by them as having been familiar to the Jews. Jerome mentions the name twice, and gives the reason why it was called Golden Gate. "When you come to the Golden Gate of Jerusalem" he makes the angel say to Mary's father, "Go up to Jerusalem,

and when you shall come to that which is called the Golden Gate, because it is gilt with gold" . . . he makes the same angel say to Anne. The doctrinal value of St. Jerome's gospel may be disputed, but the topographical value of a writer who lived and wrote in the vicinity of Moriah cannot be denied.

These passages prove that the Golden Gate was an entrance to the Temple, open to all Hebrews, in the time of our Lord. It was the first and easiest entrance for a worshipper coming in from Bethany. A very old tradition makes it the scene of Peter's miracle. A word which the Greeks rendered "Beautiful" and the Latins rendered "Golden" was the same; so that the entrance mentioned by St. Jerome and St. Luke must have been the same. If so, the Golden Gate was the usual entrance to the Temple on the eastern face.

How was this sharp crest ascended from the Cedron gorge? Even now, where the valley is partly filled up and the river bed is pushed some distance from the wall, the slope is hard to climb. In former days it dropped down suddenly some hundred feet. Was there a bridge across the brook Cedron, and a flight of steps leading from that bridge across the Cedron to this Golden Gate? Was the ground terraced to support these steps, and the outward wall built to support such terrace? "The temple being built in a mountain," says St. Jerome, "the altar . . . could not be come near but by steps." If the great outer wall sustained a terrace, the two walls of rough masonry which Captain Warren cut through may have supported the lower steps. A bridge across the Cedron and a flight of steps into the Temple are so necessary to the position that many travellers, looking on Moriah from Mount Olivet, have fancied such a work. If such a work existed, it must have started from the Golden Gate. If so, the old legends were true, and this opening in the Temple was the passage not only of St. Peter but of our Lord.

On the ridge of Ophel, and along the water-courses leading from the Virgin's Fountain to Siloam, our discoveries have been no less strange than serious, since they modify all previous theories on the subject of that royal suburb. Lewin, whose plan of ancient Jerusalem takes in a larger part of Ophel than is commonly embraced within the walls, starts his walls from the *western* corner of the vaults called King Solomon's stables, and passing near the Virgin's Pool, includes the tower of Siloam, but excludes the pool of that name. Captain Warren's excavation shows that this plan is wrong in its main features. The wall, of which the date is very ancient, started from a point lying outside the *eastern* corner of King Solomon's



stables, dropped by the Virgin's Pool, and apparently passed near the pool of Siloam, over which stood the famous tower, to the fall of which our Lord refers. That tower of Siloam was one of the defences of the Ophel wall.

The tower of Siloam is mentioned only once in history, but that one mention gives it an immortal name. "Jesus, answering, said . . . these eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you—nay." That this tower, which fell during our Lord's ministry in Jerusalem, stood near the spring of Siloam, has been assumed by every one. No spring in Israel had so wide a fame as that of Siloam. The waters were sweet, and in a Jew's opinion cleansing. Natives of every race and creed regarded them as holy. High priests used them in the sacrifices. Jesus sent the blind man to wash in the pool of Siloam, where he received his sight. Mohammed, say the Arabs, called the fountains of Zemzem and Siloam "waters of Paradise." Zemzem is the famous well in the temple at Mecca, the healing virtues of which are known throughout Islam. But the tower of Siloam had no repute until it fell, and by its fall suggested an illustration to the unknown Messiah. Josephus speaks of the fountain, not of the tower; and the name has found no place on the page of either Jew or Greek. We know it from St. John, and only from St. John. Where it once stood has been a puzzle, for the position of the Ophel wall was unknown, and the relation of the tower to that defending rampart equally unknown.

Captain Warren's discovery throws a new light on all this royal slope, and on the King's garden which spread beyond the pool. He came on it by chance. Refused permission to dig in the Haram, he sunk a shaft outside the south-eastern corner, with a view of working towards the wall at a second point; urged by the hope of finding more Phœnician letters on the great blocks. He started twelve yards from the angle, and by accident struck an ancient wall. At once he turned to this new face and ran along it eastward till he touched the rock; then, turning round, he worked up north, striking a cross wall four feet thick, which he cut through, and drilled on steadily to the Temple wall. Looking for a good thing, Captain Warren found a better. Here, for the first time seen by modern critics, was the Ophel, so often mentioned in the great siege, and so necessary in the search for the tower of Siloam. The fragments told their story, so that he who ran might read. No part of these works are Solomonic, nor in any

way resemble the mighty masses on which they lean. The stones are small. Only the upper course is drafted. There is no batter, as in the Temple work. The foundations are not sunk into the solid rock. A layer of hard clay lies on the rock surface, and on this hard clay the original builders were content to rest. All these conditions prove that Ophel was surrounded by defences at a later date. Compared with older work, lying near about, the Ophel wall is poor in material, and was probably thrown up in haste.

Hence we may see a reason why the tower of Siloam fell.






# DOUGLAS JERROLD AND HIS LETTERS.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## PART II.

HAT Jerrold felt the misinterpretation with which his satirical hits at women's foibles had been sometimes received is evident in the following letter, which he wrote to thank our sister, Sabilla Novello, who had knitted him a purse:—

Putney Green, June 9th.

DEAR MISS NOVELLO,—I thank you very sincerely for your present, though I cannot but fear its fatal effect upon my limited fortunes, for it is so very handsome that whenever I produce it I feel that I have thousands a year, and, as in duty bound, am inclined to pay accordingly. I shall go about, to the astonishment of all omnibii men, insisting upon paying sovereigns for sixpences. Happily, however, this amiable insanity will cure itself (or I may always bear my wife with me as a keeper).

About this comedy. I am writing it under the most significant warnings. As the Eastern king—name unknown, to me at least—kept a crier to warn him that he was but mortal and must die, and so to behave himself as decently as it is possible for any poor king to do, so do I keep a flock of eloquent geese that continually, within ear-shot, cackle of the British public. Hence, I trust to defeat the birds of the Haymarket by the birds of Putney.

But in this comedy I *do* contemplate *such* a heroine, as a set-off to the many sins imputed to me as committed against woman, whom I have always considered to be an admirable idea imperfectly worked out. Poor soul! she can't help that. Well, this heroine shall be woven of moon-beams—a perfect angel, with one wing cut to keep her among us. She shall be all devotion. She shall hand over her lover (never mind *his* heart, poor wretch!) to her grandmother, who she suspects is very fond of him, and then, disguising herself as a youth, she shall enter the British navy, and return in six years, say, with epaulets on her shoulders, and her name in the Navy List, rated Post-Captain. You will perceive that I have Madame Celeste in my eye—am measuring her for the uniform. And young ladies will sit in the boxes, and with tearful eyes, and noses like rose-buds, say, "What magnanimity!" And when this great work is done—this monument of the very best gilt gingerbread to woman set up on the Haymarket stage—you shall, if you will, go and see it, and make one to cry for the "Author," rewarding him with a crown of tin-foil, and a shower of sugar-plums.

In lively hope of that ecstatic moment, I remain, yours truly,  
DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The following is one of his playful notes, also addressed to Sabilla Novello :—

Putney Common, June 18th.

MY DEAR MISS NOVELLO,—I ought ere this to have thanked you for the prospectus. I shall certainly avail myself of its proffered advantages, and, on the close of the vacation, send my girl.

I presume, ere that time, you will have returned to the purer shades of Bayswater from all the pleasant iniquities of Paris. I am unexpectedly deprived of every chance of leaving home, at least for some time, if at all this season, by a literary projection that I thought would have been deferred until late in the autumn; otherwise, how willingly would I black the seams and elbows of my coat with my ink, and elevating my quill into a *cure-dent*, hie me to the "*Trois-Frères*"! But this must not be for God knows when—or the Devil (my devil, mind) better. I am indeed "nailed to the dead wood," as Lamb says; or rather, in this glorious weather, I feel as somehow a butterfly, or, since I am getting fat, a June fly, impaled on iron pin, or pen, must feel fixed to one place, with every virtuous wish to go anywhere and everywhere, with anybody and almost every body. I am not an independent spinster, but—"I won't weep." Not one unmanly tear shall stain this sheet.

With desperate calmness I subscribe myself, yours faithfully,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The next enclosed tickets of admission to the performance of Ben Jonson's comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," at Miss Kelly's little theatre in Dean Street, Soho, when Jerrold played Master Stephen; Charles Dickens, Bobadil; Mark Lemon, Brainworm; John Forster, Kitely; and John Leech, Master Mathew. It was the first attempt of that subsequently famous amateur company, and a glorious beginning it was. Douglas Jerrold's Master Stephen, that strong mongrel likeness of Abraham Slender and Andrew Aguecheek, was excellently facetious in the conceited coxcombry of the part, and in its occasional smart retorts was only *too good*—that is to say, he showed just too keen a consciousness of the aptness and point in reply for the blunt perceptions of such an oaf as Master Stephen. For instance, when Bobadil, disarmed and beaten by Downright, exclaims "Sure I was struck with a planet thence," and Stephen rejoins "No, you were *struck with a stick*," the words were uttered with that peculiar Jerroldian twinkle of the eye and humorously dry inflection of the voice that accompanied the speaker's own repartees, and made one behold Douglas Jerrold himself beneath the garb of Master Stephen.

Thursday, Sept., 1845.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—In haste I send you accompanying. "Call no man happy till he is dead," says the sage. Never give



thanks for tickets for an amateur play till the show is over. You don't know what may be in store for you—and for us!

Alas, regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play—(or try to play).

Yours faithfully,

D. JERROLD.

Jerrold would perceive the germ of a retort before you had well begun to form your sentence, and would bring it forth in full blossom the instant you had done speaking. He had a way of looking straight in the face of one to whom he dealt a repartee, and with an expression of eye that seemed to ask appreciation of the point of the thing he was going to say, thus depriving it of personality or ill-nature. It was as if he called upon its object to enjoy it with him, rather than to resent its sharpness. There was a peculiar compression with a sudden curve or lift up of the lip that showed his own sense of the fun of the thing he was uttering, while his glance met his interlocutor's with a firm unflinching roguery and an unfaltering drollery of tone that had none of the sidelong furtive look and irritating tone of usual utterers of mere rough retorts. When an acquaintance came up to him and said "Why, Jerrold, I hear you said my nose was like the ace of clubs!" Jerrold returned "No, I didn't; but now I look at it, I see it is very like." The question of the actual resemblance was far less present to his mind than the neatness of his own turn upon the complainant. So with a repartee, which he repeated to us himself as having made on a particular occasion, evidently relishing the comic audacity, and without intending a spark of insolence. When the publisher of *Bentley's Miscellany* said to Jerrold "I had some doubts about the name I should give the magazine; I thought at one time of calling it 'The Wits' Miscellany,'" "Well," was the rejoinder, "but you needn't have gone to the other extremity." Knowing Jerrold, we feel that had the speaker been the most brilliant genius that ever lived the retort would have been the same, the patness having once entered his brain. During one of those delightful walks home at night to which we have alluded in our "Recollections," after a brilliant evening at Serle's house, Jerrold, in high spirits, chatted on with us, giving utterance at last to a jest that had more latitude of expression than is generally used excepting among men; then turned to M. C. C., saying "I'm afraid I ought to apologise to you, oughtn't I?" He received for answer, "If ever you refrain from saying anything that comes into your head because I am present, I shall take it as an affront—nay, an injury." He would

drop his witticisms like strewed flowers, as he went on talking, lavishly, as one who possessed countless store; yet always with that glance of enjoyment in them himself, and of challenging your sympathetic relish for them in return, which acknowledges the truth of the Shakespearian axiom "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it." He illustrated his conversation, as it were, by these wit-blossoms cast in by the way. Speaking of a savage biting critic, Jerrold said "Oh yes, he'll review the book, as an east wind reviews an apple-tree." Of an actress who thought inordinately well of herself, he said "She's a perfect whitlow of vanity." And of a young writer who brought out his first raw specimen of authorship, Jerrold said "He is like a man taking down his shop-shutters before he has any goods to sell."

Jerrold had a keen appreciation of smart retort in others as well as of his own. A dear little godchild of ours, who had been staying at Greenwich one summer with her parents, and used to prattle with some of the old college pensioners while she played in the park there, on her return to town spoke of them to Jerrold, who was an intimate visitor at the house. He said "Ah, you have left all the dear old fellows behind you at Greenwich; you've no wooden legs here!" "Oh yes, we have!" she answered. "Why, where?" asked he. She crept under the table, and tapping one of its mahogany legs, said, looking triumphantly up at him, "Why, here." Jerrold laughed one of his heartiest laughs at the reply, and often afterwards reverted to it as the child's "capital answer."

One of the pleasant occasions on which we met Douglas Jerrold was at a house where a dance was going on as we entered the room; and in a corner, near to the dancers, we saw him sitting, and made our way to his side. With her back towards where he and we sat was a pretty little shapely figure in pink silk, standing ready to begin the next portion of the quadrille; and he pointed towards it, saying—

"Mrs. Jerrold is here to-night; there she is."

"Not like the figure of a *grandmamma*," was the laughing reply, for we had heard that a grandchild had just been born to them, and we thought of what we had once heard recounted of the first time he had seen her,—he, an impetuous lad of eighteen, just returned from sea,—and she, a girl with so neat and graceful a figure that as he beheld it he exclaimed "That girl shall be my wife!" So mere a stripling was he when he married that he told us the clergyman who joined their hands, seeing the almost boyishly youthful look of the bridegroom, addressed a few kind and fatherly



words to him after the ceremony, bidding him remember the serious duty he had undertaken of providing for a young girl's welfare, and that he must remember her future happiness in life depended henceforth mainly upon him as her husband.

It was on that same evening that we are speaking of that Jerrold said "I want to introduce you to a young poetess only nineteen years of age"; and took us into the next room, where was a young lady robed in simple white muslin, with light brown hair smoothly coiled round a well-formed head, and an air of grave and queenly quiet dignity. She sat down to the piano at request, and accompanied herself in Tennyson's song of "Mariana in the Moated Grange," singing with much expression and with a deep contralto voice. It was before she was known to the world as a prose writer, before she had put forth to the world her first novel of "The Ogilvies."

Another introduction to a distinguished writer we owe to Douglas Jerrold. We had been to call upon him at his pretty residence, West Lodge, Putney Common, when we found him just going to drive himself into town in a little pony carriage he at that time kept. He made us accompany him; and as we passed through a turnpike on the road back to London we saw a gentleman approaching on horseback. Jerrold and he saluted each other, and then we were presented to him, and heard his name,—William Makepeace Thackeray. Many years after that his daughter, paying her first visit to Italy, was brought by a friend to see us in Genoa, and charmed us by the sweetness and unaffected simplicity of her manners.

That cottage at Putney,—its garden, its mulberry-tree, its grass plot, its cheery library, with Douglas Jerrold as the chief figure in the scene,—remains as a bright and most pleasant picture in our memory. He had an almost reverential fondness for books—books themselves—and said he could not bear to treat them, or to see them treated, with disrespect. He told us it gave him pain to see them turned on their faces, stretched open, or dog's-eared, or carelessly flung down, or in any way misused. He told us this holding a volume in his hand with a caressing gesture, as though he tendered it affectionately and gratefully for the pleasure it had given him. He spoke like one who had known what it was in former years to buy a book when its purchase involved a sacrifice of some other object, from a not over-stored purse. We have often noticed this in book-lovers who, like ourselves, have had volumes come into cherished possession at times when their glad

owners were not rich enough to easily afford book-purchases. Charles Lamb had this tenderness for books; caring nothing for their gaudy clothing, but hugging a rare folio all the nearer to his heart for its worn edges and shabby binding. Another peculiarity with regard to his books Jerrold had, which was, that he liked to have them thoroughly *within reach*; so that, as he pointed out to us, he had the book-shelves which ran round his library walls at Putney carried no higher than would permit of easy access to the top shelf. Above this there was sufficient space for pictures, engravings, &c., and we had the pleasure of contributing two ornaments to this space, in the form of a bust of Shakespeare and one of Milton, on brackets after a design by Michael Angelo, which brought from dear Douglas Jerrold the following pleasant letter:—

Putney, August 8th.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I know not how best to thank you for the surprise you and Clarke put upon me this morning. These casts, while demanding reverence for what they represent and typify, will always associate with the feeling that of sincerest regard and friendship for the donors. These things will be very precious to me, and, I hope, for many a long winter's night awaken frequent recollections of the thoughtful kindness that has made them my household gods. I well remembered the brackets, but had forgotten the master. But this is the gratitude of the world.

I hope that my girl will be able to be got ready for this quarter; but in a matter that involves the making, trimming, and fitting of gowns or frocks, it is not for one of my benighted sex to offer a decided opinion. I can only timidly venture to believe that the young lady's trunk will be ready in a few days.

Pandora's box was only a box of woman's clothes—with a Sunday gown at the bottom.—Yours truly,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

It was while Jerrold was living at West Lodge that he not only founded the Whittington Club, but also the Museum Club, which, when he asked us to belong to it, he said he wanted to make a mart where literary men could congregate, become acquainted, form friendships, discuss their rights and privileges, be known to assemble, and therefore could be readily found when required. "I want to make it," he said, "*a house of call for writers.*" It was at Putney that Jerrold told us the amusing (and very characteristic) story of himself when he was at sea as a youngster. He and some officers on board had sent ashore a few men to fetch a supply of fresh fruit and vegetables, at some port into which the



ship had put when she was on one of her voyages, and, on the boat's return alongside, it was found that one of the men had decamped. The ship sailed without the runaway, and on her return to England Jerrold quitted the service. Some years after he was walking in the Strand, and saw a man with a baker's basket on his shoulder staring in at a shop window, whom Jerrold immediately recognised as the deserter from the ship. He went up to the man, slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed "I say! what a long time you've been gone for those cherries!" The dramatic surprise of the exclamation was quite in Jerrold's way.

There was a delightful irony—an implied compliment beneath his sharp things—that made them exquisitely agreeable. They were said with a spice of slyness, yet with a fully-evident confidence that they would not be misunderstood by the person who was their object. When we went over to West Lodge after the opening of the Whittington Club, to take him a cushion for his library arm-chair, with the head of a cat that might have been Dick Whittington's own embroidered upon it, Jerrold turned to his wife, saying "My dear, they have brought me your portrait." And the smile that met his showed how well the woman who had been his devoted partner from youth comprehended the delicate force of the ironical jest which he could *afford* to address to *her*. In a similar spirit of pleasantry he wrote in the presentation copy of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" which he gave to M. C. C.: "Presented with great timidity, but equal regard, to Mrs. Cowden Clarke."

In 1848 was brought out a small pocket volume entitled "Shakespeare Proverbs: or, the Wise Saws of our Wisest Poet collected into a Modern Instance"; and its dedication ran thus: "To Douglas Jerrold, the first wit of the present age, these Proverbs of Shakespeare, the first wit of any age, are inscribed by Mary Cowden Clarke, of a certain age, and no wit at all." This brought the following playful letter of acknowledgment:—

West Lodge, Putney, December 31st.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—You must imagine that all this time I have been endeavouring to regain my breath, taken away by your too partial dedication. To find my name on such a page, and in such company, I feel like a sacrilegious knave who has broken into a church and is making off with the Communion plate. One thing is plain, Shakespeare *had* great obligations to you, but this last inconsiderate act has certainly cancelled them all. I feel that I ought never to speak or write again, but go down to the grave with my thumb in my mouth. It is the *only* chance I have of not betraying my pauper-like unworthiness to the association with

which you have—to the utter wreck of your discretion—astounded me.

The old year is dying with the dying fire whereat this is penned. That, however, you may have many, many happy years (though they can only add to the remorse for what you have done) is the sincere wish of yours truly (if you will not show the word to Clarke, I will say affectionately,)

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

When the "Concordance to Shakespeare" made its complete appearance it was thus greeted:—

December 5th, West Lodge, Putney Common.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I congratulate you and the world on the completion of your monumental work. May it make for you a huge bed of mixed laurels and bank-notes.

On your first arrival in Paradise you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare,—even though your husband should *happen* to be there.

That you and he, however, may long make for yourselves a Paradise here, is the sincere wish of—Yours truly,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

P.S. I will certainly *hitch* in a notice of the work in *Punch*, making it a special case; as we eschew Reviews.

The kind promise contained in the postscript to the above letter was fulfilled in the most graceful and ingenious manner by its writer, in a brilliant article he wrote some time after on "The Shakespeare Night" at Covent Garden Theatre, that took place the 7th December, 1847. After describing in glowing terms the festive look of the overflowing house, Jerrold proceeded:—"At a few minutes to seven, and quite unexpectedly, William Shakespeare, with his wife, the late Anne Hathaway, drove up to the private-box door, drawn by Pegasus, for that night only appearing in harness. . . . Shakespeare was received—and afterwards lighted to his box—by his editors, Charles Knight and Payne Collier, upon both of whom the poet smiled benignly; and saying some pleasant, commendable words to each, received from their hands their two editions of his immortality. And then from a corner Mrs. Cowden Clarke, timidly, and all one big blush, presented a play-bill, with some Hesperian fruit (of her own gathering). Shakespeare knew the lady at once; and, taking her two hands, and looking a Shakespearean look in her now pale face, said, in tones of unimaginable depth and sweetness, 'But where is *your* book, Mistress Mary Clarke? Where is your *Concordance*?' And, again, pressing her hands, with a smile of sun-lighted Apollo, said 'I pray you let me take it home with me.' And Mrs. Clarke, having no words, dropped



the profoundest 'Yes,' with knocking knees. — 'A very fair and cordial gentlewoman, Anne,' said Shakespeare, aside to his wife; but Anne merely observed that 'It was just like him; he was always seeing something fair where nobody else saw anything. The woman—odds her life!—was well enough.' And Shakespeare smiled again!"

That sentence of Shakespeare's "always seeing something fair where nobody else saw anything," is a profound piece of truth as well as wit; while the smile with which the poet is made to listen to his wife's intolerance of hearing her husband praise another woman is perfectly Jerroldian in its sly hit at a supposed prevalent feminine foible.

Jerrold had a keen sense of personal beauty in women. In the very article above quoted he uses expressions in speaking of Shakespeare's admiration for Mrs. Nesbitt's charms that strikingly evidence this point:—"Then taking a *deep look—a very draught of a look*—at Mrs. Nesbitt as Katherine, the poet turned to his wife, and said, *drawing his breath*—'What a *peach of a woman!*' Anne said nothing." Here, too, again, he concludes with the Jerroldian sarcastic touch. In confirmation of the powerful impression that loveliness in women had upon his imagination, we remember his telling us with enthusiasm of the merits in the Hon. Mrs. Norton's poem "The Child of the Islands." Dilating on some of its best passages, and adding that he had lately met her and spoken to her face to face, he concluded with the words "She herself is beautiful—even *dangerously* beautiful!" uttering them in a tone and with a look that were wonderfully eloquent.

Four letters we received from him were in consequence of an application that is stated in the first of them. The second mentions the wish of "the correspondent"; and this was that the letter in which the desired "two lines" were written should be sent without envelope, and on a sheet of paper that would bear the *post-mark*, as an evidence of genuineness. The third accepts the offer to share the promised "two ounces of Californian gold." And the fourth was written with one of the two gold pens, which were the shape in which the promised "two ounces" were sent to England by the "Enthusiasts:"—

West Lodge, Putney, October 10th, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I know a man who knows a man (in America) who says "I would give two ounces of Californian gold for two lines written by Mrs. Cowden Clarke!" Will you write me two lines for the wise enthusiast? and, IF I get the gold,

that will doubtless be paid with the Pennsylvanian Bonds, I will struggle with the angel Conscience that you may have it—that is, if the angel get the best of it. But against angels there are heavy odds.

I hope you left father and mother well, happy, and complacent, in the hope of a century at least. I am glad you stopped at Nice, and did not snuff the shambles of Rome. Mazzini, I hear, will be with us in a fortnight. European liberty is, I fear, manacled and gagged for many years. Nevertheless, in England, let us rejoice that beef is under a shilling a pound, and that next Christmas ginger will be hot i' the mouth.

Remember me to Clarke. I intend to go one of these nights and sit beneath him.—Yours faithfully,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

October 19th, 1849, Putney.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—Will you comply with the wish of my correspondent? The Yankees, it appears, are suspicious folks. I thought them Arcadians.—Truly yours,

D. JERROLD.

*(To be continued.)*

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## TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

MR. J. S. TALBOT sends me a story of the last New Zealand war with all the elements in it of plot, development, and dramatic situation, yet brief enough for Table Talk, and withal not merely "founded on fact" but authentic in all its details. This is how it runs:—"At the beginning of the Waikato war in 1863 Sir Duncan Cameron established his head-quarters at the Queen's Redoubt. Strong convoys passed almost daily between the redoubt and the village of Drury, a distance of twelve miles, protecting trains of carts bringing commissariat supplies and warlike material. But although we had stockades at well-chosen positions on the road, and great vigilance was observed, surprises were frequently attempted by the enemy, and more than once we suffered severe losses. The nature of the ground on both sides of the line of march was favourable to the native style of fighting, composed as it was of dense bush, with numerous ravines and gullies. One evening about dusk the camp redoubt was alarmed by shots sounding as if fired about a mile away. After a short pause came a rifle report, and then several dropping shots were heard approaching the camp. The picquet on the first alarm were quickly on the move. They had not proceeded far when they met a private of the 65th Regiment, named Conway, who stated, in a very excited manner, that he was returning 'off pass' from Drury in company with Colour-sergeant Johnstone of the 40th Regiment, and while passing some old stables of the Transport Corps they were fired upon by an ambuscade, when the sergeant fell dead, shot through the body. The officer in charge of the picquet marched on with his men and found the body in the place described; but although the ground in the vicinity was carefully examined not the slightest sign of natives could be seen, *and the body was untouched*: a very strange circumstance seeing that the Maories invariably plunder and frequently mutilate the dead or wounded enemy. In this case arms, ammunition, and accoutrements lay with the sergeant where he fell, and a haversack containing some documents connected with the company had not been disturbed. The search was renewed next morning, but all endeavours to obtain any indication

of an ambuscade were in vain, and the result was that strong suspicion of foul play fell upon Conway. It was thought that a quarrel might have arisen between the two men and that Sergeant Johnstone was shot by his comrade. A court of inquiry was held, the native interpreters did all in their power to ascertain through the professedly friendly natives if an ambuscade was formed on the night of the murder, and no effort was spared to unravel the mystery. But not a clue could be discovered, and as there was no evidence against Conway no further steps could be taken. The suspicion against him, however, daily increased in the camp; he was shunned and avoided by all, became dejected and sullen in appearance, and was seldom seen to speak to his comrades. Presently, however, a general move against a strong position of the enemy was ordered, and the excitement caused by the murder of Johnstone died out. Five years later, when the gold mania was at fever heat in Auckland, I was engaged with some friends 'prospecting' on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. We stopped one night, and pitched our camp in a native settlement or *pah*, and as darkness fell many of the inhabitants came to our tent. One of our party (Captain G——, afterwards a distinguished officer of the colonial forces) happened to have been an interpreter on General Cameron's staff at the time of Johnstone's murder, and he soon discovered that one of our Maori visitors had been fighting against us in '63, and commenced to 'draw him out.' I very much regretted that my limited knowledge of the Maori language prevented my understanding the conversation, but I could make out enough to know that G—— was successfully pumping our dusky friend with reference to the murder near the Queen's Redoubt, and when the New Zealander rose and left our tent G—— said 'Well, at last the mystery of Johnstone's death is solved, and Conway was *not* the murderer.' He told me what he had elicited. The native had acknowledged that he was one of a small party that left the enemy's camping place with the intention of 'killing the Pakeha' (stranger) on the night of Johnstone's death. They concealed themselves in the bush, about sixty yards from the road and a short distance from the edge of the clearing, where they remained until they thought it was almost too late for any white men to pass that night. They were about returning to their camp when they heard the voices of men coming up the road, and soon saw, indistinctly, two soldiers approaching. They



waited until the unsuspecting men were opposite them, then raised their guns, fired a volley, and, before the smoke had sufficiently cleared away to enable them to see the result of their fire, turned and fled from the spot as the bullet from Conway's rifle passed close to them and hastened their flight. 'Why did you run,' asked G——, 'when there was only one soldier left, and you might have killed him before he had time to reload his rifle?' 'True,' said the native, 'but I did not know until you told me that we had killed one of the men. Our fear was very great, for we knew that there was a short path from the General's camp by which the soldiers might come to cut off our retreat when they heard the shots fired, so we did not stop running until we knew we were safe. But,' he added, 'had I been sure that we shot the soldier I would have risked my life to tomahawk him and carry off his gunpowder and bullets. I do not wonder that your men could not see any traces of us, because we did not leave the bush at all, and the place all about where we were concealed had been trampled down by men engaged in cutting timber, so that no tracks of our naked feet could be seen.' This true anecdote may perhaps be read by some who remember the circumstances and the suspicion under which Conway suffered so painfully; and I am sure they will be glad to learn, although so late, that poor Johnstone met a soldier's death, and was not treacherously slain by the hand of a comrade.

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REMARKABLE in its similarity to the legends of the Azores which I quoted from Mr. Muddock's MS. in these pages in the July and August numbers, is a tradition to which Miss Louisa Frampton calls my attention. It is a superstition connected with the beetle, and signs of its existence are found not merely in countries where the mediæval spirit has been preserved, but in many districts throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland to this day. This is how the legend runs:—"When the Holy Family were departing from Bethlehem they passed certain husbandmen occupied in a field, and the Virgin begged them to answer, in reply to any one who might inquire when the Son of Man passed by, that He did so when they were sowing the corn, which they were doing at that moment: and the corn miraculously sprang into the ear in one night, and the husbandmen were engaged in reaping it on the following day when the soldiers of Herod came up and inquired after the fugitives. The reapers replied as the Virgin had desired them, and the pursuit

was stayed. This legend is frequently represented in early German and Flemish pictures, and Lord Lindsay, in his 'Letters on Christian Art,' mentions that it was related to him many years before as current in the north of Scotland, where it is added that a little black beetle lifted up its head and answered 'The Son of Man passed here last night'; in consequence of which the Highlanders kill the black beetle whenever they meet with it, repeating, in execration, 'Beetle, beetle, last night!' Lord Lindsay had heard that a similar superstition used to exist in Wales. That it exists also in England is curiously corroborated by an anecdote which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for 1856. The late Mr. George Samonelle, of the British Museum, used to relate that during his excursions in the New Forest he saw a number of countrymen assembled at the foot of a tree, stoning something to death. On approaching, he found that a poor stag beetle was the object of attack. Causing them to desist, he took up the poor insect and put it in a box, asking them why it was to be stoned to death. He was told that it was the Devil's Imp, and would do some injury to the corn. What injury, unfortunately, the narrator of the anecdote did not inquire, or had forgotten." Evidently the beetle in connection with this tradition was considered to represent the Devil, and here, as in the original legend, the creature is connected with the growing corn. Mr. Samonelle had apparently never heard of the legend and the superstition which thus were proved to have been transmitted from distant countries and handed down from remote times.

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I AM not sure whether I owe an apology to the gentleman to whom I referred last month as having a poem in his possession which he wished to see published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* but only on condition that I would accept it absolutely on his own recommendation. He has favoured me since then with an explanation and expansion of his stipulations, and it may be only justice to him that I should lay the chief points of this explanation and expansion before the readers of my former note. He admits that to expect me to accept a poem before seeing it "does seem arbitrary," but he meant his stipulation only as an expression of his conviction of the almost insuperable difficulty that stands in the way of the publication of "even a superior poem" in a magazine; and he had another reason for not submitting the MS., namely, that it would occupy fifteen or sixteen pages, which might possibly be regarded alone as a sufficient obstacle to its acceptance.



Notwithstanding its length, however, he is convinced that any magazine would be the better for his poem, seeing that, though still comparatively a young man, he produced, five years ago, a poem of 8,000 lines, "and that poem was equal, and in some parts superior, to any poem of the present day; it was in *ottava rima*, and in its sublimer portions it surpassed Milton's finest passages in 'Paradise Lost'; while the verses which he desires me to accept "have a music of their own that would be considered fresh in these days of æsthetic inflation and paganistic bombast." "Excuse me," he adds, "passing judgment on my own production; I endeavour to do so with philosophic impartiality."

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE


NOVEMBER, 1876.

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CALBOT'S RIVAL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I.

HE bitter cold weather out of doors made the cosey glow of my little library even more than usually grateful. I had carried the warm and bright anticipation of it close-buttoned under my top-coat throughout my cold drive in the hansom from the South Western Railway Station to my rooms on the Thames Embankment. But now, as I stepped in and shut the door behind me, I found I had done it less than justice.

The four comfortable walls gave a broad smile of welcome, which was multitudinously repeated from the well-known back of every beloved book. Softly gleamed the Argand burner from the green-topped study table; hospitably flickered the blazing Wallsend from the wide-mouthed grate; seductive was the invitation extended me by padded easy-chair, fox-skin hearthrug, and toasted slippers; crisp was the greeting of the evening's *Pall Mall* lying on the table; and solid the promise of the latest *Contemporary*, containing, as I knew, my article on "Unrecognisable Truths in their Relation to Non-existent Phenomena." Bethinking myself, moreover, of the decanter of matchless old port wine in the right hand cupboard of the table, and of the box of prime Cabanas, made to my own order in Habana, in the drawer on the left,—I was not so much disposed to envy Calbot his late betrothal to the beautiful Miss Burleigh, the news whereof he had triumphantly poured into my bachelor ears a week or two before.

"Never mind, Drayton, old fellow," I muttered to myself, as I  
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pushed off my boots and slid my feet into the toasted slippers; "what matter though love, courtship, and marriage be not for thee? Thou hast yet thy luxuries,"—here I sank slowly into my easy chair, "thy creature comforts,"—here I got out the wine and the cigars, "and thy beloved offspring!"—here I glanced at "Unrecognisable Truths, &c.," printed on the cover of the *Contemporary*.

While I am selecting and lighting a cigar, and pouring out a mellow glass of port, let me briefly recall what and whence I am.

Snugness, comfort, and privacy are my *desiderata*. My visible possessions must be few, intrinsically valuable, and so disposed as to lie within the scope of two or three paces, and an outstretched arm. My being a bachelor (and at the age of forty, I think I may add a confirmed one) enables me to indulge these and other whims conveniently and without embarrassment.

My forefathers kept large establishments and had big families—and plenty of bother and discomfort into the bargain. But when my turn came, sold out everything (except a few old heirlooms, and part of the library, and an ancestral portrait or two), put the cash proceeds in the Funds, and myself, with my literary tastes and æsthetic culture, into the rooms which I now occupy. I might live in a much more grandiose style if I pleased, but in my opinion I am very well off as I am. I can find my way to Freemasons' Tavern on occasion; my essays are a power in the philosophic and theologic worlds; and I can count on a friend or two worth their weight in gold, morally, mentally, and materially. Poor Calbot, to be sure—but more of him anon.

That is old Dean Drayton's portrait, over the mantelpiece—taken one hundred and fifty years ago: an ancestor and namesake of mine. He wrote a pamphlet on witchcraft, or something of that sort, which made a stir in its day. I had thoughts of entering the ministry myself a long while ago, I think it was about the time of my engagement to Miss Seraphine Angell—the Bishop of Maresnest's daughter. But when she jil—when the affair was discontinued I had second thoughts, ending in the resolve to let both women and the ministry severely alone for the future. So the name of Drayton dies with me.

There is, I fancy, at once a curious similarity and dissimilarity between the Dean and his descendant. For one thing, we are both of us singularly liable to be made confidants of delicate subjects; with this difference, however, that whereas the Dean is—or was—an old busybody (I am quoting history, not my private

judgment), my natural tendency is not only to mind my own business, but to tell other people to mind theirs. It's no use, though—they only babble the more; and were I to lose all my fortune, I could, by turning black-mailer, ensure a permanent income twice as large as the one I have now.

Another thing. The Dean was an alchemist—so tradition says; and his descendant has a marked taste for scientific subjects, though not of the occult kind. One of the family heirlooms, by the way, was a monument of the Dean's alchemic skill; it was a large sealed vase or phial, ornamented with cabalistic figures and inscriptions, and affirmed to contain the veritable Elixir Vitæ, manufactured after years of labour by the old gentleman, and corked up and put away for future use. It unfortunately happened, however, that he was killed by an upset of his coach, away from home; and the vase remained sealed ever afterwards. I have often thought of taking a little out and analysing it; for even should it turn out not to be the water of life, I thought it might possibly resolve itself into a bottle of excellent brandy. But I delayed too long; and at last the mysterious phial very unexpectedly analysed itself, and dissipated itself at the same moment:—but, again, let me not anticipate.

## II.

I lit my Cabana, quaffed half a glass of wine, and taking up the *Contemporary* turned to the masterly discussion of "Unrecognisable Truths, &c." Before I had reached the close of the opening period, however, I heard the postman's knock.

I ought to have mentioned that I had been down to Richmond that afternoon—an unusual thing for me to do at that time of year. But the fact was that a distant connection of mine had died a short time before, and his effects were announced to be sold at auction. I had reason to believe that among these effects were some old relics of my family—documents and so forth—which I was interested to recover; indeed, but that some foolish quarrel or other had parted my relative and me years ago, I might doubtless have had them at any time for the asking. Of the precise nature of the documents in question I was not precisely informed; Armstrong—such was my relative's name—had taken care not to enlighten me on the subject. When I read the announcement of his death in the *Times* I had half expected that he might have bequeathed me the old things; but it turned out that he had made no will at all, having, as it appeared, no very great property to dispose of. He was a



queer fellow, and came of a queer family; half insane I always considered them; and I know they were suspected of witchcraft as long ago as the time of our old Dean. Nay, the Dean himself was whispered to have been the least bit overshadowed at that epoch, owing, I understand, to one fussy habit he had of encouraging confidences. One of these Armstrong witches had communicated some devilish secret or other to the reverend gentleman, I suppose, and thus brought ill-repute upon him. However, the Dean was no fool, and got out of the scrape by writing that pamphlet on witchcraft.

Well, I was about to say that when I heard of the sale I resolved to run over to Richmond and see what I could pick up. I got there just in time to see the last lot knocked down. It was shockingly stupid of me to have mistaken the hour—such a cold day, too, and I so unaccustomed to running about the country at that time of year. But there was no help for it; I had to return as wise as I started, and the poorer by the loss of my temper and expectations. I was beginning to get in a good humour again, however, what with my fire, and my cigar, and my article on "Truths, &c.," and partly, no doubt, by reason of the genial effect of that old port wine: besides, I am by no means of a sour disposition, naturally:—when all of a sudden came the postman's knock, making me start so that the ash of my cigar fell on the open page of the *Contemporary* and scorched a hole in it. Postmen have always been a horror to me; I have never enjoyed receiving letters since the date of a certain missive from—from some one who is now the wife of another man; and on this particular evening I was more than commonly averse to any such interruption. I laid my book on my knees, leaned back in my chair, and blew an irritated cloud of smoke towards the painted countenance of my ecclesiastical ancestor over the fire-place. It curled and twisted about his respectable visage, until I could almost have believed that he winked one eye and moved his ancient lips as if to speak.

The servant brought in a square packet done up in brown wrapping-paper, and sealed in half a dozen places. It was about the size and shape of the magazine I had been reading—a little thicker, perhaps, and heavier. I put my name to the receipt accompanying the parcel, and the servant went out.

At first I was disposed to let the thing lie unopened till the next day, being well assured that it would not repay examination: and I actually did put it aside and attempt to resume my reading as *though* no interruption had occurred. But I found it impossible to

get on, or to fix my thoughts upon anything except just that parcel. What could be in it? Who could have sent it? I looked at the direction, but could make nothing out of that; it was written in an ordinary business hand, quite characterless and non-committal. I felt it carefully all over; it was stiffer than ordinary paper, but not hard like wood. Meanwhile I glanced up at my pictured ancestor, and was struck with the expression of anxious interest which appeared to have come over his features. Perhaps he knew what the packet contained; or more probably his ruling passion of curiosity, strong in death, was making his old painted fingers itch to break the seals and take a peep at the mystery. The idea provoked me, and with a sudden impulse I held the packet out over the blazing Wallsend, two-thirds minded to drop it in. But the next moment I was more provoked at my own childish folly; I drew the thing back, took my penknife from my pocket, and cut the strings that tied it. Unwrapping the paper, there was disclosed to view a very antique-looking leather case or cover—a pocket book or portfolio to all appearance. I undid the worn strap that fastened it, and it fell open, showing a number of leaves of musty parchment, written over with a quaint and crabbed chirography, such as could not have been in vogue for a good deal more than a century, to say the least.

### III.

I am something of an antiquary, and not entirely without experience of MS. older even than this appeared to be. Having convinced myself by a cursory inspection that the matter was worth looking into, I lost no time in composing myself to its perusal.

It was written in Latin—a fortunate circumstance, since there was none of the difficulty attendant upon old-fashioned bad spelling to contend with. The substance of the writing consisted, so far as I was able to make out, of extracts from a number of private letters, supplemented by passages from the pages of a journal and by occasional observations made apparently in the transcriber's own person. The combination formed a tolerably consecutive and logical history of three individuals—a woman and two men—who lived and loved and hated with the antiquated vehemence of a century and a half ago.

An odd circumstance which was immediately noticeable in the compilation was a systematic omission of the names of all the actors in the events narrated. A blank space of some length was



left for each one, as though the writer had intended filling them in afterwards, but, for whatever cause, had failed to do so. Even the scribe himself (he was a friend or confidential adviser, as it seemed, of the principal figure in the narrative) had suffered himself to remain as nameless as the rest.

This omission affected me strangely. So far from alienating my interest, it greatly augmented it; and although the body of the writing was couched in terms sufficiently dry and matter-of-fact, the blank spaces gave rein to the imagination, and lent the story a present and almost a personal vitality and significance. It almost seemed to me that the matter was, in some way or other, my individual concern: that I was, or had been, involved in the incidents here set forth, and had still to look forward to the catastrophe. The potent port, I fancy, must have a little o'ercrowed my spirit; but I believe I ascribed it, at the time, to the peculiar influence exerted over me by the portrait of my reverend ancestor. He seemed positively to be alive and preparing to come down from his frame and take the MS. into his own possession.

I spent a long time in trying to find out whence the MS. came, and why it had been sent to me. But to this problem there was no apparent clue—no tangible evidence, external or internal. Of course I was sure that the secret lay in the blank spaces; and was half inclined to cut the knot by filling them up with my own name and with those of the first three friends of mine that happened to come into my head. However, after quite working myself into a fever, and ruining the flavour of my Cabana by letting it go out and then relighting it, I finally contented myself by stopping the pregnant gaps with the first four letters of the alphabet; and thus furnished forth, I buckled earnestly and steadily to my work; progressing so rapidly that in less than three hours' time I had mastered the whole narrative.

It was an unpleasant story, certainly, but there was nothing particularly weird or remarkable, after all, in the incidents related. From a literary point of view, it was greatly lacking in point and completeness; for though it ended with the death of the chief character and the marriage of the other two, yet the interest of the reader advanced beyond the written limits and demanded a more definite conclusion. Things were left at such loose ends, in spite of death and marriage, that it was hard not to believe that more remained behind. In the heated and excited condition of my imagination I felt strongly tempted to snatch up my pen and improvise an ending on my own responsibility.

The longer I mused over the matter the more convinced did I become that all had not been told. Moreover, I could almost fancy that I had some occult perception of what the true and ultimate conclusion really was: nay, even that the authorship of this very MS., which had been penned considerably more than a hundred years before I was born, was nevertheless mystically my own. I repeat, there seemed to be something of myself in it; and the events had an inexplicable sort of familiarity to my mind, as though they were long forgotten, rather than now known for the first time. And all the while that alchemic progenitor of mine kept up his mysterious winking and nodding.

It would be too long and tedious to transcribe the tale as I read it: I will therefore give, as briefly as possible, an abstract of the leading points round which it was woven.

#### IV.

Shortly before the beginning of the last century a wealthy gentleman—let us call him A.—made a proposal for the hand of a young lady living in the neighbourhood of London, the daughter of an excellent family, though at that time somewhat reduced in circumstances, probably in consequence of political jealousies. Judging from what is said of her, this young lady—Miss B.—must have been a famous beauty; and it would not therefore be surprising if A. had met with some rivalry in his suit. To all appearances, however, the course of true love flowed as smooth as oil. The B. family, in spite of their political disaffection, did not oppose the marriage of their daughter to so wealthy and respectable a suitor; and if she herself had any disinclination to him, she very properly and prudently said nothing about it, but treated Mr. A. very graciously.

A.'s property, and the general management of his business affairs, were entrusted by him to the care of a talented young barrister, C. by name; who, indeed, largely owed his prosperity and brilliant prospects to A.'s kindness, the latter having aided him in his preparation for the bar, and afterwards put a great deal of business in his way, which otherwise he would have obtained but slowly. In fact, A.'s attitude towards this young man was almost parental; and no wonder if he felt himself secure in trusting his most private concerns to one who owed him so deep a debt of gratitude.

Nevertheless, it would doubtless have been wiser in him, a man somewhat advanced in life, not to have made C. the bearer and



utterer of his loving messages to the lady of his heart, quite so often or so unreservedly as he appears to have done. C., who was probably a well-favoured and fascinating fellow enough, must have seen more of Miss B. than did her lover; and, in his capacity of the latter's recognised confidant, he could easily have obtained access to her at any moment. Perhaps the young beauty was not averse to a little flirtation with the handsome and clever barrister; perhaps she encouraged him,—the evidence, such as it is, would seem to point that way. Be that as it may, we must admit that C. was exposed to pretty strong temptation. His virtue, be he who he might, must have had a struggle for it; and if we imagine him rather warm-blooded and tolerably weak-principled, we may be justly anxious as to virtue's victory.

Having made what allowances we will, there is no denying that C. turned out a great scoundrel. A. one morning took his carriage and went up to London: and the coachman stopped at the door of the Court jeweller. Out steps Mr. A., with his velvet cloak, his silk stockings, his plumed hat, and his peaked beard: and, with his long rapier dangling at his side, and his lace ruffles half concealing his white hands, he makes his stately entry into the bowing tradesman's shop. There he spends a long time examining, with all the whimsical particularity of an elderly lover, the trays upon trays of rare rich and costly nick-nacks which are set before him. It seems as though he would never be suited! The pompous horses, standing outside, shake their rattling head-gear, and stamp their proud hoofs impatiently; the obsequious jeweller racks his brain and exhausts his eloquence unavailingly; never was there so difficult a customer. At length the man of jewels picks up a quaint looking little locket, and is just on the point of putting it down again, as not even worth the trouble of offering, when Mr. A. exclaims—

"Hold, Mr. Jeweller, that is what we are looking for. What is the price of that locket?"

"Oh, sir," replies the shrewd man of business, quickly recovering from his first surprise, "I see you need not to be informed of what is truly valuable. This little locket, which most persons would look upon as common-place, is in fact, in more senses than one, the jewel of my stock. It is made, you perceive, out of a simple brown tourmaline, exquisitely cut in relief. The workmanship is really matchless, and the tourmaline itself—as perhaps you are aware—is believed to be endowed with certain mystic properties"—

"Yes, yes, Mr. Jeweller," interrupts the dark-visaged customer, in a somewhat testy tone, "I know the nature and properties

of the trinket quite as well as you do. What I desired of you was to name your price."

The tradesman hesitated for a moment, and then, summoning all his audacity to his aid, mentioned a sum which made his own heart beat and his eyes water. But the composure of Mr. A. was not dashed a whit. He even appeared to smile, a little satirically, as though to intimate that he considered himself as having altogether the best of the bargain. He paid the money without a moment's demur, and taking up the locket before the excited jeweller had time to put it in a box for him, Mr. A. saluted him gravely and stalked out of the shop.

"Well," thought the tradesman, as he watched the heavy coach roll away, "if he's satisfied, I'm sure I ought to be. And yet—I wonder what that locket was after all! I don't remember having ever noticed it amongst the stock before to-day. It really was finely enchased, and may have been more valuable than I supposed. But pshaw! two hundred guineas! Such a stroke of business was never heard of before. If the locket had been a witch's amulet, with power to drive men mad or raise the Devil, I should still have made a good profit!"

Meanwhile Mr. A. was speeding on his way to his betrothed. The fact is, they were to be married on the morrow, and the honest gentleman had bought the locket as a pre-nuptial gift. Probably the horses, fleet and well-conditioned as they were, were somewhat put to it to keep pace with their owner's eagerness to be at the end of his journey. In due time, however, behold them reined snorting up at the gateway of the B. mansion, and Mr. A., locket in hand, preparing to alight.

But, alas! it is too evident that some disaster has occurred. The servant who opens the door is pale and scared; the household is in disorder. Twice does the visitor demand news of the master and mistress before he can elicit a reply.

"Present them my compliments, if they be at leisure," continues Mr. A., "and ask whether I may request the honour of an interview with their daughter."

"Lord bless me, sir!" falters the trembling servant, "haven't you heard?"—

"Heard what?" says A., turning pale; "what is the matter, fellow? Is the young lady ill?"

"Ill, sir? Lord bless me, sir, she—she's gone!"

Mr. A. recoiled, and seemed to gasp for breath for a moment. His face, from pale, became suddenly overspread with a deep



crimson flush, and the veins on his forehead swelled. At length he burst out in a terrible voice—

“Gone? Where? With whom?”

But at this point the appearance of the master and mistress relieved the wretched footman from his unenviable position. The miserable story was soon told. The young lady to whom Mr. A. had entrusted his heart and honour, to whom he was to have been united the next day, whose wedding gift he even then held in his hand, had eloped the night before in the good old-fashioned manner, and was by this time far beyond the reach of pursuit, could pursuit have availed. The flight had been six hours old before it was discovered by the young lady's mother.

“But with whom? with whom? Who was the villain who dared to rob me?” cried Mr. A., storming up and down the hall in ungovernable fury. “Who was it, madam, I say? Stop your wretched whimpering and speak!”

“Dear me, Mr. A.,” quavered the poor lady, struggling with her sobs, “can't you think? Why, it's that young Mr. C. of yours, of course. Who else could it be?”

At this reply, which he seems not in the least to have expected, Mr. A. became suddenly and appallingly calm. During a short space he made neither sound nor movement. At length he slowly uplifted one clenched hand above his head, and shook it there with a kind of sluggish deliberation. To the frightened and hushed spectators it seemed as if the air grew dark around him as he did it. Still without uttering a word he now partly unclosed his hand, and there was seen to proceed from it a dusky glow or gleam, as of phosphorescence. Drawing in a deep breath, he exhaled it slowly over this phosphorescent appearance, as if desirous of inspiring it with the very essence of his being. If the account is to be believed, the glow became more lurid, and the tall figure of Mr. A. more sombre, with the action.

Whatever this odd ceremony might mean, it had the good effect of restoring the betrayed suitor to his wonted courteous and grave self-possession. In a manner at once earnest and dignified he besought Mr. and Mrs. B. to pardon and overlook his late violent and passionate demeanour.

“I have erred deeply,” added he, “in permitting, even for a short time, that evil spirit which is ever at hand to ensnare the rash and unwary to gain dominion over me. For, alas! what right have I to be angry? Your daughter, methinks, has better reason to raid me than I her. What charm could such a one as she is find

in a greybeard like myself? Truly, I blame her not, and sorrow only that she did not frankly make known to me her disfavour, rather than thus violently and suddenly cast me off. And as for the partner of her flight, how can I do otherwise than pardon him? Have I not trusted him and loved him as a son? Nay, nay, I have been an old fool—an old fool; but I will not be an unforgiving one. See," he went on, in the same quiet and colourless tone in which he had spoken throughout, "here is a trifle which I had purposed presenting to your daughter as a symbol of my affection. It is a jewel, curiously carven as you see, and fabled to exert a benign and wholesome influence over the wearer. How that may be, I know not; but sure am I that aught freighted, like this, with the deepest prayers and most earnest hopes of him who had thought (a foolish thought—I see it now!) to win the highest place in her regard, will not be refused by her when, acknowledging my error, I beg her to accept it as the gift of elder friend to friend. Permit me, madam"—he laid the locket in Mrs. B.'s hand, she half-shrinkingly receiving it; "you will soon hear from your daughter and her husband"—this word he pronounced with a certain grave emphasis—"and your reply, let me venture to hope, will tend to a speedy reconciliation. Present her, in my name and with my blessing, with this gem; bid her transmit it as an heirloom to her descendants; and believe that, so long as it retains its form and virtue, my spirit will not forget this solemn hour."

Having delivered himself of this long-winded and not altogether unambiguous speech, good Mr. A. bowed himself out, and rumbled away in his stately coach. The next day the abdication of James II. was known throughout England. The B.'s rose at once from their position of political obscurity to an honoured and powerful place under the new *régime*. C., who now turned out to have been for a long time a plotter for the successful cause, was not long afterwards installed as a Court favourite, and his beautiful wife became the idol of society. Poor Mr. A., on the other hand, had a sour time of it. He had been bitterly opposed to the Prince of Orange, and naturally found his present predicament an embarrassing one. He appears to have met with quite an Iliad of misfortunes and reverses; and a few years after William's accession he died.

The general opinion was that he had devoted his latter days to religious exercises. Certain it is, that he was on terms of intimacy with an eminent divine of the day; indeed, a careful analysis of references satisfied me that the compiler of the mysterious MS.



and this divine could be no other than one and the same person. And the inference thence that he had died in the odour of sanctity would have been easy enough, save for one discordant and sinister circumstance.

This was reserved for the very last paragraph of the narrative, and shed a peculiar and ill-omened light over all that had gone before. It was related in the transcriber's own person; and after describing with some minuteness the last hours of Mr. A., it concluded as follows. I translate from the original Latin:—

"Mr. A. having long lain without motion, breathing hoarsely, and with his eyes half open, and of a rigid and glazed appearance, as of a man already dead—all at once raised himself up in bed, with a strength and deliberation altogether unexpected: and having once or twice passed his hand over his brow, and coughed slightly in his throat, he said to me—

"Take your pen, friend, and write. I will now dictate my last will and testament."

"It appeared to me that he must be delirious, both because he had, several hours previous, caused his will to be brought to him and read in his ear (this will bore date before the day of his intended marriage with Miss B.), and also because his aspect, notwithstanding the strength of his movements and voice, was more that of a corpse than of a living man; and he might have been believed, by those who put faith in such superstitions, to be animated by some unhallowed spirit not his own.

"But when I showed him that former will, supposing him to have forgotten it, he bade me put it in the fire; and when this had been done, and the will consumed, he bade me write thus—

"I, — A., being nowe about to die, yet knowynge well the nature of this my act, doe hereby bequeathe my ondyng Hatred to C., and to his wife (formerly Miss B.), to them and to their Posteritie. And I doe hereby pray Almighty God that the Revenge which my Soule hath desired and conceived, be fulfilled to the uttermoste, whether soon or hereafter: yea, at the perill of my Salvation. Amen!"

This Satanic composition was duly signed, sealed, and witnessed as A.'s last will and testament; and the latest earthly act of the wretched man was the affixing his signature to an instrument which, whatever other end it might accomplish, could hardly fail of exercising its deadliest venom against himself.

## V.

I lit a fresh cigar, poured out another glass of wine, and gave myself up to meditation. Those blank spaces completely mystified me. For what other object had this lengthy transcription been made than to record A.'s "last will," and the causes leading up to and (so far as that was possible) justifying it? Yet, on the other hand, the careful omission of every clue whereby the persons concerned might have been identified seemed to annul and stultify the laborious record of their actions. Or if the composition were a mere fiction, why not have invented names as well as incidents?

But fiction, I was satisfied, it could not be. It was not the fashion to compose such fictions a hundred and fifty or more years ago. And it was not within the scope of such an arid old specimen of the antique clergy as he whose stilted Latin and angular chirography I had just examined to follow such a fashion even had it existed. No, no. Account for it how I might, the things here set down were facts, not fancies.

The will was the only part of the compilation written in English, as though it were especially commended to the knowledge of all men: and it was certainly not the sort of thing a dying man would be apt to compose and have attested purely for his own amusement. Yet, as it stood, it was no more than a lifeless formula. But, indeed, so far as this feature of the narrative was concerned, the subtlest casuistry failed to enlighten me as to what Mr. A.'s proposed revenge had been, and how he expected it to be accomplished. An attempt to make the tourmaline locket serve as a key to the enigma promised well at first, but could not quite be induced to fit the lock after all. Either the problem was too abstruse, or my head was not in the best condition for solving it. The longer I puzzled over it, the more plainly did my inefficiency appear; and at last I came to the very sensible determination to go to bed, and hope for clearer faculties on the morrow.

I had just finished winding up my watch, which marked half-past ten, when there was a violent ring at my door bell, followed by a rattling appeal to the knocker.

"A telegram!" I exclaimed, falling back in my chair. "The only thing I detest more than a postman. Well, the postman brought an enigma; perhaps the telegram may contain the solution."

It was not a telegram, but Calbot, to whom I have already made incidental allusion. He opened the library door without knocking,



came swiftly in, and walked up to the fire. This abruptness of manner, which was by no means proper to him, added to something very peculiar to his general aspect and expression, gave me quite a start.

He was dressed in light in-door costume, and, in spite of the cold, had neither top-coat nor gloves. His face wore a pallor which would have been extraordinary in any one, but in a man whose cheek was ordinarily so ruddy and robust as Calbot's, it was almost ghastly. He said nothing for some moments, but seemed to be struggling with an irrepressible and exaggerated physical tremor, resembling St. Vitus's dance. I must say that my nerves have never been more severely tried than by this unexpected apparition, in so strange a guise, of a friend whom I had always looked upon as about the most imperturbable and common-sensible one I had. He was a young man, but older than his years, clear-headed, practical, clever, an excellent lawyer, and a fine fellow. Eccentricity of any kind was altogether foreign to his character. Something very unpleasant, I apprehended, must be at the bottom of his present profound and uncontrollable agitation.

Of course I jumped up after the first shock, and shook his hand—which, notwithstanding the cold weather and his own paleness, was dry and hot. I fancied Calbot hardly knew where he was or what he was doing; not that he seemed delirious, but rather overwhelmingly preoccupied about something altogether hateful and ugly.

"What's the matter, John?" I said, instinctively using a sharp tone, and laying my hand heavily on his shoulder. "Are you ill?" Then a thought struck me, and I added "Nothing wrong about Miss Burleigh, I hope?"

"Drayton," said my friend—his utterance was interrupted somewhat by the nervous starts and twitches which still mastered his efforts to control them—"something terrible has happened. I wanted to tell you. I can't fathom it. Drayton, I've seen—may I take a glass of wine?"

He drank two glasses in quick succession. As he hardly ever touched wine, there was no little significance in the act. The rich old liquor evidently did him good. To tell the truth, I would rather have given him some brandy. He was not in a state to appreciate a fine flavour, and my port was as rare as it was good. However, I was really concerned about him, and would gladly have given the whole decanter-full to set him right again.

*He would not take a chair, but stood on the rug with his back to*

the fire. As I sat looking up at his tall figure, I caught the painted eye of my priestly ancestor over his shoulder, and it seemed to me to twinkle with saturnine humour.

"Well, what have you seen, Calbot?"

"Some evil thing has come between Miss Burleigh and me, and has parted us. I have seen it—two or three times. She has felt it. It's killing her, Drayton. As for me . . . You know me pretty well, and you know what my life has been thus far. I've not been a good man, of course; quite the contrary; I've done any quantity of bad things; but I don't know that I've committed any such hideous sin as ought to bring a punishment like this upon me—not to speak of *her*! I'm not a parricide, nor an adulterer; I never sold my salvation to the Devil—did I, Drayton?"

"No, no, of course not, my dear Calbot. You have a fever, that's all. Don't get excited. Just lie down on the sofa for half an hour, and quiet yourself a little."

"I see you think I'm out of my head, and no wonder. I behave like a madman. But I'm not mad at all; I wish I could think I were! This shuddering—it won't last—but I tell you, Drayton, when you see a man of my health and strength stricken this way in two days, you may believe it would have driven many a man to madness, or to suicide"—

"Let me pour it out for you; your hand shakes so. I can give you some splendid French cognac, if you'd prefer it? Well. Hadn't you better lie down?"

"Come, I can control myself, now—I will!" said Calbot, through his teeth, and putting a strong constraint upon himself. For about a minute he kept silent, the blood gradually coming into his cheeks and the nervous twitchings growing less frequent.

"That's better," said I, encouragingly. "You don't look so much as though you'd seen a ghost, now. How is that Chancery case of yours getting on?"

"A ghost? You speak lightly enough, and I suppose your idea of a ghost is some conventional bogey such as children are scared with. We laugh at such things—heaven knows why! An evil, sin-breathing spirit, coming from hell to take vengeance, for some dead and buried wrong, upon living men and women—what is there laughable in that?"

"Really, Calbot," I said, with a smile—a rather uneasy smile, be it admitted—"I never laughed at a ghost, for the simple reason that I never saw one to laugh at."

"You never saw one, and you mean to hint, I suppose, that there are none to see?"



"Well," returned I, still maintaining a precarious grimace, "I'm not a spiritualist, you know"—

"Nor I," interrupted Calbot, in a lower and quieter tone than he had yet used. He took a chair, and, sitting down close in front of me, bent forward and whispered in my ear "But I saw the soul of a dead man yesterday; and this afternoon I saw it again, and chased it from the Burleighs' house in Mayfair, along the Strand, and through the heart of London, to its grave in St. G——'s churchyard. I copied the inscription on the stone: it is a very old one, as you will see by the date."

A far bolder man than I have ever claimed to be might have felt his heart stand still at this speech; and its effect on me was greatly heightened by Calbot's tone and manner, and by the way he fastened his eyes upon me. Nor were the circumstances in other respects reassuring—alone at night, with a man three or four times my physical equal, who was wholly emancipated from rational control. I sat quite still for a few moments—very long moments they seemed to me—staring helplessly at Calbot, who took a small notebook out of his pocket, tore out a leaf with something scrawled on it, and handed it to me. I read it mechanically—"Archibald Armstrong. Died February 6th, 1698." Meanwhile Calbot helped himself to another glass of wine; but I was too much unnerved to restrain him, and, indeed, too much bewildered.

"Archibald Armstrong," muttered I, repeating the name aloud: "died February 6th—yes; but it was this present year 1875—not 1698. Why, I went to the auction-sale of his effects this very afternoon!"

"Keep the paper," said Calbot, not noticing my observation, "it may possibly lead to something. And now I wish you to listen to my statement. I am neither crazy, Drayton, nor intoxicated. But I am not the same man you have known heretofore; my life has been seared—blasted. Perhaps you think my language extravagant; but after what I have experienced there can be no such thing as extravagance for me. It is an awful thing," he added, with a long involuntary sigh, "to have been face to face with an evil spirit!"

"In heaven's name, Calbot," cried I, starting up from my chair, and trembling all over, I believe, from nervous excitement, "don't go on talking and looking like that. If you can tell me a straightforward, consistent story, I'll listen to it; but these hints and interjections of yours will drive me mad!"

"I'm going to tell you, Drayton, though it will be the next worst

thing to meeting that—Thing—itself, to tell about it. But the matter is too grim earnest to allow of trifling. You have a great deal of knowledge on queer and out-of-the-way subjects, Drayton, and I thought it not impossible that you might make some suggestions, for there must be some reason for this hideous visitation—some cause for it; and though all is over for me now, there would be a kind of satisfaction in knowing what that reason was. Besides, I must speak to some one, and you are a dear friend, and an old one.”

I was a good deal relieved to hear Calbot speak thus affectionately of our relations with each other; and indeed he appeared no way inclined to violence. Accordingly, having offered him a Cabana (which he refused) I put the box and the decanter back in the cupboard, and locked the door. Then, relighting my own cigar, and putting a lump or two of coal on the fire, I resumed my chair, and bade my friend begin his story.

## VI.

“There was an intermarriage between the Burleighs and the Calbots four or five generations ago,” said he; “I found the record of it in our family papers, shortly before Miss Burleigh and I were engaged; but it appears not to have turned out well. I don’t know whether the husband and wife quarrelled, or whether their troubles came from some outside interference; but they had not been long married before a separation took place—not a regular divorce, but the wife went quietly back to her father’s house, and my ancestor is supposed to have gone abroad. But this was not the end of it, Drayton; for some years later, the husband returned, and he and his wife lived together again.”

“Was there any further estrangement between them, afterwards?”

“It is an ugly story,” said Calbot, gloomily, getting up from his chair, and taking his old place before the fire. “No; they lived together—as long as they did live! But it was about the era of the witchcraft mania—or delusion, if you choose to call it so—and it is strongly hinted in some of the documents in my possession that the Calbots were—not witches—but victims of witchcraft. They accused no one, but they seemed to have been shunned by everybody like persons under the shadow of a curse. Well—it wasn’t a great while before Mrs. Calbot died, and her husband went mad soon afterwards. There were two children. One of them, the son, was born before the first separation. The other, a daughter, came into the world after the reunion, and she was an idiot!”



"An ugly story, sure enough," said I, shrugging my shoulders with a chilly sensation; "but what has it to do with your business?"

"Perhaps nothing; but there is one thing which would go for nothing in the way of legal evidence, but which has impressed me, nevertheless. The date of the second coming-together of my ancestor and his wife was 1698."

"Well?"

"If you look at that paper I gave you you'll see the date of Armstrong's death is also 1698."

"Still I don't see the point."

"It's simply this: the—Thing I saw was the condemned soul of that Archibald Armstrong. Who he may have been I don't know; but I can't help believing that my ancestor knew him when he was still in the flesh. They had a feud, perhaps—may be, about this very marriage—of course you understand I'm only supposing a case. Well, Calbot gets the better of his rival, and is married. Then Armstrong exerts his malignant ingenuity to set them at odds with each other. He may have played on the superstitious fancies which they probably shared with others of that age, and at last we may suppose he accomplished their separation."

"An ingenious idea," I admitted, "but what about your date?"

"Why, on hearing of his death, they would naturally suppose all danger over, and that they might live together unmolested. And from this point you may differ with me or not, as you choose. I believe that it was only after Armstrong was dead that his power for evil became commensurate with his will. I believe, Drayton," said Calbot, drawing himself up to his full height, and emphasising his words with the slow gesture of his right arm, "that the soul of that dead man haunted that wretched couple from the day of his death until the whole tragedy was consummated—until the woman died and the man went mad. And I believe that his devilish malignity has lived on to this day, and wreaked itself, a second time, on Miss Burleigh and myself."

There was a short pause, during which my poor friend stood tapping one foot on the hearth-rug, his eyes bent downwards in sombre abstraction.

"Look here, my dear John," I said at length, speaking with an effort, for there was a sensation of heavy oppression on my chest; "listen to me, old fellow. You've had time to cool down and bethink yourself: so far as I can judge you appear, as you say, *neither crazy nor intoxicated*. Now I wish you, remembering that

we are sensible, enlightened men, living in London in this year 1875, to tell me honestly whether I am to understand you as deliberately asserting a belief in visitations from the other world. Because, really, you know, that is what any one would infer from the way you have been talking this evening."

"I see there would be little use, Drayton, in my answering your question directly; but I will give you a deliberate and honest account of my personal experiences during these last two days: there will be no danger of your mistaking my meaning then. You won't mind my walking up and down the room while I'm speaking, will you? The subject is a painful one, and motion seems to make it easier, somehow."

I did mind it very much, it made me as nervous as a water-beetle; but, of course, I forbore to say so, and Calbot went on.

"I said I found out all this ancestral trouble some time before I was engaged; and, as you may imagine, I kept silence about it to Miss Burleigh. I think now it was a mistake to do so; but my ideas on many subjects have undergone modification of late. I believe I had forgotten all about the discovery by the time I had made up my mind to risk an avowal: at any rate, I had no misgivings about it; and when I came out from my interview with her—the happiest man in England!—ah, Drayton, it seemed to me then that there could be no more pains nor shadows in life for me thenceforward for ever!"

I devoutly wished, not for the first time that evening, that Calbot would not be so painfully in earnest. In his normal state it was difficult to get a serious word out of him; he was brimming over with quaint humour and fun; but, as he himself had remarked, he was another man to-day. After walking backwards and forwards once or twice in silence, he continued:—

"You know how happy I was those first few days? I dare say you wished me and my happiness in Jericho, when I insisted on deluging you with an account of it. Think! Drayton, that was hardly a week ago. Well, as soon as I had got a little bit used to the feeling of being engaged, I began to think what I should give her—Edna, you know—for a betrothal gift. A ring, of course, is the usual thing; but I couldn't be satisfied with a ring: I wanted my gift to be something rare—unique; in short, something different from what any other fellow could give his mistress; for I loved her more than any woman was ever loved before. After a good deal of fruitless bother, I suddenly bethought myself of a jewel-box which had belonged to my mother—God bless her!—and which



she had bequeathed to me, intending, very likely, that I should use it for the very purpose I was now thinking of. I got out the box, and over-hauled it. There was a lot of curious old trinkets in it; but the thing which at once took my eye was a delicately wrought gold necklace, that looked as though it had been made expressly for Edna's throat. There was a locket attached to it, which I at first meant to take off; but on examining it closely, I found it was quite worthy of the chain—was an exquisite work of art, indeed. It was made of a dark yellow or brownish sort of stone, semi-transparent, and was engraven with a very finely wrought bas-relief."

"Calbot!" exclaimed I, starting upright in my chair, "what sort of a stone did you say that locket was made of?"

"What is the matter?" returned he, stopping short in his walk and facing me with a glance partly apprehensive, partly expectant. "I never saw exactly such a stone before—but why?"

"Oh, nothing," said I, after a moment's excited thought; "it certainly is very strange! But, never mind, go on," I added, throwing a glance at the old manuscript which lay open on the table; "go on. I'll tell you afterwards; I must turn it over in my mind a bit."

"The reason I described it so minutely," remarked Calbot, "was that I got a notion into my head that it had something to do with what happened afterwards, and the reason of that notion is, that almost from the very moment that Edna took the necklace—I clasped it round her neck myself—the strange, awful influence, visitation—call it what you like—began to be apparent."

"Oh, Drayton, you can never know how lovely, how divine he looked that evening. She had on what they call, I believe, a demi-toilette; open at the throat, you know, and half the arm showing. No woman could have looked more beautiful than she, before I put on the chain and locket; yet when they were on, she looked as handsome again. It was really wonderful—the effect they had. Her eyes deepened, and an indescribable change or modulation—imperceptible, very likely, to anyone beside myself, her lover—came over her face. I think it was a shade of sadness—of mystery—no, I can only repeat that it was indescribable; but it gave her beauty just the touch that made it, humanly speaking, perfect. I dare say this is all very tiresome to you, Drayton, but I can't help it!"

"Oh, go on, my dear fellow," said I, warmly; for, indeed, I was moved as well as excited. "Won't you sit down? Here, take my chair!"

But he would not.

"As I fastened the clasp, I said 'You are fettered for ever now, Edna!' and she said, with her eyes sparkling 'Yes, I am the thrall of the locket; the giver may lead me in triumph where he will!' Just as the words passed her lips, Drayton, I felt a sensation of coldness and depression: I gave an involuntary shudder, and looking quickly in Edna's eyes, I saw there the very reflection of my own feeling! We were alone, and yet there seemed to be a third person present—cold, hateful, malevolent. He seemed to be between us—to be pressing us irresistibly apart; and I felt powerless to contend against the insidious influence; and so was she. For an instant or two we gazed fearfully and strangely at each other; then she said, faintly 'Come to me—take me!' and half held out her arms, her face and lips all pale. Drayton, I cannot tell you what a desperate struggle I had with myself then! My whole soul leapt out towards her with a passion such as I had never known before; and yet my body seemed paralysed. I had felt something similar to it in dreams before then; but the dream pain was nothing to the real pain. A cold dead hand was on my heart, dragging it backward, deadening it; and another at my throat, stifling me. But I fought against it—it seemed to me I sweated drops of blood—but I overcame. I put my arm round her waist—I kissed her; and yet, though I seemed to hold her—though our lips seemed to meet—still that Thing was between us—we did not really touch each other! With all our love, we were like lifeless clay to one another's caress. It was a mockery,—our souls could meet no more." Here Calbot covered his eyes with his hand for a short time. "It was the last time I ever kissed her," said he.

I said nothing; my sympathy with my hapless friend was keen. Yet I must confess to a secret sensation of relief that there was to be no more kissing. It was natural, under the circumstances, that Calbot—poor fellow—should speak recklessly; but I am a bachelor, a confirmed bachelor, and such descriptions distress me; they make me restless, wakeful, and unhappy. Yes, I was glad we had had the last of them.

"It all passed very quickly, and a third person would perhaps have seen no change in us; probably the change was more inward than outward, after all." It was peculiar that we, both of us, by a tacit understanding, forbore to speak to each other of this dismal mystery that had so suddenly grown up between us. It was too real, and at the same time too hopeless; but to have acknowledged it would have been to pronounce it hopeless indeed. We would not



do that yet. We sat apart, quietly and conventionally making observations on ordinary topics, as though we had been newly introduced. And yet my betrothal gift was round her neck, moving as she breathed; and we loved each other, and our hearts were breaking. Oh, it is cruel!"

In exclaiming thus, my friend (being at the further end of the room at the time) struck his foot sharp against the leg of a small antique table, which stood against the wall. Like many other valuable things, the table was fragile, and the leg broke. The table tipped over, and a vase (the ancestral vase, containing the elixir of life) fell off to the floor.

Calbot—I think it was much to his credit—found room amidst his proper anguish to be sincerely distressed at this accident. On picking up the vase, however, he immediately exclaimed that it was unbroken. This was fortunate: the table could be mended, but the vase, not to speak of its contents, would have been irreplaceable. Calbot put it carefully on the study table, beside the MS.; set the invalid table in a corner; and then, to my great satisfaction, drew up a chair to the fire, and continued his sad story in a civilised posture.

## VII.

"I did not stay long after this; and ours was a strange parting that evening, if our hearts could have been seen. We felt it a relief to separate, and yet the very relief was a finer kind of pain. We knew not what had befallen us; but, perhaps, we both had a hope, then, that another day would somehow set things right.

"I only took her hand in saying good-bye; but again it seemed as if her soft fingers were not actually in contact with mine—as if some rival hand were interposed. And I noticed (as I had done once or twice before during our latter conversation) that, even while the farewell words were being spoken, she turned her head abruptly with a startled, listening expression, as though another voice had spoken close at her ear. I could hear nothing, nor understand the dimly terrified look in her eyes—a look appealing and yet shrinking. But afterwards I understood it all. When I reached the street, I turned back, and caught a glimpse of Edna at the window. Beside her I fancied I distinguished the half-defined outlines of a strange figure—that of a man who appeared to be gesticulating in an extravagant manner. But before I could decide whether it were a shadow or a reality, Edna had turned away; and the apparition vanished with her."

"Her father, of course," I threw in, with a glance over my shoulder, "or, perhaps, it was the footman." Calbot made no reply.

"I got up yesterday morning," said he, "convinced that the whole thing was a delusion. I took a brisk walk round Hyde Park, ate a good breakfast, and by eleven o'clock was on my way to her house, sure that I should find her as cheerfully disposed to laugh at our dolorous behaviour the night before as I myself was. I went down Piccadilly in the best of spirits; but on turning the corner of Park Lane, I very plainly saw three persons coming down towards me."

Here Calbot paused so long that I could hardly refrain from springing out of my chair. I had never heard him argue a case before a jury; but had I been the presiding judge himself, I was convinced that Calbot could have moulded my opinions to whatsoever issue he had pleased. But, on the other hand, I doubt whether he was aware of his own best powers. The effect he was now producing on me was certainly not the result of any premeditated artifice.

"I saw Edna," he finally went on, speaking in a husky, labouring tone, and gazing intently over my shoulder, as if he saw her *there*. "She was walking in the centre, with a weary, lifeless step, her head bent downwards: on her right was her father, as jolly and portly as ever: and on her left, Drayton, was the same strange figure of which I fancied I had caught a glimpse the night before. It was no shadow now, however, but looked as real and palpable as General Burleigh himself. It appeared to be diligently addressing itself to Edna, occasionally even stooping to speak in her ear; and once I saw it put its arm round her waist, and apparently press its bearded cheek to her own."

"Why, in Heaven's name, Calbot, didn't you?"—— But there was something in my friend's eyes, as he turned them on me, which made me break off just there.

"When I first turned the corner the three were sixty or seventy yards distant. It struck me at once that Edna seemed to have no direct consciousness of the stranger's presence. That is, she did not act as if he were visible to her; though, at the same time, I could hardly doubt that the idea of him was present to her mind; and from her manner of involuntary shrinking and starting when the Thing became particularly demonstrative in its manner, I fancied that the words which it appeared to address to her insinuated themselves into her brain under the form of dismal and hateful



thoughts. Perhaps, Drayton, the base or wicked notions that sometimes creep into our minds unawares, asserting themselves our own, are whispered to us by some evil spirit, invisible to our sight, but capable of impressing the immaterial part of us all the more effectively.

"As they drew near, I could no longer doubt that the Thing was viewless, not only to Edna, but to every one else besides myself alone. Had it been otherwise, the figure's remarkable costume, no less than its many eccentricities, would have drawn a great crowd in a few moments. It was a tall, fantastic apparition, clad in a black velvet cloak and doublet, silk hose, and high-heeled shoes. On its head was a broad-brimmed hat, with heavy plumes; there were lace ruffles at its wrists and round its throat. A long rapier dangled by its side; its beard was grey and peaked, but a copious brown wig flowed out beneath the hat and rested on the shoulders.

"Its gait, as it stalked along the pavement, was mincing and affected, and under other circumstances I might have laughed at it. Its manner and gestures were absurdly exaggerated and fantastic. It was continually bowing and scraping to Edna, and seemingly making hot love to her; but as-often as she winced or shrank from it, it appeared hugely delighted, throwing up its arms, wagging its head, and contorting its body, as if carried away by an immoderate fit of laughter.

"The sun was shining broadly, but none of its rays seemed to fall on the sable garments of this singular personage. In fact, though I saw him as plainly as I now see you, Drayton, I was, nevertheless, well aware that here was something more or less than flesh and blood. It was a being of another state than this mortal one of ours. I say I saw him; and yet I do not believe that it was with my natural eyesight. A deeper sense of vision had been temporarily opened within me, and this spectre came within its scope.

"For a spectre it was. General Burleigh, striding bluffly along by the other side of his daughter, swinging his cane, twisting his moustachios, and ever and anon smiling and bowing to a passing friend, was ludicrously unconscious of there being anything supernatural in his vicinity. Moreover, I saw at least twenty persons pass the apparition shoulder to shoulder, evidently without seeing it; though they would often shiver, and wrap their top-coats or shawls more closely round them, as if a sudden blast of icy air had penetrated them. All this time the three were approaching

slowly, and were now but little more than twenty paces distant. I had not moved a step since first coming in view of them, and had kept my eyes fixed point-blank upon the apparition.

"At this moment I was puzzled to observe that the black-garmented figure was a good deal less distinctly discernible than when it had been farther off. The sun was still as bright as ever, the air as clear, but the outline of the shape was blurred and undefined, as though seen out of focus through a telescope. General Burleigh now caught sight of me for the first time, and his cordial gesture of salute caused Edna quickly to raise her eyes. We saw despair in each other's looks, and then she dropped her eyes again, and moved wearily onward. Simultaneously with her glance the spectre (which appeared to be as unconscious of everything save Edna and myself, as every one except us was of it)—the spectre also directed its gaze at me. I can never forget that face, Drayton. I seemed to grow older and more miserable as I confronted it. And all the while it was getting less and less perceptible: now it was magnified, clouded, and distorted; but the devilish expression of it was still recognisable. Now it faded or expanded into vagueness; only a foggy shadow seemed gliding by Edna's side; and when she was within ten paces, and her father's voice was speaking out its hearty welcome to me, every trace even of the shadow had disappeared; nothing was left but that chilliness and horror of the heart which I had felt the night previous, but now vastly intensified, because I was no longer ignorant of the cause of it. Edna and I would never again be alone together. This devil was to haunt us henceforth, mocking our love by its hideous mimicry and derision, marring and polluting our most sacred secrets, sickening our hearts and paralysing our hope and reliance in each other. We could neither escape it nor resist it; and its invisibility when we were together was not the least fearful thing about it. To see it, awful as it was, must be less unendurable than to imagine it, unseen; and the certainty that, so often as I left Edna, I should leave this devil in her company, visible once more the moment he was out of my reach, but never to be met and grappled with hand to hand—this was hard to bear! Had ever mortal man before such a rival?

"All this, of course, was but dimly apprehended by my mind at the time; but I had sufficient opportunity to muse upon it afterwards. General Burleigh seized my hand, and shook the head of his cane at me.

"'Shall be obliged to court-martial you, young man! What



have you been doing to my daughter, sir? Why, no one can get a word or a smile out of her, since you came with your tomfooleries! She keeps all her good humour for you, confound you! It's witchcraft—you've bewitched my little girl, with your lockets and your necklaces and your tomfooleries! You've bewitched her—and I'll have you court-martialed, and executed for witchcraft, by Jove! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!' And with that he gripped my hand again, and vowing that the club was the only place for him since I had appeared with my tomfooleries and witchcraft, he swung round on his heel and strode away, his broad military shoulders shaking with jollity; and left Edna alone with me—and my rival!

"We strolled off along Piccadilly, and I dare say every man we met was envying me from the bottom of his heart. But though her arm was in mine, I knew I might as well have been miles away from her. And we both were reticent of our words on all matters lying near our hearts, as if that third presence had been as palpable and visible as it was otherwise real. We spoke constrainedly and coldly; nay, we even tried not to *think* of our love or of our misery, lest it might possess power to see our thoughts as well as hear our voices. We walked on, seldom looking at one another, for fear of catching a glimpse of it in each other's eyes. I saw, however, that Edna still wore her locket—indeed, she had told me, the night before, that she would never take it off, until I bade her do so.

"‘So, your father thinks you bewitched, Edna,’ I said at length, trying to throw off the incubus a little.

"‘I am not very well, I think.’

"‘He seemed to fancy the spell was connected with that old locket,’ I continued; my very disinclination to the subject driving me to tamper with it.

"‘Perhaps it is,’ returned Edna, listlessly, lifting her hand for a moment to her throat. ‘I am not quite used to it yet.’

"‘To witchcraft, do you mean? You have seen no phantoms, have you?’

"‘I felt her little hand clutch my arm with an involuntary start. I looked down, and she met my eye with a blush, and at the same time with terrified, shrinking expression that was bitter to behold.

"‘I see nothing with my open eyes,’ she said, scarcely above a whisper; ‘but at night—I cannot help my dreams; and they follow me into the day.’

"‘It was as I had thought, therefore: the spectre was not objectively visible to her. She could not get away from her own self, and hence could gain no point of vantage whence her persecutor

could be seen. There was little doubt, nevertheless, that her mental picture of him agreed with my ocular experience. It seemed to me, on the whole, that her burden must be far harder to bear than mine. There is a kind of relief in being able to face a horror; and my own feelings, since seeing this evil spirit which was haunting us, had been in a certain sense more tolerable, if more hopeless, than the night before. But how did I know what agony she might suffer! Even her innocent sleep was not sacred from this evil thing; all her maiden reserve and delicacy were outraged; she could be safe nowhere—no one could protect her; and with me, who would have given my life to please a whim of hers, her suffering and exposure must be less endurable than anywhere else. I could well understand her blush—poor girl—poor girl!”

Not for many years—not since, in fact, certain sad experiences of my own early days—had I been so deeply stirred as by this recital of Calbot's. His voice had great compass and expression, and the needs of his profession had given its natural powers every cultivation. He had a way of dwelling on certain words, and of occasionally pausing, or appearing to hesitate, which greatly added to the effect of his narrative. All this might be acquired by art, but not so the ever and anon recurring falterings and breaks, into which (as now) he was unexpectedly betrayed. I felt that it was unwise in me to listen to him—to sympathise with him—as I was doing; yet could I not find it in my heart to stop him. All fears of violence on his part had been for some time past allayed. I was well aware that my encouragement of his confidences could only result in my passing a feverish, uncomfortable night, and a listless, dismal morrow, and yet I forbore to interrupt him. Ah! it is we old bachelors who have hearts after all.

I blew my nose, Calbot cleared his throat, and continued.

#### VIII.

“Well, Drayton, I shan't keep you much longer. From Piccadilly we turned into Bond Street, and were walking up the sidewalk on the left-hand side, when suddenly Edna stopped, and clasped both her hands round my arm. She uttered a low exclamation, and trembled perceptibly. Her face, as I looked at it, was quite rigid and colourless. I did not know what was the matter, but fearing she was about to swoon, I looked round for a cab. In so doing my eye caught my own reflection in a mirror, fixed at a shop entrance on the other side of the street. It was in this direction that Edna also was gazing, and the next moment I



no longer wondered at her ghastly aspect. Close by her shoulder appeared the fantastic, black-garmented figure which I had seen a while before in Park Lane. He was making the wildest and most absurd gestures—grinning, throwing about his arms, making profound mock obeisances, and evidently in an ecstasy of enjoyment. I looked suddenly round, but the place which should have been occupied by the original of the reflection appeared entirely empty. Looking back to the mirror, however, there was the spectre again, actually capering with ugly glee.

"Meantime people were beginning to notice the strange behaviour of Edna and myself, and I was thankful when a passing cab enabled me to shield her from their scrutiny. No sooner were we seated than she fainted away, and only recovered a few moments before we stopped at her door. As I helped her out she looked me sadly in the face, and said—

" 'Come to me to-morrow afternoon—for the last time.'

"I could say nothing against her decision, Drayton; I felt we should be really more united, living apart, than were we to force ourselves to outward association. Our calamity was too strong for us; separation might appease the mysterious malice of the phantom, and cause him to return whither he belonged. The persecution of our long-dead ancestors now recurred to me, as I had read it a week or two before in those dusty old documents, and I could not help seeing a strange similarity between their fate and ours. Yet we had an advantage in not being married, and in having the warning of their history before us. You see," observed Calbot, somewhat bitterly, "even I can talk of advantages!"

"I went to her house to-day and had a short interview. I cannot tell you in detail what we said, but it seems to me as though the memory of it would gradually oust all other memories from my mind. I told her that passage of history: we agreed to part—for ever in this world. I took back the chain and locket which I had given her but so short a time before. We said good-bye, in cold and distant words. We could not gratify the evil spirit, which we knew was watching us, by any embrace or show of grief and passion. We could be proud in our despair."

"One moment, Calbot," said I, interrupting him at this point; "you say she gave you back the locket?"

"Yes."

"Is it in your possession now?"

"It is at the bottom of the Thames."

"Good! And have you or Miss Burleigh seen anything of your phantom since then?"

"You forget that we parted only this afternoon. But I understand your question. No, Drayton, it is there that the fate of our ancestors gives us timely warning. We must never meet again."

"I don't consider the cases parallel; and besides," I added, with a glance at my MS., "there is perhaps another point to be considered. However, finish your story, if there be any more to tell."

"A little more, and then my story will be finished indeed! I am going with the new expedition to the North Pole, and it will be my own fault if I return. Well, after leaving her, I came straight down stairs and hurried out. I felt as though I must go mad, or kill some one—myself perhaps. As I stood on the door-step, mechanically buttoning up my Ulster, I felt that creeping, sickening chill once more, and knew that the unholy Thing had passed me. I looked sharply about, and in a moment or two I saw it, as plainly as ever. It stood on the sunlit pavement, about fifty yards away, and appeared to be beckoning me to approach.

"I watched it for perhaps a minute, and then a sudden fury took possession of me. My hatred against this devil which had blighted my life and Edna's must have leapt up in my eyes, for I fancied, from the way the phantom leered at me, that he meant to claim a sort of relationship with me—as though I were become a devil too. Well, if I were a devil, perhaps I might be able to inflict some torture on this my fellow. I sprang down the steps, and set off towards it. It waited until I had passed over more than half the intervening distance, and then it suddenly turned and walked onward before me. So a chase began."

"Good gracious, Calbot," remonstrated I; "you don't mean to tell me you ran after it—in the face of all London, too!"

"I would have followed it to its own hell if it had led me there," he returned. "At first it stalked along swiftly but easily, only occasionally cutting a grotesque caper in the air, with a flourish of its arms and legs. It kept always the same distance in front of me—with no effort could I lessen the interval. Nevertheless, I gradually increased my speed almost to a run, much to the apparent delight of the hobgoblin, who skipped with frantic glee over the cold pavements, occasionally half facing about to wave me on. It turned the corner of Piccadilly, and I lost sight of it for a moment; but, hurrying up, there it was again, a short distance up the street. It made me a profound mock obeisance, and immediately set off anew.



"As I need not tell you, the figure which I was pursuing was visible only to myself. The street was full of people, there were all the usual noise, bustle, and gaiety of the city at that hour; but though it passed through the midst of the crowd, in all the fantastic singularity of its costume and manner, no one stepped out of its way, or turned to gaze at it. That it should be so terrible a reality to me, and at the same time so completely non-existent to the rest of the world, affected me strangely. Here was a new bond of relationship between me and it. My misery and I were one; but the link which united us was a cap of invisibility for the demon.

"I was not invisible, however, nor unnoticed. I was conscious that every one was staring at me—and no wonder! I must have presented an odd spectacle, hurrying onward with no apparent object, and with an expression of face which may well have been startling to behold. But so long as no attempt was made to stop me, I was indifferent to remark. I had determined to follow my black friend in the plumed hat, no matter where the chase might lead me.

"The pace grew quicker and quicker. We went down the Haymarket, and were now in the throng of the Strand. All the places which I know so well passed by like remembered dreams. They seemed illusions, and the only real substance in the world was this Thing that I pursued. The dark shape continued to glide forward with easy speed, ever and anon giving me a glimpse of the pallid malignance of its evil visage; but my own breath was beginning to come hard, and the difficulty of forcing a path through the press became greater as we neared the heart of the city. Passing beneath Temple Bar, the spectre stopped a moment and stamped its foot imperiously, at the same time beckoning to me with an impatient gesture. I sprang forward, yearning to grapple with it; but it was gone again, and seemed to flit like a shadow along the sidewalk. Its merriment, however, now forsook all bounds—it appeared to be in a ceaseless convulsion of chuckling laughter. We flew onward, but so absorbed in my pursuit had I now become, that I recollect nothing distinctly until the tower of St. G——'s came into view. I think a premonition of what was to occur entered my mind then. The hobgoblin disappeared—seemingly through the iron railing of the contracted graveyard which bounds the northern side of the church. I came up to the railing and looked within. It was sitting on an ancient headstone blackened by London smoke and worn by time; it sat with its elbows on its knees, and its head in its hands.

A sombre shadow fell about it, which the cheerful sunshine could not penetrate ; but its awful eyes emitted a dusky phosphorescent glare, dimly illuminating the leering features. As I looked, a change came over them—they were now those of a corpse already mouldering in decay—crumbling into nothingness before my eyes. The whole figure gradually faded or darkened away : I cannot tell how or when it vanished. Presently I was staring fixedly at an old tombstone, with a name and a date upon it ; but the churchyard was empty."

## IX.

Of my own accord I now reproduced my decanter of port wine, and Calbot and I finished it before either of us spoke another word.

What he was thinking of meanwhile I know not ; for my part, I was endeavouring to put in order a number of disjointed ideas, imbibed at various epochs during this evening, whose logical arrangement, I was convinced, would go far towards elucidating much of the mystery. As to the positively supernatural part of Calbot's experience, of course I had no way of accounting for that ; but I fancied there were materials at hand tolerably competent to raise a ghost, allowing such a thing as a ghost to be possible.

"I am glad, Calbot," I began, "that you came to me. Your good sense—or instinct, perhaps, directed you aright. Do not despair ; I should not be surprised were we to manage between us to discover that your happiness, so far from being at an end, was just on the point of establishing itself upon a trustworthy foundation." Calbot shook his head gloomily. "Well, well," resumed I, "let us see. In the first place—as regards that locket. It will perhaps surprise you to learn that I had heard of it before you came this evening—had read quite a minute description of it, in fact."

"Where ?" demanded my friend, raising his eyes.

"That will appear later. I must first ask you whether, in the old family documents you spoke of, the personal appearance of this Archibald Armstrong was particularly delineated ?"

"I hardly know ; I have no recollection of any especial passage—and yet I fancy it must have been given with some fulness ; because when I saw the hobgoblin, its costume and aspect seemed curiously familiar."

"And had I seen it, there is little doubt in my mind that I should have recognised it also."

"Indeed !" exclaimed Calbot, sitting upright in his chair, "how happens that ?"



"Wait a moment,—I am merely collecting evidence. Now, have you any reason to suppose that a connection of any sort, friendly, business, or other, subsisted between your unhappy ancestor and this Armstrong previous to the former's marriage?"

"Do you mean whether he was under any obligations to Armstrong?"

"Yes."

"He may have been—but the idea is new to me. How"—

"I am not done yet. Now, did it never occur to you—or, I should say, does it not seem probable—that the locket which you had found hidden away in your mother's jewel-box was in some way connected with the family tragedy you told me of?"

"I have thought of it, Drayton; there is no difficulty in imagining such a thing; the trouble is, we haven't the slightest evidence of it."

"I was about to say," I rejoined, "that there is direct evidence of precisely such a locket having been bought, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by precisely such a looking man as the hobgoblin you saw to-day. It was to be a wedding gift to the woman he was to marry the next day."

Drayton!"

"That woman deceived him, and eloped on the eve of her marriage with a *protégé* of his. He professed forgiveness, and sent the locket as a pledge of it."

"Odd!"

"He died in 1698, and his last recorded words were a curse invoked upon those whom he had before professed to pardon—upon them and their posterity."

"But, Drayton—what"—

"It is my opinion that his forgiveness was merely a cloak to his deadly and unrelenting hatred. It is my opinion, Calbot, that the pledge he gave was poisonous with evil and malicious influences. The locket was made of tourmaline, which has mysterious properties. No doubt he believed it a veritable witch's talisman; and from the sufferings which afterwards befell his enemies (not to speak of your own experience) one might almost fancy witchcraft to be not entirely a delusion after all."

"One might, indeed! But if, as you seem to imply, this locket enabled Armstrong to persecute Calbot and his wife, why did not they send it back or destroy it?"

"Simply because they were not aware of its evil nature, and fancied that Armstrong's (if it were his) profession of forgiveness

had been genuine. Very likely Mrs. Calbot habitually wore it on her bosom, as Miss Burleigh did again yesterday, more than a century later. The persecutor must have been a devil incarnate, from the time he learnt his lady's faithlessness until his death; and after that"—

"A plain devil. But to come to the point, you think that the locket was the sole medium of his power over them?"

"Undoubtedly. Then, after their death, it remained in the family, but never happened to be used again: it is not a jewel to catch the eye by any means. It remained perdu until you fished it out for Miss Burleigh, and thereby stirred up the old hobgoblin to play his devilish tricks once more. But by a lucky combination of accidents you parted with her in time; she returned you the locket, thus freeing *herself* from the spectre; and you, by throwing it in the Thames, have secured him against ever being able to make his appearance again."

"It may be so, Drayton," cried Calbot in great excitement. "I remember, too, that when I gave her the locket she promised fealty to the giver! Now, in fact, not I but this cursed Armstrong was the real giver; and so Edna was actually surrendering herself to his power. But, supposing your explanation correct, why may not Edna and I come together again?"

"Well, my dear fellow," replied I, as I lit another Cabana, "unless you have acquired a very decided aversion to each other during the last few hours, I really don't see why you shouldn't."

"Drayton, I'm afraid to believe this true! Tell me how you came upon your evidence, and what degree of reliance may be placed upon it."

I told him briefly about the MS., and added the conviction (at which I had arrived during his narrative) that it must have been sent to me by my former friend, Armstrong's, executors; and probably comprised the very papers which I had made an ineffectual attempt to secure at the auction sale. "The only lame point about the matter," I added, "is, that the MS. is wholly anonymous. All the names are blanks; and though I have no doubt, now, that they are Armstrong, Burleigh, and Calbot, there is no direct proof of it."

My friend's face fell. "There, it may be only a coincidence after all!"

"Nonsense! a coincidence indeed! If you have credulity enough to believe in such a 'coincidence' as that, you have certainly mistaken your profession."



"If you were a lawyer," returned he, "you would know that there is no limit to the strangeness of coincidences. But let me see the MS."

"It is there on the table, at your elbow."

Calbot turned and took it up.

"How's this—it's wet, soaking wet!" he exclaimed. "Drayton, I'm afraid I must have cracked that old vase of yours. It has been leaking, and the table is flooded."

It was too true. The precious water of life had been preserved through so many generations merely for the sake of spoiling the morocco of my study table at last. Vanished were my hopes of earthly immortality. Cautiously lifting the vase, in the hope that somewhat of the precious ichor might yet be saved, the whole bottom fell out. Calbot was sorry, of course, but he had no conception of the extent of the misfortune. He observed that the vase could easily be mended! as if the vase were the chief treasure.

"Never mind," said I, rather soberly, after we had sopped up the inestimable elixir, as well as we could, with our handkerchiefs. "I shall die an eternity or two the sooner, and shall have to get my table new covered—that's all. I hope, Calbot, that the good which your visit here has done you, will be a small fraction as great as the loss it has inflicted upon me. Well, and how has the MS. come out of the scrape? All washed out, I suppose."

With a penitent eye Calbot took it up once more, and ran his eye over the last page. I saw his expression change. He knit his brows—looked up at me with a quick, questioning glance—looked back to the page; and finally said "Oh!"

"What?"

"It seems you had filled in the blanks before I came?"

"With the first four letters of the alphabet. Yes!"

"With the names in full!"

"What names?"

"Why, Drayton, the first thing I looked at was this record of 'ondyinge Hatred,' &c. It contains all the four names—yours as one of the witnesses of Armstrong's signature. They are written out in pale red ink, as plain as can be"—

I had jumped from my chair, and taken the MS. from Calbot's hand. It was impossible—it was inconceivable! but it was true. The page was thoroughly wetted through, but there were the three names—the *four* names, for my own was added, in the character of *compiler* of the work—plainly traced out in light red ink. Could I

have done it in a fit of abstraction? No, for the chirography was not mine—it was identical with all the rest of the writing. In my utter bewilderment, I raised my eyes to the wall, where hung the picture of my ecclesiastical ancestor—he, the alchemist, the busy-body, the death-bed confidant, the suspected wizard—and my own namesake—we were the only two Toxophiluses in all the line of Draytons. Once more, for the third or fourth time that evening, it struck me that he looked excessively knowing and sly.

Who can analyse the lightning evolutions of human thought? I knew the truth before I could explain it. It crystallised in my brain all in a moment. A glance at the front of the MS., which had not been wetted, confirmed me.

I threw down the MS., clapped Calbot on the shoulder, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which his astonished and concerned aspect served only to aggravate. It was some minutes before I could speak.

"It is a simple matter after all," I said. "My old progenitor, there on the wall, was a friend—confidential friend—of Armstrong's. It was he who wrote that MS., and left the blanks, which are not blanks, but names written in invisible ink. He prepared, then, the chemical reagent for the purpose of making the invisible writing visible whenever the time should come. Perhaps he meant to apply it himself some day; but, unluckily, death snatched him all unawares from the scene of his pious intrigues. The MS. got into the hands of Armstrong's heirs (from whom I this day received it). The reagent stayed with the Draytons. This evening you came and brought the two together in your own inimitable style. You see, wherever the paper is wet, the blanks are filled in: the untouched parts are blanks still. Oh, John, John! I wish this had happened before I printed my article on 'Unrecognisable Truths:' it is a peculiarly apt illustration."

"Didn't I tell you," said Calbot, after a pause, "that there was nothing in the world so strange as coincidences?"

"There is the hobgoblin still unaccounted for," answered I; "but I have done my part; I leave the rest to you."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day but one came a note from my friend. It ran:—

"What did I do at your rooms last night? Was I queer at all? I had intended calling on you that day, to tell you that Edna and I were going to be married April 1st, and to get you for my best



man. *Did* I tell you? Because, if not, I do now. The fact is, you see, I had been reading over some curious old family documents (I think I spoke to you about them?) and then I went up to Edna's and frightened her half to death with telling her ghost stories about the locket I'd given her as a betrothal gift (a queer little thing it is. Did I ever mention it to you?) Well, going home I met young De Quincey, and he proposed—he's always up to some devilry or other—he proposed doing something which I shall never do again; I was a fool to try it at all, but I had no notion how it would act. I'm afraid I may have annoyed you. I have an idea I upset your ink-bottle, and that I got it into my head that the ghost story I had been telling Edna was true. How was it? I know I felt deathly sick the next morning; I'm not certain whether it was the port wine I drank, or that confounded hasheesh that I took with young De Quincey. I promised Edna I'd never take any more. Well, you won't object to being my best man, will you?

“J. C.”

So far from explaining the essential mystery—the Ghostly Rival—this letter of John's only makes it, to my mind, more inscrutable than ever. Talk about coincidences! For my part, I prefer to believe in ghosts.

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## AN ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON, MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

Strong passion's daring sees not ought to dare.

It was his thought he saw : the presence fair  
Of unachieved achievement, of high task.—*Jubal*.

**M**R. WHYMPER says of the victims of the first glorious but fatal ascent of the Matterhorn that they were left, when first the bodies were found, "buried in snow at the base of the grandest cliff of the most majestic mountain of the Alps." Not only is the Matterhorn the most majestic mountain in the Alps, but it is, for aught that I could ever learn by tale or history, the most unique and splendid mountain in the world. It is as distinctive amongst mountains as Shakespeare is amongst poets. It is not, of course, the highest or the largest ; but no drawing or description of those that are higher or larger conveys the same idea of such a splendid, heaven-soaring cone, rising up loftily, abruptly, and alone, from out such a wide, waste basis of all-surrounding snow-fields. Other mountains are near enough to contrast, but not to compare with this grand and solitary peak ; upon whose wizard heights there are no slopes, but only precipices. Though streaked with snow or ice, he is yet wholly rock ; iron, adamantine, inexorable. Snow rests permanently on but few places of his grim and savage steepness, and the magic form and shape express subtly, but admirably, the characteristics, and even the character, of the stern and deadly mountain. Like Mary Queen of Scots, the Matterhorn, though irresistible in attraction, may yet be fatal to fascinated lovers. In his art expression he is tragic as Mrs. Siddons was. He is the Iago of mountains ; seeming honest, but capable of ruthless villainy. Nay, it may even be whispered here that the Matterhorn is not incapable of murder.

It is hard to divest the mountain of a distinct personality and a malignant character. He has a temper and a demoniac will. Consider only what he did when he found himself no longer able to preserve his haunted summit from the foot of man. His resentment led him then to terrible, to most tragic lengths ; and



he will yet again, unless I misread his disposition, seek revenge for the indignity of repeated ascents by bringing about some other catastrophe which shall revive in the minds of men his sinister and demoniac reputation.

Imagination oft-times delights to disport itself in airy realms lying outside of and above the closely fenced preserves of reason and of logic. In that fantastic kingdom

Where nothing is, but all things seem,

it is impossible to dis sever the conception of Matterhorn from the idea of an infra-human and most mysterious being. It will not present itself to the excited fancy as a merely dead thing, as a block of rock without volition or feeling. The life that imagination attributes to its awful mass is inscrutable and occult. That life touches our life at the mystic point at which the human touches the demoniac. Old local superstition made its haunted cliffs the home of demons. The Wandering Jew and the spirits of the damned were supposed to reside amid its invincible and inaccessible precipices. A ruined city, the residence of demons and of fallen spirits, was popularly believed to exist upon the ghastly summit; and the weird impression which its terrible form made upon the human mind engendered legend, dread, and horror. The Matterhorn owes solely to himself the dark beliefs which he himself has created.

I saw this year the magic mount under two very remarkable and strongly contrasted aspects. On one most splendid day, the perfection of summer glory, I was descending from the Riffel to Zermatt. The time was afternoon. There is one point in the descent from which there is a singularly fine view of the Matterhorn, and at this point we stopped to gaze at the imperial giant.

The sky was blue as the summer sea,  
The depths were cloudless overhead,  
The air was calm as it could be.

The skies quivered with excess of light; were tremulous with intensity of heat. The still and shining air was flooded with the fervid brilliancy of cloudless sun-radiance; and the very blue of the heavens was suffused with golden splendour. The huge, soaring cone was softened into a faint, hazy, violet shape and form. Its substance was not then hard or well defined. Its pale delicate tone and outline sank into the luminous azure air-ocean which wholly surrounded and half absorbed it. A little darker only than the burning, sun-steeped sky behind it, the Matterhorn seemed to be almost impalpable. No longer harsh and iron-like, it presented

a shimmering vision of softest bulk and of tenderest colour, lovely beyond expression. Its usual aspect was changed almost past recognition: and the contrast was most striking. It seemed gentle and almost loving. It did not stand clearly out from the gleaming light and hue which spread about its ever noble mass. No marks, or lines, or scars were visible, as they usually are, upon the deeply worn face. All detail had melted into the soft flush of faintest, aerial purple hues; and the mountain had mixed and blended with the gorgeous heavens. It had merged itself into the subtly subduing elements of air. It was an atmospheric wonder and a charm. The shade upon the northern face was only a tone deeper in hue; and the changed mountain had become sublimated, glorified, by a divine and love-warm witchery of colour and of light.

This rare sight I saw three days before I made the ascent; and I saw the mountain under another but a very different aspect three days after I had descended from his proud crest.

It was night—still, dark night—at Zermatt. A few stars shone dimly in the great dusk void; and from behind the Mischabel Hörner broad vivid flashes of sheet lightning, intense but instantaneous, streamed swiftly vanishing flames of pale light upon the valley. I strolled a little way above Seiler's Hotel, to that point from which the Matterhorn is first and is clearly seen. The mountain itself was dimly visible—its weird form a deeper gloom upon the deep gloom of night. Suddenly came a brilliant flash of light, and the spectral shape gleamed for a brief instant distinctly in intense and ghastly whiteness. There was at the time a great deal of snow on the mountain; and it was wonderful to see how clearly its blue blanched cone stood out, for a magic second, from the ebon obscurity and the mystery of heavy night. It seemed, indeed, not as if the Matterhorn were shone upon by lightning from outside, but as if he were irradiated, lit up, by light proceeding from within. He vanished wholly into darkness, and then burst out again suddenly into the strange life of wondrous light. Nothing else, no other object, made such use of the electric gleaming; and the huge mountain flashed out of sight, and then reappeared as by magic, flaming whitely, revealed to wondering sight like sympathetic ink made visible by lightning. It seemed as if the mountain itself gave out electric fire. In nothing that he does is the Matterhorn altogether like other mountains. The Matterhorn is, indeed,

As the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.



And yet the term "sublime," so well merited in so many respects, is so far inapplicable that the crime-stained mountain suggests the demoniac as well as the divine; has a touch of Milton's Satan as well as a suggestion of his archangel. Had Byron known the Matterhorn, it would have been *the* mountain for Manfred, instead of those pale cliffs of the snowy Jungfrau, on which, as we learn from the chamois-hunter, there grew a shrub, while a chalet was attainable "within an hour." No shrubs or chalets on our wild, bare Matterhorn! What home could poet find, or feign, so fit for the three Destinies, or for Nemesis, as is that marvellous and romantic peak?

In the first half of the August of 1876 we had singularly fine weather; in the latter half the worst weather that I ever remember in the Alps.

My old love returned;—

Our hopes like towering falcons aim  
At objects in an airy height;

and I resolved once more to attempt the Matterhorn. I fixed upon the 15th of August for the ascent. I could not get Melchior Anderegg, because his first master, G. C. P. Lyvetête, the best mountaineer of the day, wanted Melchior for another expedition; but I engaged Moser and Joseph Taugwalder, both of Zermatt. All other guides are at a great disadvantage when brought into comparison with the peerless Melchior, but I had every reason to be satisfied with my two men. Moser is very steady, strong, careful; while young Joseph (the nephew of old Peter Taugwalder) will ripen into an excellent guide.

About ten a.m. we set off from the Monte Rosa Hotel. A porter was to go with us as far as the hut. The morning was brilliant, but was burningly hot with that stinging heat which forebodes bad weather. We strolled gently up the zig-zags till we came to the end of the trees, where the guides and porter stopped to cut wood. I went on alone, winding up the paths, crossing the rough meadows where the bright waters rush down babbling to the sun through vivid green of grass, until I reached the little lonely Schwarzsee chapel, just below the Hörnli, where I waited for the others.

Guides on the Matterhorn are far more grave and earnest than they are on any other mountain. They feel that they are undertaking a serious and a dangerous task, and are more silent than usual. Roman Catholic guides cross themselves devoutly at the

little chapel. At that point a certain gravity of manner and of speech, which is contagious, begins to spread through a Matterhorn party.

Leaving the black lake, you cross a wide stony waste, and traverse a dull dust and slate-coloured moraine. Just here a hush came over the sunny light, and a gentle sigh breathed through the quiet air. We had had fine weather for so long, that weather wisdom was something off its guard. Some people, when the sun is shining, never conceive the possibility of bad weather. We were not so unwise, but we wholly failed to realise the storm that was in store. We did not foresee that the weather would change from fine to worst while we were on our mountain. After the moraine comes a rugged rock ridge of about a mile and a half in length, which extends between the Hörnli and the mountain itself. As you pass along this natural bridge the great peak is always full in view. It was in shadow as we approached it. The sombre cone, huge, massive, threatening, upreared its awful crags and precipices before our earnest gaze. A level stretch of snow is next passed; you meet tough rock directly you have crossed the snow, and you are then fairly upon the great mountain. On its precipitous crags you find scanty, narrow ledges of a few inches only in width, and these ledges run steeply up the face, or the edge, of the main wall of rock. Soon you reach a deep snow gully, or what is ordinarily a snow gully, running up and into the side of the mountain; but this gully, when we passed up it, was, owing to the long dry weather, no longer a snow slope, but a kind of hanging glacier of sheer ice. It cost us time and trouble to cut steps up its smooth, hard steepness. You pass again to the haunted cliffs; and at this point we saw thin greyish white filmy wreaths of mist steal up from the Furge glacier and from the enormous snowfields beyond it. It appeared as if the cold glacier surface steamed with heat. Soon came sharp hail; then snowy rain and comparative chilliness. We toiled on over the laborious ascent with quickened speed; but we were very wet when we reached the hut at five. The bad passage just below the hut was worse than usual. Large stones had fallen away; the chain had been removed, and an untrustworthy little rope substituted. Out of the narrow rough ledge which runs along the Furge side of the hut a large block of rock had fallen, leaving a rather ugly chasm to jump over. Wind and cloud can co-exist upon the Matterhorn. The first animals in a rushing herd of wild buffaloes move fast, but there are plenty to succeed them, and the great mass sweeps steadily on. So with clouds here: they drive swiftly, but



many follow the first ones, and the supply seems inexhaustible. They whirl, and eddy, and tower round you, and then cease all at once, as they did when we reached the hut. It became comparatively fine again as we began to cook.

The hut itself is a miserable refuge; but it is difficult to find any place for a *cabane* on the Matterhorn, and the present pitch is supposed to be sheltered against falling stones. One side of the hut is the bare high rock itself; the other side is constructed of rude boards. The roof is open to wind and to water. The floor is of ice, hidden by a little dirty hay. There is no space outside. After dark you can scarcely issue forth without a guide; and the small patch before the hut falls away very steeply to the Furge glacier lying deep below. All round is the hardness of rock and the coldness of snow. The view from it is grand, but the place itself seems always insecure, and is wretchedly uncomfortable. It is a wild and savage pitch, and is one of those shelters which are only rendered tolerable by strong necessity.

We had a night of darkness, cold, and snow. We had intended to start at four, but Moser, rising at three, found snow and frost, and said that we must wait. Ultimately, the weather having then improved, we did start at 7.30.

The shoulder is a wild crag to scale. That passed, you stand at the foot of the long high passage which rises up straight above you on the north-east edge. Down the smooth dark rocks three chains descend. The surface of the towering rocks was coated with frozen snow, and every crack and ledge was full of ice. Availing ourselves of the useful chains, we climbed carefully and adhesively up—

Uno innanzi altro, prendendo la scala  
Che per artezza i salitor dispaja.  
Ora era, onde 'l salir non volea storpio.

The height of this dark passage is, perhaps, two hundred feet; and it looks from below very cruel and dangerous. The day was sullen and gloomy, threatening and chilly. Hail and snow were in constant readiness, and the wind blew fiercely, though now and then it died away, in low sighs, for a brief space. There is not one comfortable resting place between the *cabane* and the top. On the shoulder the guides objected to carry anything—even a bottle of champagne—to the summit; and we left that, and a few sketchy eatables, on a patch of uneasy rock upon the shoulder itself. While climbing the chain cliff, I had a private idea that Melchior would have hesitated to go beyond the hut in such weather. Moser and Joseph looked often and anxiously at the angry heavens. They

muttered evil prophecies and urged haste—with care. All the way up Moser led; coming down, Joseph took the lead. Just above the chains steep I had a fine glimpse of view over the peak ocean to the north; but I could not stop to enjoy it. The Finsteraarhorn and the Oberland group were then temporarily distinct.

After quitting the chain scramble you come to a very steep slope of snow. In our case the freshly fallen snow was not deep, but it was all but ice; and a heavy hailstorm came sharply down as we commenced the slope. Moser's axe cut the steps, but the fast falling hail filled up every step as it was cut. Taugwalder and myself had no axes, but we managed to pass safely and swiftly up this icy snow-piece. Then more rock, just thinly covered with frozen snow and hail; then more hard snow; and, as we tread carefully up this, we see that we are close upon the top. It comes—at last!—and we find ourselves at 10.30, or 10.35, on one side of a long thin ridge of hard snow, edged towards the Italian side by an upright little snow wall of about two feet high. The guides caution me emphatically against trusting to this wall, as it is only cornice. Borrowing the axe from Moser, I drive the stick through it, and the downward slanting hole shows me Italy. We pass carefully along this narrow snow *arête* of a top, and soon reach the very highest point, the real summit of the Matterhorn. Here we find a staff and a flag of a dull red colour blowing wildly about. It seems that young Mr. Seiler had been up here a short time before, and had erected this memento of his visit. Moser tears off a small piece of this flag, and I put it carefully away, intending (an intention which I carried out) to give the strip to my kind friend Madame Seiler, at Zermatt. I knew that it would please her to have it. We also saw a little wooden tablet, bearing the names of the three lucky, if unwise, gentlemen who—in finest weather—ascended without guides, and left this perishable record of their fortunate feat.

I must here pause to place on record one singular fact. Mr. Whymper, in his illustrations, and in his printed and oral descriptions, depicts the top of the Matterhorn as a rather easy snow slope up which men could run. Of course it was so when he first ascended in 1865; but now the whole thing is changed—there is no slope and no breadth. A sharp *arête*, thin and narrow, extends between the north-east and the north-west points of the ridgy summit. Disintegration, which is going on fast on the great peak, has been singularly active on the summit, and we did not even find a place on which we could sit down. We stood during the whole of the short time that we remained upon the extreme highest point.



For it was very cold there. It was freezing sharply, and the wind was piercingly keen. The guides urged "haste," and said that the weather was going to be so very bad that we must hurry away.

I had, however, not attained that lonely altitude to turn back without a good look round. I wanted to photograph the scene upon memory, and would not move until I had done so. We remained there only about a quarter of an hour; but that time, intensely used, was sufficient for my purpose.

What a height it is! You are nearly 15,000 feet high; there is awful space around, and low, closely impending heavens above you. The wind that blows there—and it did blow on that day—is virile, and bracing, and tonic. You soon feel that you are not in the valley. A very thin hard ridge is underneath your feet, and on that terrible north side there are steep and ghastly depths below. There is a proud feeling in standing on the very top of the conquered Matterhorn, and I stamped my foot upon his head in a triumph which was a defiance and an outrage. Poetry has the advantage over prose that it can in its pictures select the highest moments of life, and one such moment is certainly that in which, when high in air, all that defeated peak lies down below you. One impression made upon you is that of the blind, cold, ruthless cruelty of the insensate but yet terribly vicious mountain. There is a chill of terror as one thinks of that which he has done—of that which he yet could do.

The first glance is naturally directed downwards towards Italy. What do I see there? A line, or rather broad streaks, of gloomy dun colour blent with dusky indigo, darker than purple, and interwoven with a suggestion of dull gold. No forms of mountains are distinctly visible; and lo!—even while I gaze—dense, dark clouds boil and surge up swiftly from Italy; the view is all blotted out, and thick sulphurous cloud darkness rises, with almost, incredible rapidity, until my view is limited to the southern shoulder, and I am only intent upon seeing the southern route to the top. To the north all is comparatively clear—clear for a few moments—and I see well Dent Blanche, Gabelhorn, Rothhorn. A splash of wan sunlight rests upon the Weisshorn. The whole Oberland range soars up behind, and is momentarily clear. The wind wails louder with a wild music melancholy as a dirge. The Monte Rosa chain is dim. The Riffel, and its green slopes, are barely to be recognised. The Matterhorn and the Zmutt glaciers, far and directly down below, are plainly to be seen, but over the Furge is a pale shroud of rising mist.

So I did not have a "good view" from the Matterhorn. But that matters little. I have seen fine unclouded views from many a peak, but to this peak belongs fitly storm and war of elements. Clouds here do not "pause to repose themselves in passing by." There is no repose possible on this wild peak, that loves best an active struggle with the storm-fiends. "And a mighty tempest shall be stirred up round about him." Tempest has its own deep beauty in its fitting home. The mystery of dread latent force is better felt in such weather. The mountain is grander in the flying gleams of strange lights, and fantastic cloud-forms, and hovering glooms. Silent silver lights rest for a brief instant on the chill of snow and on the dark of rock. Storm lends a noble mystery undreamed of in calm or sunny hours. I rejoice that my short experience of the summit of the Matterhorn was one of grandest tempest and of lowering heavens.

But the guides urge departure. I turned unwillingly—except for sense of bitter cold—and the descent began.

Where there is clear knowledge of great danger steps are not likely to slip, and we all knew the work before us. Snow began to drive and frost to harden. Having only one axe, and every step in the frozen snow being perilous, we turned our faces to the cold slopes, and went down safer so. Between your legs you can see where *they* fell. We reached the site of *the* accident, and left it a little to our right; but I knew well all that had happened there. The rocks were glazed with ice. The first route was, by the way, as I am told, rather shorter and somewhat less difficult than the present way; but the latter is kept close to the eastern ridge in order to avoid falling stones.

All this part of the mountain requires the greatest care, especially when it is as slippery as we found it. A slip would be fatal, and you see beneath you clearly enough to what a fall would lead. Rocks, snow-powdered, stick up every now and then through snow. The question is frequently asked "*Sind sie fest?*" and the answer often comes "*Ziemlich,*" and then again "*Langsam vorwärts!*" I know that I was often on places on which I could not have held any one if a slip had happened. I was without an axe, and the holding on smooth, frozen, downward-tending rocks was anything but secure. However, with our party, not the slightest slip even once occurred. We descended slowly but safely. We took heed to every step and kept the rope always taut. Joseph led well and heedfully. Up and down I never once wanted a hand between the shoulder and the top. The old thin strand of rope which *Mr. Whymp* left, and which still waves mournfully over the



sheer rock, was hidden from us by fresh snow, but we knew where it was. Snow fell and drove, and the wind blew in fierce gusts as we passed this portion of the dangerous peak. The view looking down on all sides to such sheer depths is impressive, and makes you careful. We attained to the smooth, straight-down rocks on the eastern edge, over which the three chains depend. Without help from those chains we could not have got down, because the rock was then all thinly covered with fresh ice; but we did descend, we reached the shoulder, and paused, in a lull of wind, for a short rest on that insecure spot at which we had left our provisions and champagne. How good *that* was! It needed no icing.

The guides again urged haste, and we did not rest more than ten minutes. From the shoulder to the hut the way is difficult, and the weather got worse and worse as we went on. You do not see the hut until you are close upon it; but we crunch down a snow slope, and there it is. The two axes which we had left behind stood patiently waiting, and the snow-surrounded aperture, or doorway, stood open wide in welcome. We found that it was just past two o'clock.

We meant to rest there for a short hour, to take a good meal, and then to descend to Zermatt; calculating upon reaching the hotel about eight p.m.

We entered, and cooked our simple food. Then followed a beatific pipe, and we began to collect the things to be carried down. It had become very dark in the hut, and the "much worse weather" which the guides had prophesied was raging outside. We went out to look. There we saw

The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds  
Rose curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.

We might have asked with Dante—

Ricorditi, Lettor, se mai nell' alpe  
Ti colse nebbia, per la qual' vedessi  
Non altrimenti che per pelle talpe;

Now, I do recollect mists in the Alps, but I never saw such darkness. The snow was whirling in thick flakes, and in spite of that a roaring wind was raging furiously. Moser shook his head. "We must wait. We can't go down, especially over that glacier, in such darkness. I won't take the responsibility. *Herr*, we must wait." And Taugwalder confirmed his leader's statement.

Good; if we must wait, we must wait; but it is annoying. We *did* wait for another hour. It was then past four, but the weather

was growing worse. It was nearly the latest hour at which we could start; and a start then, if it had been practicable, would not have brought us down to Zermatt before ten p.m. You cannot descend any part of the Matterhorn in the dark. Presently Moser said, very decidedly, that he could not and would not go down, and that we must pass another night in the hut. An unpleasant necessity! It was very cold; we had two inches of candle, rather scanty provisions, and very little wood. However, one must accept the inevitable.

I had luckily plenty of good tobacco, and with that we solaced ourselves during the cold, dark hours. We lay down to sleep early. Guides sleep soundly, but not soundlessly; and I soon knew when mine were asleep. I lay long awake, listening to the wind howling and shrieking against the peak; and to the occasional roar of masses of great stones pouring, streaming, bounding down the steep and smooth east face: but at length, soothed perhaps by that roaring lullaby, I too slept. Awakened by the guides stirring, I found that snow was coming into the hut, and that they were getting wet. It was very cold. Time and the hour ride out the roughest night, and dim, chill morning came at last. We breakfasted on scrappy remnants, and at eight began to descend. The weather was better; cloudy still, but comparatively windless, and without any snow falling.

We found the glacier very bad. It was all hard, dark ice, here and there powdered with fresh snow; and it goes very straightly down. The iron spike of the ice-axe slid over the iron ice. Taugwalder led down, and cut steps from below. Those we had made in ascending were quite lost. It was my eighth time on this portion of the mountain, but I had never seen it in so bad a state. I was glad when we again got on the rocks—bad as they were. We passed the snow, the long ridge, and the moraine, and found ourselves on the “level waste, the rounding grey.” We had emerged from cloud-land, and from shadow-realm, and were in a calmer atmosphere. Near the Hörnli and the Schwarzsee we met with one or two parties making short excursions from Zermatt. They stared at the battered, weather-stained men coming off the Matterhorn, and some stopped us to ask questions about the wizard mount. Running down the grass slopes near Zermatt, we met a little procession, composed chiefly of women. These accosted my guides with great emotion, with kisses and warm hand-shakings. As they spoke very fast, and in *patois*, I did not at first understand their meaning; but Moser soon explained. Between cloud openings we had been seen on the most dangerous part of the mountain; and



at that moment a small snow avalanche fell down the northern face. We were swallowed up in an instant in mist and lost to sight. They thought that we had fallen, and were rejoiced to see the two guides return safely. Soon comes the door of the dear old Monte Rosa Hotel. Sending Moser on to order a bath, I changed my garments, and then turned to look upon the Matterhorn *vincit*. He was shrouded in cloud and storm; but I knew where he was, and every step upon him was photographed in memory. It was a little after one when we reached Zermatt. Madame Seiler was pleased to receive the strip of her son's flag; the hotel soon made up for scant sustenance by a capital lunch; and the society of pleasant friends relieved the mind from that feeling of loneliness and awe which the grim and ghastly giant evokes. The Matterhorn lay behind me—vanquished!

Often after my ascent I gazed with all the old wonder, awe, and delight at the great mystic peak; and my own ascent itself seemed to me half unreal. I looked back upon it, and it was almost like a dream. So inaccessible does the mountain look that I felt a sort of half doubt of having actually stood upon that haughty crest. The fact of an ascent does not destroy the weird impression made by the sinister hill. You regard your climb, through the mist of memory, as you remember a first dreamy visit to Venice. And yet a climb upon the Matterhorn yields a profound emotional experience, which will last out a life, of contact with a grandly terrible, a frightfully ruthless force of mystic nature—"a force that is not *we*." The inner essence and meaning of the grim, stern, heartless peak, with its deadly antagonism to man, is expressed through a form of most singular significance. An intimate acquaintance with that fierce and lonely height exalts and develops the sense of sympathy, the power of will, within us. We have touched and conquered Nature where she seems to be impregnable. It is curious to notice the vastly different impression made by the Matterhorn upon un-imaginative and imaginative natures. To the boor it is barren; to the poet it is fertile. To a climber of the Hawley Scrowger school, a climber who works with the legs only, and ascends without heart or brain, without intellect or fancy, the Matterhorn is simply a more or less difficult piece of rock-work: to the mountaineer of the Norman Franklin type, the mountaineer who adds the soul of the poet to the power of the athlete, the Matterhorn is a sublime if awful revelation of that which is mysterious and terrible in Nature. To such a man it is a loadstone mountain, irresistibly attractive. It is a fascinating fiend—it is, in a word—THE MATTERHORN!

# RECOVERY OF PALESTINE.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

## IV.—FOUNDATIONS OF ZION.

**M**ANY of the things which our explorers have brought to light may have been covered by the soil for fifty or sixty generations. The small Phœnician jar and the red marks found by Captain Warren near the south-eastern angle of the Temple wall have been hidden since Solomon's day. The arched passage first seen by Major Wilson, and at greater length by Captain Warren, has apparently been lost since the time of Titus. The cave sepulchres explored by M. Ganneau have probably not been opened since the courts were buried—only a few years after the death of Christ. Still more ancient may be the scarpèd wall of Zion, partly laid open by our member Mr. Mawdsley, and more recently examined by Lieut. Conder. Much remains as yet undone, for leave to explore is hard to get; and at the more important points we cannot get such leave at all. Yet Captain Warren has discovered so many new facts that he is able to draw a plan of ancient Jerusalem unlike anything that has come before.



JAR FOUND UNDER GREAT  
CORNER STONE.

In my first article mention was made of sixteen plans of Jerusalem, each differing from the rest. These plans are published by Karl Zimmermann, and date from Robinson's plan in 1841 down to Schick's plan in 1876. Many plans had been made before the time of Robinson. The first known plan is by Arculf in the seventh century, giving an idea of the old gates. Another plan goes back to the twelfth century. Marino Sanudo made a plan in the fourteenth century, based on some actual observation, and Lightfoot published a view which is not altogether fanciful.



Yet little of value was produced until the present century. Sieber, who was at Jerusalem in 1818, drew a rough chart of the city, but the real work began with Catherwood in 1833. Robinson used the materials supplied by Sieber and Catherwood, but the progress of discovery was slow, the edge of controversy sharp. Of twelve out of the sixteen plans published by Zimmermann little need be said. They came before Captain Warren, and belong to the pre-scientific era. Robinson included the Holy Sepulchre *within* his second wall; but had the merit of suggesting the true bend of the Tyropæon valley



SEARCHING THE FOUNDATIONS.

towards the Jaffa gate. Williams, in a plan having many merits, ran his Tyropæon up to the Damascus gate, and set his Acra north of Moriah instead of west. Schultz also carried his Tyropæon valley to the north, and swept his third wall round the so-called Tombs of the Kings. Kraft contracted his Holy City, so as to include within his third wall less space than Schultz and Williams include in their second wall. Fergusson divided the Temple hill, put his Zion to the north of Moriah, planted his Acra on the ridge now occupied by

the tower of David and the Jaffa gate, and dropped his city of David into the deep depression lying between Zion and Moriah. Thrupp gave us two third walls, carrying the outer wall close to the tomb of Helena, and fixed his citadel of Zion due north, on the ridge rising westward of St. Anne's Church. Lewin set one part of Acra on the slopes of Ophel, and a second part in the Asmonian valley, and set "a middle low town" and the "so-called Cedron ravine" on the Temple hill. Sepp built his citadel and his city of David on the northern plateau, beyond the present wall, and ran his Tyropæon valley up to the Damascus gate. De Vogüé



ROCK PLAN OF JERUSALEM.

left the greater part of Ophel outside his wall. De Sauley threw that ridge out altogether, and built his citadel of David in the hollow of the Tyropæon valley, over against the Temple wall. Menke started his Tyropæon valley at the Damascus gate and ran it under the south-western corner of the Temple down to the pool of Siloam. He fixed Acra on the lower part of Ophel. Caspari built his fortress of Zion on the spur below the south-western angle of the Temple wall, set up his Acra-Zion on Ophel, and left his lower Tyropæon outside the walls.



In 1871 came the era of science. All the chief features of a city like Jerusalem—a city built on the rock—are determined by the rock surfaces, just as the chief outlines of a man's body are determined by the underlying bone structures. In 1871 Captain Warren drew his plan from the rock levels—which plan I annex as the most trustworthy restoration of ancient Jerusalem yet achieved. (*See preceding page.*)

This plan is not put forth as final. Many things have yet to be explained. Yet in all the main features I can heartily accept this chart. In all that relates to the Temple hill Captain Warren's positions seem to me impregnable. No doubt he is right about his Tyropæon and Asmonian valleys. His first and second walls are satisfactory. The sweep of wall round Ophel, and along the ridges to Siloam, is proved by the remains. I believe his site for Acra is correct. But I cannot see my way, as he does, to fixing Zion on the same site as Acra—the position marked No. 9 on the plan.

Three plans have been published in the present year, all based on Captain Warren's labours. Tobler has greatly changed his former work, on which Lewin had based his theories. Furrer has adopted Warren's discoveries, but maintains that the Temple hill is Zion, while Zion is the city of Herod. Schick alone has helped by fresh researches to increase our knowledge of the Holy City, and his plan has some independent value. Of the sixteen plans, three follow that of Robinson, in placing the Holy Sepulchre inside the second wall. Fergusson was the first of these followers: and only two other writers agree with Robinson in his want of faith.

#### SCARP OF ZION.

Opening ground near the Jaffa gate, formerly called the Hebron gate, we find a long line of scarped rock surface, which is evidently a part of the original defence of Zion towards the north-west. Zion was always strong: a natural fortress swept by deep and rocky ravines. But the city had a weak side towards the ground, afterwards known as the Assyrian Camp, now occupied by the Russian monastery. Towards that front stands the ancient scarp, recently laid bare by Major Wilson, Mr. Mawdsley (one of our members), and Lieutenant Conder, the young and energetic engineer, who represents our society in the Holy Land.

This scarp, which seems older than the reign of Solomon, may have formed part of the defensive rampart in that of Saul, before Jerusalem had yet become the capital of Judah.

Salem, the old name of Zion, had a curious history. The ridge

was occupied by the Amorites, descendants of Melchizadec. Saul lived at Hebron, the Jewish capital, and the whole country owned his sway, from Simeon to Dan, with the exception of the rocky height of Zion. We have a parallel case in our own day. San Marino, in Italy, has many points in common with Zion. It is a city on a hill-top, defended on three sides by nature. Only one road practicable for an army leads up to it. The inhabitants are proud and brave, men who have their own customs and have never bent beneath the yoke. Surrounded by Italian provinces, the commonwealth of San Marino still survives. For the long period of four hundred years Salem outlived the conquest of Canaan by Joshua. Even David, though desirous of making Salem his residence, only mastered it in the seventh year of his reign. The rock had been scarped outside, levelled on the top, and cut away behind, so as to form a covered line for the defending troops. Near by rose the citadel, where the tower of David stands now, giving to the rampart that look of solid strength which prompted the sneering answer to David: "Thou shalt not come in hither; the blind and the lame shall keep thee out." So, in like manner, spake the men of San Marino to Malatesta. Yet the Jebusites were worsted by David, and the independence of their city passed away.

The great scarp, or rock wall, has been traced for a length of three hundred yards. In some parts it is twenty feet high. The head is towards the present Mosque of David in the south, along the line where every one has placed the original wall. Inside the cutting are several tanks and cisterns, always the first provision in defence of Jerusalem. Steps cut in the rock descend into these reservoirs. An ancient oil press has been found, and a narrow opening in the rampart seems to have been a sally port.

By uncovering this scarp of Zion we have brought to light a very curious part of ancient Jerusalem.

#### ZION BRIDGE.

One of the most striking features in the Jerusalem known to our Lord was the great bridge at Zion: a mighty viaduct, like one of our London bridges in size, and the viaduct of Newcastle in appearance. Down by the Temple wall, along the dip between Zion and Moriah, ran a great business avenue called the Street of the Cheesemongers. On one side of this avenue rose the great wall; on the other side, tier on tier, sprang the palaces and terraces of Zion. A line of arches carried a roadway from the Palace of



the Maccabees to the Temple courts, bestriding this business street below, just as London Bridge bestrides Thames Street, and Colonel Haywood's viaduct bestrides Farringdon Street. Unlike the gallery which connects the Pitti Palace with the Uffizzi, this road appears from Josephus to have been open. It had been designed for the convenience of princes and high priests who wished to pass from the Temple courts to the palaces on Zion without vexing their robes with the rush of tradesmen and their nostrils with the scent of cheese; but the roadway was an open bridge like that across the Fleet, not a closed gallery like that across the Arno.

The fact has not yet been noticed in this connection that there were two bridges—an older bridge and a newer bridge. Yet a careful reading of Josephus brings this fact to light. Sixty-three years before the birth of Christ there was a faction fight on the slopes and in the streets of Zion, when, as the Jewish historian tells us, "the adherents of Aristobulus, being beaten, retreated on the Temple, *breaking down the bridge* which connected it with the city." There had been a bridge, then, long before the days of Herod; and this old bridge had been destroyed forty-five years before the rebuilding of the Temple was commenced. That Herod built a new bridge is certain. Two of the most striking pictures in the Jewish wars are connected with this Herodian work. Agrippa made his great speech to the Jews at this point: "Convening the people in the Xystus, and placing his sister Berenice on the Palace of the Maccabees, which rose above the valley . . . *where a bridge connected the Temple with the Xystus*—he spake . . ." Still later, Titus addressed the Jewish rebels from the Temple wall. "Titus took his stand on the western face of the outer court of the Temple, there being a gate in that quarter beyond the Xystus, and a bridge which connected the upper tower." The later bridge, built by King Herod, was the structure known to our Lord. It is not mentioned in the Gospel. Jesus and His disciples may have gazed on the proud Roman arches from the Cheesemonger Street below, or from the waste ground near the pool of Siloam, without caring to tread in the pathways of princes going over to the Sanhedrin, of high priests coming back from sacrifice, and of Roman governors surrounded by their foreign guards. Yet there it stood, a shining roadway in the air; more massive than the gallery leading from St. Angelo to the Vatican; in every sense a striking and original feature of Jerusalem.

For eighteen hundred years nearly all trace of this great structure

has been lost. About the same period of time three different observers noticed a curious bulge of stone in the Temple wall near the south-west angle. Catherwood and Bonomi drew the bulging stones without perceiving that they meant anything in particular. Robinson noticed them without perceiving that they meant anything in particular. Robinson named the matter to a friend in Jerusalem, who said he had also seen them, and believed they were the spring of an ancient and now broken arch. Robinson verified his friend's discovery, but concealed his friend's name: so that the credit earned by that gentleman's ingenuity has been lost to him and given to Robinson. It is but another case of historical injustice. America is called after a secondary discoverer: this arch of Zion is called Robinson's arch.

Robinson inferred that his arch was the commencement of that great bridge from Zion to the Temple which Josephus names so frequently; and every writer on Jerusalem since Robinson's day has taken this bridge for granted, not only as that old work which the adherents of Aristobulus broke down, but as that new work which Herod built. Tipping has drawn the viaduct so as to resemble our own railway viaduct near Folkestone. Fergusson, starting from the presumed level of the Gentile court, has flung a broad and massive road across the Cheesemonger Street; which city thoroughfare he has painted, not as a smooth and busy mart of commerce, like our own Thames Street, but as a rugged ravine. Out of fifteen authors who since the days of Robinson have made plans of Jerusalem, only five or six have ventured to reject his theory of the Zion bridge.

Our spades (as I interpret them) have put an end to theories on this capital point. The bulging stones appear to be in site, and must have been the springs of an ancient arch. But a single arch does not imply a bridge. One arch may have been built against the wall for other purposes than as a bridge. For instance, as the covering of a reservoir. On sinking shafts in front of these bulging stones, at distances calculated for the piers of other arches, Captain Warren finds no traces of such piers. Had any such been there, he could hardly have missed striking on them. Masses of masonry were touched—tanks, pediments, colonnades—but not a single pier, or other pile of masonry corresponding to Robinson's arch. Remains of an ancient road he found, but nothing on the same level, or having the character of a bridge. When he arrived at the arch itself he struck the outer pier, and sank a shaft to the basement. Here he found the voussoirs of the fallen arch, lying



*on an ancient pavement.* Near these voussoirs was a great tank, older than the arch itself.

On breaking through this paved road, which seemed to be the floor of an ancient street (apparently the old Cheesemongers' Street), he tapped the live rock at a depth of twenty-three feet. Here he came on a rock-cut winding canal. The Temple wall stood over part of this water-course, so that the canal now opened to the light of day existed before the first courses of this part of the Temple wall were laid! This canal is older than Herod, and may be older than Solomon. Yet some parts of this winding canal, and of the reservoirs into the water run, were covered by *arches*, and even by *skewed* arches. Such unearthings of the long buried secrets of art are startling to men who (ignorant of Egyptian antiquities) believe the arch to be a Roman invention; still more to men who (ignorant of Saracenic art) suppose the skew was first used by Brindley on the Bridgewater Canal.

These facts were evident to the miners: First, that the canal and reservoirs were older than the wall; second, that the wall at this point was built by Herod; third, that when Herod built this part of the wall the level of the valley was the level of the paved road. The first fact was proved by the wall being built over the canal; the second, by the fact of the lower courses, down out of sight, being rude in finish, while the courses exposed to view closely imitated the true Solomonic style; the third, by the fact that the rough faced work ended on the old level, where the regular drafted course began. If these three facts are taken as proved, the old bridge, destroyed by the followers of Aristobulus, could not have started from Robinson's arch, as the wall from which it springs was not built until long after that time. It is not likely that Herod would throw his bridge across the valley in a new place. We see in London and Paris how the great thoroughfares determine the lines on which bridges are laid: where the old bridge had stood the new one would be raised; and the absence of piers where they ought to have been found compels us to seek for the remains of Zion bridge elsewhere.

#### GATE GENNATH.

No problem in the Holy City is so puzzling as the true position of the Gate Gennath: a point which governs that of Golgotha, and therefore that of the Holy Sepulchre. We know that Golgotha lay outside the city wall, yet near enough for every word to be heard and every sight to be seen from that wall. Close by were gardens,

and the opening towards it was through Gennath, or Garden Gate. If we could find this gate, all controversy about the Holy Sepulchre would be at an end. Where stood the Gate Gennath?

Josephus answers—in the first wall, at the point whence the second wall started from the first. But we are still uncertain where the second wall started from the first; and theorists are free to fix the gate in any part of Jerusalem. Robinson puts it near Hippas; Williams in the Tyropæon valley; Fergusson on the northern wall. German critics agree mainly with Williams; Schultz, Kraft, Sepp, Menke, and Furrer being of his opinion; against him only Tobler and Schick. De Vogüé, De Sauley, and Caspari take the same view. English critics, with the exception of Fergusson, who stands alone, adopt the theory of Hippas. This view is put forward in the published works of Lewin, Warren, and many more, including my own, dated so far back as 1864. The question is not set at rest; but something has been done towards finding an ancient gate exactly where the old Christian theory requires it to have stood.

Here again we argue with the spade. Near the bazaar in Jerusalem stands an old arch, which the natives call Gennath. This name cannot be modern, since there are no gardens near, and the quarter has been enclosed since the days of King Agrippa. Major Wilson thought this arch was “a comparatively recent building.” In a city like Jerusalem “comparatively recent” may cover any period from the days of Saladin to those of Herod. Readers suppose that Major Wilson means a time not later than the Crusades.

Captain Warren sank a shaft, and by a piece of luck hit on the exact spot for a discovery. Below the soil, beyond reach of rain and stone-stealers, he found the gate in pretty good condition. It was a Roman work, and may have been built by Herod's workmen. The arch was semi-circular, and the span nearly eleven feet. Judging by the masonry about, this Gate, whatever may have been its ancient name, appears to have been buried for centuries; yet, on getting down to the sill, Captain Warren found that a smaller doorway had been built into the original gate. This second doorway has



SUPPOSED GATE, GENNATH.



pointed arch. Major Wilson had struck this pointed arch, and so concluded that the gate was a recent structure. "It is not the only instance," says Warren, "where I found old work smothered in on all sides by more modern masonry." The old roadway is still visible, but the surface is not paved like the ancient street under the voussoirs of Robinson's arch. Neither do the jambs rest on the rock, like the Temple wall, but on a foundation of earth mixed with pottery, of the sort found under the Ophel wall and towers. Yet this roadway has the same level as the towers on the top of Zion near the Jaffa gate, discovered by Schick. This ancient gate, the character of which is now first described and figured, may be something other than Gennath, but no one will deny that it occupies a place among the features of old Jerusalem.

#### SECRET WAY FROM ZION.

Of greater moment for sacred topography than the finding of Robinson's arch, was the finding of the ancient causeway and secret passage from Zion to the Temple, which starts from the Temple wall at Wilson's arch.

We know from Josephus that in the time of our Lord Jerusalem was honeycombed with secret galleries and canals: not like the sewers of modern Paris, for drainage; not like the catacombs of ancient Rome, for refuge and interment; but for purposes of war. Every fortress had a secret passage for escape. Not once, but many times, the Romans were astonished by the ghosts which seemed to rise from the ground, as John of Gischula rose, wan in aspect, on the startled Roman sentinel. After Titus had fought his way from Moriah to Zion, killing and capturing his foes in the open, he had to turn up the city (so to speak) in search of the fugitives. His soldiers laid down sword and spear, and seizing pick and spade, began to burrow in the ground. A hundred fights took place in the very bowels of the earth. Two thousand dead bodies were found by the legionaries in these tunnels, sewers, and secret chambers, all of whom had fallen either by their own hands, the poniards of their companions, or from want of food. A poisonous stench came up from every trap and vent, so that the air above the city was unfit to breathe. The open streets were bad enough, but underground Jerusalem was a perfect charnel-house.

To stay the progress of disease the traps and vents were stopped. Shafts leading into tanks were closed, and openings into secret passages walled up. Old cisterns were in time forgotten, and the great gallery leading underground from the citadel on Zion to the

was partly lost. I say partly lost, because a legend among the natives that David Street, above mentioned, derived its name from the fact that it ran over and along a passage which David had caused to be made from his palace on Mount Zion to that part of the Temple which is now entered by the Gate of the Chains. This legend is preserved by the Arab historian, *Abu el Fida*, and by *Abu el Fida*.

Picks and spades have happily revealed this secret thoroughfare—a main point, perhaps the main point, for a scientific reconstruction of Jerusalem in the days of our Lord. Major Wilson hit on the first important facts. Tobler had seen a large pool, called by the Arabs *El Burak*, from the neighbouring mosque. It lies near the Gate of the Moors, a little north of the Jews' Wailing Place. Going down into this pool, and lighting a magnesium wire, Wilson found himself standing under an arched roof, formed by stones of great size, fixed in their places without mortar, like the blocks of David's tower. The span was more than forty feet.

Little more was done, except to give this arched roof or chamber the name of Wilson's arch, just as the lower arch (now gone, as we have seen) was called Robinson's arch. When Captain Warren afterwards sank a shaft outside the piers he found that the whole structure was of the same age as the Temple wall. On getting down to the lower courses of that wall, he found water flowing from north to south, much as he had found water flowing down the corresponding valley. In ancient times, as we know from the Bible, the sides of Moriah were washed by two living brooks; these waters have long been lost to sight; but under the accumulated heaps of centuries we have now happily found these living brooks.

It soon became apparent that the great arch had been built as a covering for the pool, now called *El Burak*, from the mosque close by—a fact which suggests that Robinson's arch may have had a similar use, instead of being, as Robinson erroneously inferred, the first arch of a high level viaduct to Zion. Further excavation proved that Wilson's arch had been connected with a roadway from Zion to the Temple. Piers and voussoirs showed the direction of this ancient road. The great span was not repeated, but a series of shorter spans carry the road to a point on the opposite hill. Close observation showed that the roadway was double; that is to say, that the ancient causeway had been treated as we have seen the Pont Neuf in Paris treated in our own day—widened by the addition of new work. The southern part of the causeway is much older than the northern part. If the old bridge, broken by the adherents of Aristobulus,



spanned the valley at this point, it seems likely that Herod used so much of the old materials as he found standing, and widened his road by adding new works on the northern side.

Along the whole line of this causeway Warren found remains of tanks and conduits: here dug in the live rock; there built of solid masonry. In many places he found halls and chambers, some of which had clearly been used as reservoirs. Leaning to the south under the fifth arch of the great viaduct, Warren passed under a small gate with a lintel, to find himself in a passage lying under David Street. Here, then, we had found the secret passage from Zion to Moriah, which Mohammedan legends ascribe to David.

The tunnel was twelve feet wide, the arch a semicircle, about the size and with something of the shape of our military galleries at Dover and Gibraltar. Much filth and dust had gathered in the bed, but the vault above was clean and white. Here and there Warren found entrances into the chambers under the great viaduct. Twenty yards from the Temple wall the passage was built up, and on breaking through the wall he found the level drop about six feet and then go west again towards Zion. Soon he came to a second block, but near the wall he saw a door opening to the south. Creeping through this door he caught a ray of light and knew that he was near the surface. Creeping into a chamber, he found more light, and, following the ray, crept through a hole into another chamber which he found in use as a stable for donkeys. Seeing the miners come out from the very bowels of the earth, the donkey-man fled for his life, yelling out that he was pursued by gins!

The secret gallery was afterwards found again at a distance of eighty-four yards from the Temple wall, and Captain Warren has no doubt that it extended as far as the citadel—at the present Jaffa gate. A vaulted chamber, under Joseph Effendi's house, is the furthest point at which the secret passage has yet been traced. This chamber may have been the vestibule to a postern leading from Zion into the Cheesemongers' Valley. The gateway at the end suggests this inference to a military engineer.

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## THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

J. A. LANGFORD, LL.D.

I arrived at Melbourne in January of this year, and the colony was in the throes of a great political crisis. I felt, in fact, as if I were at home again, so familiar were the party phrases which everywhere greeted me. It was being continually reiterated that "the representative institutions were on their trial," that "the Constitution was being exposed to a strain which might prove perilous to its existence," that "the crisis was one which would shake the very foundations of the State," and so on, through all the frequently-rung changes of political phraseology. The meetings of the Assembly were often prolonged through the night; the debates were loud, long, and lively; the language of the members was, to say the least, far from Parliamentary; the Speaker was often ignored, and his authority set at defiance; fists were sometimes shaken at antagonists; members of the Government were accused of treason and denounced as traitors; and it really seemed as if war to the knife had been declared between the Ministerialists and the Opposition.

Out-of-doors it was the same. Almost everybody was afflicted by the crisis. Groups gathered at the corners of the streets discussing the crisis. People at luncheon talked about it; at the dinner table it was always present; in the theatres, between the acts, you heard, not criticisms on the play and the players, but opinions about the crisis. It seemed in the air, and met you everywhere. Public meetings were held in all parts of the colony, especially in Melbourne, to discuss and pass resolutions; and these were exaggerated copies of the gatherings of the Legislative Assembly, if it were possible that those demonstrations of party feeling could be exaggerated. Of course the newspapers were full of the crisis, and even a stranger might be pardoned if he were caught in the vortex and gave himself up for a time to follow the course of the all-absorbing controversy.

But what was the crisis? Some time before I arrived at Melbourne a Ministry, with Mr. Graham Berry, one of the members for West Geelong, as its Premier, after enjoying the sweets of office for only two months, had been defeated and compelled to quit the



Treasury benches. The Berry Government was succeeded by one with Sir James McCulloch, the member for Warrnambool, at its head. The defeated Mr. Berry led the Opposition, and so bitterly did they wage the war that all the forms of the House were used not only "for the purpose of preventing the Government financial scheme from becoming law, but even for preventing the passing of supplies." In doing this they declared that they would stand as firm as a "stone wall": hence the Opposition earned the name of "Stonewallers." The Berryites were in a decided minority in the House, but they demanded that it should be dissolved and an appeal made to the country. This demand the Government resisted, and so no supplies were granted. For some weeks things were at a dead-lock; none of the Government officials could be paid; some of the public works were suspended; and every day confusion was becoming worse confounded.

This state of things had existed for several weeks when Sir James McCulloch resolved to display the "iron hand" and break down the "stone wall." This assault on the Opposition was to be made on January 27, and it was my good fortune to be present on the occasion and to witness the beginning of the end of this notable struggle. It was a scene which will be memorable in Victorian history.

On the 26th the Opposition had succeeded in a "count-out" by remaining in the lobby and declining to form a House. After a little sparring on this subject the Premier moved—"That during the remainder of the present session the Government business be called on not later than five o'clock." This proposal was productive of a long and lively discussion. The Opposition spoke against time, and many of them proved their capacity for making long speeches. The interruptions were frequent and noisy; the conduct of many members was anything but orderly; serious charges were made, and bad motives imputed. The Government was accused of wanting to gag the Opposition. Mr. Patterson, a "Stonewaller," and one of the members for Castlemaine, concluded a long speech by declaring that "there was a great deal of snobbery in this country, more than there was even in the old country. Idols were set up here to be worshipped that would not be tolerated at home. But of them all, and of Sir James McCulloch in particular, he would say—

"Shall I uncovered stand, and bend the knee  
To such a shadow of nobility,  
A shred, a remnant? He might rot unknown  
For any real merit of his own."

In this lively manner the debate was continued for more than eight hours, when, at twenty-five minutes after twelve o'clock, some honourable member called attention to the fact that there were strangers in the House. The galleries were immediately cleared, and the debate was resumed with closed doors. Mr. David Gaunson, the member for Ararat, "continued to talk against time until six o'clock, and only left off at that hour in order to catch the first train" for the town for which he sat. At a quarter to eleven o'clock on the 28th the motion was carried without a division, "there being present thirty-four members on the Government side of the House, and only seven of the Opposition." On this trial of strength the House sat for nearly nineteen hours, and the first blow was given for the destruction of the crisis.

The second blow was struck on February the 1st, when the Premier moved that the "House during the remainder of the present session should sit on Fridays, and the transaction of Government business take precedence of all other business on such days." This was ultimately carried; but the third, the last, and the bitterest battle of this Parliamentary campaign had yet to be fought before the "iron hand" could be proclaimed victorious and the "Stonewallers" completely subdued. This exciting struggle began on the 2nd of the month, when Sir James McCulloch gave notice that on the 3rd he should move a new standing order the effect of which would be to "enable any one to propose in the course of a discussion that the question be now put, such proposal to be at once put to the vote, and, if resolved in the affirmative, the original question to be then put without discussion or debate." The "iron hand" was now disclosed: a weapon was to be placed in the hands of members by which the long, tedious, irrelevant debates might at once be closed or prevented. The mere notice of such a motion was received with much excitement by the Opposition. One honourable gentleman, Mr. James Munro, one of the members for North Melbourne, declared that he and his friends were like the "heroes of Thermopylæ, who died for their country." He protested against the motion in the strongest manner, and offered to endure any tortures rather than it should be passed. He was ready to be "cut to pieces," or "to be bound hand and foot," or to "have his tongue pulled out with pincers," or "to be put into the cellar," neither of which sacrifices was he ever called upon to endure.

This was only a small affair, a mere engagement of outposts.



The great battle began on Tuesday, February the 8th, on which night the motion which was to "destroy the Constitution and utterly suppress the liberties of the people" was really before the House. An arrangement had been made to sit until the motion was carried. On the first night of the debate the House was cleared of strangers at ten o'clock so—it was said, that the members might have all the fun to themselves. For two nights and two days the battle was continued with high hope on the Government side and the fury of despair on that of the Opposition. On the 10th, almost as soon as the Speaker had taken the chair, one honourable member again called attention to the fact that strangers were present. Another honourable member said that unless the members opposite moderated their rancour it would be necessary, for the sake of decency, to clear the galleries; and amidst great uproar and disturbance the galleries were cleared, and the belligerents once more fought their battle with closed doors. The fight was long and fierce; words were hurled at each other not often to be heard in legislative assemblies; at times disorder reigned supreme, and the voice of the Speaker could scarcely be heard amid the din of the engaging combatants. The contest continued until half-past two o'clock on Friday afternoon, at which hour the fighting ceased and the voting took place. The result was a triumph for the Government; the numbers being forty-one votes for Sir James McCulloch's motion and twenty against—majority, twenty-one.

Thus ended the Colonial Political Crisis. The "stone wall" was broken down, and the regular business of the House was allowed to go on. On the Tuesday following this eventful Friday supplies were granted, and the wheels of the Administration were once more set in healthy motion. It was a severe trial of representative institutions; but they have borne severer in the past, and will most certainly have to bear them in the future.

There is no fear at present that the Australian colonies, and especially Victoria, will suffer much from the squabbles of party politicians. She is more likely to suffer from the mistaken views which the people, the electors of her law-makers, have on the subject of Protection.

While they last, however, such crises have politically a demoralising effect. They tend to create a low public opinion and to make politics look somewhat repulsive. The scenes which I witnessed in the Legislative Assembly, and which were enacted before crowded galleries, were not pleasant, and must have had a

deteriorating influence on the audiences, which would react on their own political meetings and their own views of public life, producing for a time evil results. The effects of this bitterness of party strife were manifest in the conduct of the press. The newspapers of Melbourne are exceedingly well conducted, and are on the whole a credit to the "Fourth Estate." They have won for themselves a world-wide reputation, and compare advantageously with the best newspapers of England. The most important questions are ably and temperately discussed, the reporting is admirable, the "leaders" are written with ability and power, and they exercise a generally good influence on public opinion. The evil produced by the virulent way in which the crisis was conducted had a pernicious effect even on the best of these. A short extract from one which holds the highest place in the colony will suffice for illustration. In describing the House on the famous 9th of February, the writer thus sketches the leaders of the Opposition:—

"When the Speaker took the chair on Tuesday there was a full muster of members. The front Opposition bench was crowded with disinterested patriots, Mr. Berry looking somewhat despondent; Mr. Woods wearing a look of angelic meekness and modesty; Mr. Lalor appearing as if full to the bung—uncomfortably 'crowded' in fact—with Parliamentary lore and usage, ready to contest Mr. Speaker's rulings, whichever way they might be given; Mr. Longmore smiling that fatuous smile with which he covers what Mr. Higinbotham would probably call his 'hellish emotions'; Mr. Patterson labouring in vain to appear careless about the growing discontent of his constituents, and Mr. Munro scowling defiance, and tacitly challenging the Premier to produce his pincers." The member for Ararat is, after the Melbourne *Punch*, called "Miss Gaunson."

It would be an injustice to Victoria to speak only of her political crises, which after all are but occasional disturbances of her general political action. The colony is young, very young, and often displays the rashness and violence characteristic of extreme youth; but she also displays its courage, energy, and pluck. The good work done by her Legislature in the short space of five-and-twenty years is perfectly astonishing. The free library with 35,000 volumes on its shelves, the free museum with its splendid collection, are institutions not yet possessed by older States. A fine botanical garden for instruction and recreation, a still finer Fitzroy garden for recreation chiefly, and other public grounds have been



established, and are all free to the people. A university of good repute, and rich in promise for the future, is an institution reflecting great credit on its founders. Her appreciation of the importance of popular education has been proved by the introduction of a national system, which has already placed Victoria at the head of all the Australian colonies on this vital question. Other work might be named equally honourable to the public spirit both of the Government and the people.

Nor has the growth of her material prosperity been less marked. A short paragraph of figures supplied by Mr. Hayter, the Government statist, affords ample evidence of the almost unparalleled rapidity with which her resources have been developed:—"When the Constitution was proclaimed [1855] the population of the colony numbered 364,000, it now [1874] numbers 814,000; the land in cultivation amounted to 115,000 acres, it now amounts to over 1,000,000 acres; the bushels of wheat grown in a year numbered 1,150,000, they now number 4,850,000; the sheep numbered 4,600,000, they now number 11,250,000; the cattle numbered 530,000, they now number 1,000,000; the horses numbered 33,000, they now number not less than 200,000; the public revenue amounted to £2,728,000, it now amounts to over £4,000,000; the value of imports was £12,000,000, it now amounts to £17,000,000; the value of exports was £13,500,000, it now amounts to £15,500,000, and this although the export of gold has fallen off from £11,000,000 in the former to a little over £4,000,000 in the past year."

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, is only about forty years old, but the value of land in its principal streets equals its value in the heart of some of our most prosperous towns. When I was there in March last half a block in the best part of Collins Street was sold for £39,600, or £600 per foot; and a similar area in Bourke Street West realised £9,500, or £145 per foot. These facts show that in this colony property and public spirit have been developed pretty equally together, and that neither is much injured by the occurrence of political crises, or the curious manifestations of political strife, which to a stranger appear at first to be fraught with so much peril to the progress and well-being of the country.

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# LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

## XI.—COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

*April 3.*



N descending the pulpit stairs this evening, my eye rested for a moment, I don't know why, on the further pew, where Mrs. Landells usually sits. All those near it were very empty; the harsh weather had prevented some of my accustomed hearers from attending; and at best they do not muster very strong upon a week-day evening. Sometimes I have but two or three score, women for the most part, and I believe chiefly those who are glad of refuge from a cheerless home or an hour of sympathetic solace from the sadness of an unshared fireside. I think the men who come, as far as I can tell, are somewhat in a similar case, three or four invalids and as many hypochondriacs having no one to look after them, excepting servants; and in whom I cannot say that I have observed any manifestation of what is called vital religion. Hardly one of them appears on Sunday evening, which I ascribe to their partaking of the hospitality of relatives or friends. One old gentleman, whose prime was spent in an office at the India House in Leadenhall Street, near that occupied so long by John Stuart Mill, devotes, I know, every Sunday afternoon to his maiden sister at Hammersmith, with whom, after a five o'clock dinner is over, and the subsequent refection of green tea and seed cake, he plays at chess till ten, when, hail, rain, or snow, he returns to Green Street. But punctually as the clock points to seven on Wednesdays he is to be seen at the other end of the pew occupied by Mrs. Landells. I have never noticed that he knelt during the prayers, or made an effort to hum in the Psalmody; but when anything seems to strike him, even in discourse, he sounds a note of approval (just as old Lord Fitzwilliam used to do at Belgrave); and when I am particularly happy his pious obligato accompanies me to the end of the Lessons. Between the last and his settling himself to listen



comfortably to the exposition (for I never preach on these occasions) I am credibly informed that out of his waistcoat pocket there is unobtrusively drawn a snuff-box of Benares workmanship, wonderful in its way, and that bending over it he gives his nose the allowable indulgence of a fragrant sniff, deeming an actual pinch in such a place to be irreverent: after which the heavy laden marvel of graving in gold is stealthily deposited in its roomy nest, not to emerge again until he arrives at home. I do my best to encourage this form of confidence between pastor and people, selecting for the subject some incident of sacred story round which, by help of reading and reflection, it is not difficult to weave a fringe of illustration, appropriate and ample of colouring, diversified to suit the varied conditions of mind for whom, even in their heterogeneity, one must care. I do not go in for the histrionic form of service, or for the Hibernian style of pulpit rhetoric. But I believe profoundly in the mysterious usefulness of scenic and dramatic word-painting: and I know that hearts locked fast apparently in conventional indifference have been and therefore may be touched to the quick by a phrase or an image in this method of appeal. My Wednesday evening's gathering together of respectable odds and ends needs no adjurations not to break the sixth and seventh commandments. For the most part what they stand in need of is words of good cheer under trial, bodily or mental, that in their patience they may continue to possess their soul. Alas! I have seen too many instances in which the proud philosophy of complaint is but the forerunner of despair.

When I came out from the vestry and the lights were extinguishing I noticed that Mrs. Landells had not left, and concluding that there was something she wished to say to me I advanced to inquire for her son, who generally accompanied her. The purport of her answer was not quite audible, and as we walked together towards the door, I began to surmise what might be the cause which palpably overcast her countenance with gloom. No fanciful woman this, troubled with imaginary ailments or presentiments of misfortune, or ghostly doubts regarding her spiritual condition: a thoroughly sensible, charitable, matter-of-fact person, faithful in the discharge of all domestic duties, wrapped up in the welfare of her children and ready to make any sacrifice of ease or comfort for their good; but withal an unimaginative, and, therefore, unsympathetic being, whom one can easily conceive honestly but unhappily troubled about many things. As it rained heavily I offered to see her home, her house being very near; and though I would fain have been excused,

she pressed so much that I would stay for a few minutes, as there was a matter about which she wanted to consult me. With an unsuccessful effort at a smile she pointed to the easiest chair; and laying aside her shawl, stirred the fire hastily and began:—"My son has caused me lately much anxiety. While his father lived, and, indeed, until he quitted school, he was everything I could wish, docile, diligent, uncomplaining, and, as far as looks went, happy. Doctor Dactyl gave me excellent accounts of his progress, especially in Greek and Latin. He said he could repeat correctly a greater number of lines than any other boy at Cramchester. My dear husband used to say to me that he was afraid they over-did that sort of thing there; that he did not believe proficiency in what he called spinning—I never understood exactly what he meant by spinning, but it was a favourite word with him—Latin verses, or letting them reel off smoothly to win a prize or escape a flogging, was of any real use, or worth the time and pain it cost. But, as I said, the boy did not complain of the discipline being too severe; and it would never do to set his mind in mutiny against his master. I wanted him to go to Trinity College, Dublin, where they said he would be certain to do well. Just before the time for entrance my great sorrow came, and all that had to be given up. Lord Shirkem had promised to do everything for him when his education was complete. My dear husband often worked at his elections weeks at a time, and took no end of pains getting up his speeches in Parliament. Well, I wrote to him asking what he would recommend me to do, telling him how important it was that Frederick should lose no time in settling to some pursuit, and asking if he could get him a nomination for the Indian service or at home. I had a long letter in reply, dated from Nice, full of the usual thing about his regret at my loss, and hoping that the young man, as he called him, would be steady and avoid habits of expense, especially in horses, which he himself found ruinous—as if poor Fred ever thought of such a thing—without saying a word about the appointment or showing the least care about trying to serve him. I showed the letter to my brother, who always said what the fine promises would come to and warned the poor dear man who is gone that his friendship would never be requited; and he bid me think no more of the matter but, having entered my son at Trinity, let him cram for a fellowship, which is a good provision for life. I sold some pictures and other things I was fond of in order to get money to do so last October. He has been there ever since. Dr. Grinder writes me word that he has no fault



to find, and that he hopes he may pass if he works hard next year. But Fred tells me it is no use; that do what he will he cannot make any way with mathematics, and that he knows that he will never pass. He is very down about it since he has been home for the holidays, and last night he told his sister that he could not bear to think of my wasting money on what would only end in disappointment, and leave him as far as ever from being able to earn his bread. Sooner than this, he was ready to turn to anything that he thought he could do, and he wants to go out to New Zealand to farm. It is a great heart-break to me to think that he should throw away all that has been done for his education and go to the other side of the world to turn shepherd, like any ignorant farmer's son, and leave his family, who idolise him. Perhaps," she added, after a pause, "you could find out from him why it is that he cannot do like others of his age in geometry, or whatever it is they have to do. I saw his class book the other day lying on the table, and it did not seem very thick. With his memory I cannot see why he could not get it all by heart."

Taking up the difficulty where her narrative had dropped it, I attempted to clear away her simple-minded illusion that it was possible to become a mathematician by the mechanical process of imprinting the "Elements of Euclid" on the memory, so as to be able to give out faithful transcripts when called upon. One might as well hope to make a general by filling a drummer's head with the last complete set of general orders issued by the War Department, or to manufacture a statesman fit to hold the helm in the next political storm by getting by heart Hallam's "Constitutional History." She looked wistfully at me, as if she did her best to comprehend what I meant, and then rejoined unbelievably that it seemed to her very extraordinary that Mark Murton, her own nephew, had got the fifth place at the Woolwich examination last time, who had always been incorrigibly idle and unmanageable from the time he was a child, wrote a bad hand, and could not speak a word of French. To be sure, he was quick and impudent enough, and he told Fred that he had not gone to bed for three weeks before he went in, and then had what he called rare luck in being given the only passage in some book they had to translate which he could do. But his answers in mathematics were first rate, and his drawing was excellent. Why could not Fred do as well if he would only persevere and resolve to succeed?

The absolute hopelessness of making intelligible in a few words (*or for that matter by any number of words*), to an anxious and ambi-

tious mother like my estimable friend, the inherent and inscrutable diversity of mental structures and the consequent futility of affecting to treat them alike or to demand like results from them rendered me mute. I did not know enough of her son to form, far less to express, any opinion regarding his intellectual powers. Every day's experience teaches one to accept with reserve indications at nineteen of incapacity to follow some laborious profession not originally self-selected and not particularly congenial to the habits and tastes of him who is expected to follow it. I offered the only suggestion which occurred as soothing, and the same time safe, namely, that if the youthful academician would pay me a friendly visit I would do my best to fathom the difficulty. This was exactly what she wished for, and accordingly having left with her a message that I would like to see him at breakfast some morning if he would look in, I took my leave with some consolatory words I need not here record.

*April 19.*

When ten days passed and young Landells did not present himself, I took for granted that he would not come unless I wrote to him. I don't think the worse of a young fellow for being slow to accept an invitation like mine, and if he apprehended being subjected to interrogatories by one who had no assignable claim to his confidence it was but natural that he should defer indefinitely the proceeding. His non-appearance meanwhile made it clear that the maternal ascendancy once fondly believed in was on the wane, and I had no fancy to be the occasion of rending its attenuated thread. Lest it should be so I made up my mind not to notice the matter if I met him, and to trust to accidental meeting rather than renew the neglected invitation. This morning I called early upon Iles, who, I was not aware, was a mutual acquaintance, and there found the intending emigrant deeply engaged in a game of chess. I insisted on their not adjourning the contest on my account; if they did, I would go away. But if they would have me I would look on and search out a book I wanted, while waiting for a critical move; and this was agreed to on condition that I should take up the winner. Iles lost, and Frederick and I sat down to play. Though nothing of a proficient, I soon came to the conclusion that he played by book. I did not, for I have never found time to study the openings or gambits; and caring nothing whether I lost or won I moved quickly and often badly. He said nothing, but I saw his look of surprise at my not making the proper answer to his advance, my harum-scarum play seemed to perplex him, and



when Iles laughed as he looked on at his hesitation to take advantage of an utterly unredeemed blunder of mine, he exclaimed, "I suppose there is something in it that I don't understand, but I see nothing else for it; so here goes." There was in fact nothing else to be done; I had no subtle ambush to reveal, and it ended in my being thoroughly beaten. "Now," I said, "I must say good-bye, but I won't be content until I have had my revenge. If you can dine on a single dish and will come to me to-morrow, I would let you see how much better I can play with my own men. Cartier is coming, whom I think you know, and if he is like minded we can set up a second table." This indeed would be only prudent, for Cartier is an irrepressible man; and I remember once when I was playing with Anthony Fonblanque he would interrupt with his suggestions and exclamations till the wit was in a fever of suppressed irritation; at length he so far forgot himself as to lean heavily on Fonblanque's shoulder while stretching across the board to point out some opportunity he had missed. "Why, sir," groaned the sufferer, "you not only hold an inquest on my game, but you sit upon my body!"

*April 25.*

Our little party for chess was pleasant enough. I was a little better than my word as to fare, and Iles, who sets up for a connoisseur, vowed that the wine (some my old friend Vavaseur sent me) was perfection. Landells was by far the gravest of the party. He laughs a genuine laugh of appreciation when anything witty is said; but generally he seems to listen with open eye and slightly parted lips, as if willing to be gay with those about him but unable to keep pace with them in their cross-country scampering talk. When drawn into the expression of any opinion his diffidence gradually thaws into an earnest flow, genial and even eloquent; but if not checked by some interruption the current speedily congeals, and in a few minutes he is frozen over as before. He and I have had a ramble together, nominally to look at pictures in an old house near Ealing, which are about to be sold; and without worrying him with a question about himself or his family affairs I imagine that I have seen already enough of his nature to comprehend where the real obstacle lies to his success in competitive examination. Full of talent and full of information, thrashed as a boy into classic scholarship, and led by his own instincts to desire to be what he is only yet in part—a good English scholar—gentle and natural in expression, noble and circumspective in thought, his intellect does not appear to me to

have the agility requisite for doing itself justice, either when interrogated or when left to itself. With excellent understanding he is without ambition, capable of reflecting clearly the highest and most varied things with delicate precision while in repose, but over-sensitive, and too easily ruffled; and the fine surface loses all its receptivity and all its power of giving back the images one believed to have been deeply and clearly mirrored but a moment before. His mind is a lake not easily get-at-able among the rocks, beautiful when undisturbed, and striking; but its practical fitness to contribute to the uses of the world is not so plain. The gurgling, splashing, turf-sprung, often bright, but often muddy rivulet will make a hundred times more figure and earn a thousand-fold more gratitude in the plain below. In a word, his mind wants inherent motive power; and the puzzle is where to find that which may supply the want without breaking the delicately balanced mechanism to pieces. Without his trying to convince me I am thoroughly convinced that were he to try for twenty years he would never beat for fellowship one of the commonplace, sharp, cram-able glib competitors, whose capabilities for gorging ready-made knowledge are stimulated and heightened every day. Mental athletics are the fashion, and the prizes are more and more given to boy or man who can at short notice hoist on shoulder and carry without dropping for a few feet the biggest bulk of heterogeneous knowledge.

As we returned from our pleasant excursion I asked my companion, in whom I began to take no little interest, what he thought best worth doing in life. He did not at first reply, and to rally him out of his disposition to dream—the intellectual sin that doth most easily beset him—I added by way of illustration, “Which would you rather: make a great speech, make a great fortune, or run away with the most beautiful heiress in England?”

“I am not capable,” he said, “of doing any feats; and I don’t suppose I should be much happier if I were.”

“Well, what do you say to making war and killing more people than anybody has done before? Or going to the church and making greater noise,—

On pulpit-drum\*ecclesiastic  
Beat with a fist instead of a stick.”

“No,” he said, “I have no soul for fighting, and as little for fanaticism; and I should sicken as much at the horrors of the one as at the humbug of the other.”

I dared not trust myself to utter what I felt, but I thought, as I



looked into his clear grey eyes, what a frightful profanation it would be to hand over such a mind as this to the hacklers and carders of mental wool for competitive manufacture of mental pinchbeck or shoddy.

"Well, then," I said, after we had walked on a little way in silence, "what is best worth doing?"

"In a new country," he replied, "I suppose the greatest benefactor is the man who safely leads out waste labour on to the waste land, and leads back the superfluity of their successful reclamation to feed the weak ones left at home. This is my notion of the fulfilment of prophecy: making the rough ways smooth and the wilderness to blossom like the rose. Adam Smith seems to me to have made a better guess of the meaning of the Gospel than any of the preachers I have ever heard in chapel or in church. But in an old country I think the best man is the man who is able to work out in his head a good law for curing or checking some prevalent evil, and who has the courage and perseverance to get it enacted."

"All right," I said, "but do you suppose that a man is ever in his life time valued as he ought to be for such works, implying, as it almost necessarily does, the renunciation of all the pleasures and rewards that lie a little way off the road on either side?"

"Well," he said, "probably not. Whatever is really worth doing is difficult to do; if it was not difficult it would not be so well worth doing, because there would not be so much need of its being done, and so few likely to undertake the doing of it."

"You mean, I suppose, that real improvements or ameliorations of the plight of the many, in our over-crowded time, do not come in the form of short answers to written questions set by a board of examiners?"

"I have sometimes thought," he replied, "I should like that my legs were as long, and my arms as powerful as those of the young fellows that pass me on the road every day. Every now and then when they come to a high gate they stop short, and for a wager try which of them can vault over it clearest. It is wonderful to see them jump, and the winner looks so proud and happy. But of course he is not much nearer the end of his journey—the dance he is bent on, or the birds' nest he is going to rob—for all this work of supererogation."

*May 1.*

As there was no need of haste, I deferred for some days my second visit to Manchester Street. I found Mrs. Landells not

more resigned, but less resistant than she had been regarding the abandonment by her son of competition for scientific honours. She knew already that he had been several times with me, and probably inferred from my silence, rather than from any account given by Frederick of our conversation, that she had not much to expect from my interference. When I told her that from all I could gather of his educational history and the constitution of his mind I did not see any reason for anticipating great or brilliant success in the particular track that had been suggested to him, she only sighed, and observed in a tone of evident mortification that others had expressed a high opinion of his capabilities; but that of course she could not judge. If her eldest boy had lived she was sure he would not have deserted her. But she supposed that, like others, she would find it to be true, as her husband had often warned her, that there was no ingratitude so common or so great as the ingratitude of children. I was truly grieved, and felt it to be more than ever a duty to endeavour to heal what I felt was likely to prove a deep and cankerous wound. I saw it would not do to tell her of my own metaphysical analysis and deductions: she would simply think I was trying to perplex her with words and phrases that she could not understand. Evidently her maternal pride was offended at my seeming disparagement of Frederick's abilities. I might set that right, at all events. "Let me assure you," I observed, "that no young man I have lately met with has given me so high a notion of his ability and disposition. I only feel anxiety about the sphere in which he is to move, and the occupation he may choose to follow, but do not call it depreciatory—for nothing is further from my meaning—if I say that there are a great many useful and honourable callings in which I think he would be thrown away, and in which I think he would make no figure. At the bar he would do well as an advocate, and still better as a judge, if he had the chance of either; but I have seen scores of nimbler and suppler fellows wither slowly at the legal profession without ever getting one opportunity to show what was in them. As matters now stand, a young man is unwise to risk the prime of his life at the bar, unless he has independent means to enable him to live, or connections among the solicitors to give him business before he knows how to do it. As for my own profession, I should be only too glad to see its ranks enriched by a recruit so rare; but, unless I am mistaken, your son is too scrupulous to affect conformity in opinions so important as those we are required to profess, and not merely to profess, but to teach, as all-important to the weal of man here and hereafter. X



have not discussed this alternative with him, for I would rather the subject were first broached by him." Poor Mrs. Landells, wholly unsuspecting of the doubts really passing in my mind as to Frederick's tendency to philosophical speculation, contented herself with the remark that all her children had been brought up strictly in religious principles, had all been confirmed at the proper age, and were never allowed to miss church twice on Sunday; or to be absent from family prayers. There was no use answering this sort of logic, but I thought within myself what a conceited young sceptic I was at seventeen under similar training; and how slowly faith took root in my heart again after I had long wandered to and fro in waste places seeking rest and finding none. But to debate such questions here and now would have been worse than idle. Fortunately at this turn of my perplexity the door opened, and Lady Shirkem appeared, announcing she had come herself with a message from her lord to say that he had been appointed chairman of a Commission of Inquiry: something about agriculture—she did not understand exactly what; and as the nomination of a secretary was left to him he thought it might do for Frederick for a year or so, to show him a little how public business was done, and possibly it might lead to something else. Here was a deliverance unexpected and delightful. Frederick was sent for to make his acknowledgments for the proffered kindness. And unluckily as his mother said, very luckily as I thought, he was not at home. If he had been, acting on first impulse he would I am sure have declared himself wholly unqualified to undertake the task. I must get hold of him for a good half hour before he can throw away the chance.

*May 3.*

All right, Frederick is appointed, and though his conscience is as sore as that of a wounded bear, and he is full of all sorts of qualms about what he has to do, I think I have given him such a revelation of his mother's state of mind that he will not on her account [do anything quixotic; and in point of fact I have not a doubt that he will do his work remarkably well. I have undertaken meanwhile to find him all the books and pamphlets that have been written on the subject, and to give any amount of time he wishes to discussing them with him. Not another game of chess for the next month.

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# DOUGLAS JERROLD AND HIS LETTERS.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## PART III.

West Lodge, Putney Common, February 22nd, 1850.



MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I will share anything with you, and can only wish—at least for myself—that the matter to be shared came not in so pleasant a shape as that dirt in yellow gold. I have heard naught of the American, and would rather that his gift came brightened through you than from his own hand. The savage, with glimpses of civilisation, is male.

Do you read the *Morning Chronicle*? Do you devour those marvellous revelations of the inferno of misery, of wretchedness that is smouldering under our feet? We live in a mockery of Christianity that, with the thought of its hypocrisy, makes me sick. We know nothing of this terrible life that is about us—us, in our smug respectability. To read of the sufferings of one class, and of the avarice, the tyranny, the pocket cannibalism of the other, makes one almost wonder that the world should go on, that the misery and wretchedness of the earth are not, by an Almighty fiat, ended. And when we see the spires of pleasant churches pointing to Heaven, and are told—paying thousands to bishops for the glad intelligence—that we are Christians! the cant of this country is enough to poison the atmosphere. I send you the *Chronicle* of yesterday. You will therein read what I think you will agree to be one of the most beautiful records of the nobility of the poor. Of those of whom our jaunty legislators know nothing; of the things made in the statesman's mind, to be taxed—not venerated. I am very proud to say that these papers of "Labour and the Poor" were projected by Henry Mayhew, who married my girl. For comprehensiveness of purpose and minuteness of detail they have never been approached. He will cut his name deep. From these things I have still great hopes. A revival movement is at hand, and—you will see what you'll see. Remember me with best thoughts to Clarke, and believe me yours sincerely,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Putney, February 25th, 1850.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—Herewith I send you my "first copy," done in, I presume, American gold. Considering what American booksellers extract from English brains, even the smallest piece of the precious metal is, to literary eyes, refreshing. I doubt, however, whether these gold pens really work; they are pretty holiday things, but to earn daily bread with, I have already my misgivings



that I must go back to iron. To be sure, I *once* had a gold pen that seemed to write of itself, but this was stolen by a Cinderella who, of course, could *not* write even with that gold pen. Perhaps, however, *the Policeman could*.

That the *Chronicle* did not come was my blunder. I hope 'twill reach you with this, and with it my best wishes and affectionate regards to you and flesh and bone of you. Truly ever,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The next note evinces how acutely Jerrold felt the death of excellent Lord George Nugent: the wording is solemn and earnest as a low-toned passing-bell:—

Putney, December 2nd, 1850.

MY DEAR CLARKE,—I have received book, for which thanks, and best wishes for that and all followers. Over a sea-coal fire, this week—all dark and quiet outside—I shall enjoy its flavour. Best regards, I mean love, to the authoress. Poor dear Nugent! He and I became great friends: I've had many happy days with him at Lilies. A noble, cordial man; and—the worst of it—his foolish carelessness of health has flung away some ten or fifteen years of genial winter—frosty, but kindly. God be with him, and all yours.—Truly yours,

D. JERROLD.

There was a talk at one time of his going into Parliament; and at a dinner-table where he was the subject was discussed, there chancing to be present several members of the House. Some of them spoke of the very different thing it was to address a company under usual circumstances and to “address the House”; observing what a peculiarly nervous thing it was to face *that assembly*, and that few men could picture to themselves the difficulty till they had actually encountered it. Jerrold averred that he did not think he should feel this particular terror: then turning to the Parliamentary men present round the dinner-table, he counted them all, and said:—“There are ten of you, members of Parliament, before me: I suppose you don't consider yourselves the greatest fools in the House, and yet I can't say that I feel particularly afraid of addressing you.”

We have a portrait of Douglas Jerrold, which he himself sent to us; and which we told him we knew must be an excellent likeness, for we always found ourselves smiling whenever we looked at it. A really good likeness of a friend we think invariably produces this effect. The smile may be glad, fond, tender—nay, even mournful: but a smile always comes to the lip in looking upon a truly close resemblance of a beloved face.

Jerrold was occasionally a great sufferer from rheumatic pains,

which attacked him at intervals under various forms. The following letter adverts to one of these severe inflictions; at the same time that it is written in his best vein of animation and vigour of feeling:—

Friday, Putney.

MY DEAR CLARKE,—I have but a blind excuse to offer for my long silence to your last: but the miserable truth is, I have been in darkness with acute inflammation of the eye; something like toothache in the eye—and very fit to test a man's philosophy; when he can neither read nor write, and has no other consolation save first to discover his own virtues, and when caught to contemplate them. I assure you it's devilish difficult to put one's hand upon one's virtue in a dark room. As well try to catch fleas in "the blanket o' the dark." By this, however, you will perceive that I have returned to paper and ink. The doctor tells me that the inflammation fell upon me from an atmospheric blight, rife in these parts three weeks ago. I think I caught it at Hyde Park Corner, where for three minutes I paused to see the Queen pass after being fired at. She looked very well, and—as is not always the case with women—none the worse for powder. To be sure, considering they give princesses a salvo of artillery with their first pap—they ought to stand saltpetre better than folks who come into the world without any charge to the State—without even blank charge.

Your friend of the beard is, I think, quite right. When God made Adam he did *not* present him with a razor, but a wife. 'Tis the d—d old clothesmen who have brought discredit upon a noble appendage of man. Thank God we've revenge for this. They'll make some of 'm members of Parliament.

I purpose to break in upon you some early Sunday to kiss the hands of your wife and to tell you delightful stories of the deaths of kings. How nobly Mazzini is behaving! And what a cold, calico cur is John Bull as—I fear—too truly rendered by the *Times*. The French are in a nice mess. Heaven in its infinite mercy confound them!—Truly yours,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

And now we give the last letter, alas! that we ever received from him. It is comforting in its hearty valedictory words: yet how often did we—how often do we still—regret that his own yearning to visit the south could never be fulfilled! He is among those who we most frequently find ourselves wishing could behold this Italian matchless view that lies now daily before our eyes. That his do behold it with some higher and diviner power of sight than belongs to earthly eyes is our constant, confident hope:—

26, Circus Road, St. John's Wood, October 20th, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have delayed an answer to your kind letter (for I cannot but see in it the hands and hearts of both) in



the hope of being able to make my way to Bayswater. Yesterday I had determined, and was barred, and barred, and barred by droppers-in, the Sabbath-breakers! Lo, I delay no longer. But I only shake hands with you for a time, as it is my resolute determination to spend nine weeks at Nice next autumn with my wife and daughter. I shall give you due notice of the descent, that we may avail ourselves of your experience as to "*location*," as those savages, the Americans, yell in their native war-whoop tongue.

Therefore, God speed ye safely to your abiding place, where I hope long days of serenest peace may attend ye.

Believe me ever truly yours,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.


Charles Cowden }  
Mary Victoria } Clarke.

*End of "DOUGLAS JERROLD AND HIS LETTERS."*

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## DERONDA THE JEW.

BY JAMES PICCIOTTO, AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF ANGLO-JEWISH HISTORY."

ORMERLY the Israelite in novels was as accurate a representative of his race, as was the frog-eating French dancing master or the howling wild Irishman of ancient farces. He was a coiner, a buyer of stolen goods, a trainer of young thieves, a pettifogging attorney, a sheriff's officer, a money-lender, a swindling financier. He was a Jew, a man with no other thought than greed for money, no other sense of honour than that which is said to exist among the class to which he was compared, and with scarcely a soul to save. If old, he was hawk-eyed, hook-nosed, or with ferrety eyes. If young, he was red-lipped, with greasy ringlets, and wore showy jewellery. But young or old he was coarse, vulgar, the embodiment of covetousness and rapacity, with seldom one ennobling trait to redeem the repulsive picture. The delineation was as truthful as if a Whitechapel costermonger had been held out as the type of British merchants. To make a Jew the hero of a story, or even to endeavour to enlist the sympathies of the reader in his favour, was contrary to the canons of fiction.

The noble example of Sir Walter Scott has been forgotten by more recent novelists. Thackeray seldom had a kindly word for the Hebrew, though I believe that private representations made to him induced him to refrain from continuing to caricature the Jews in a story which he was publishing at the time in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. Charles Dickens, it is true, made *amende honorable* before the world for the villainies of Fagin, in the virtues of Riah; but the wrong he had committed was serious, and the effects of twenty years of misrepresentation by the most popular novelist of the day could be wiped out by no retraction.

The race is accustomed to hard knocks. It is difficult to know whether to admire most the tender feeling and good taste which induce Miss Rhoda Broughton to regret that "those oily, greasy Jews" can no longer be beaten to death with impunity, or the mental constitution of "Ouida," according to whom a Jew who claimed payment for a bill he had discounted, was only spared from instant death for his presumption, by the rare magnanimity of the hero.



At the same time, in some few instances, the Jew in fiction was a being endowed with almost supernatural gifts, an intellectual hero, a transcendent genius. Mr. Disraeli in his earlier works glorified beyond all things the Semitic race. A love for his lineage and a romantic disposition betrayed him occasionally into extravagance and exaggeration. The supremacy of the world belonged to the Jews, who reigned paramount everywhere by their wealth and intellect. The author of "*Lothair*," however, seems to have modified his opinions, since in that work it is the Aryan race which contains the salt of the earth.

"*Alroy*" and "*Tancred*" were followed by some imitators, who ended by throwing ridicule upon the cause they intended to advance. No Erckmann-Chatrian arose in England, like the Alsatian pair, to draw the foibles of the Jewish character, to delineate its virtues and faults with delicate humour and with deep pathos, with a keen and masterly pen freely wielded by a friendly hand. Nevertheless much has been written of late concerning the Jews, and a truer estimate is being formed of the Hebrew mind. The Jew is perceived to be neither a Sidonia nor a Fagin; neither a Shylock nor a Riah. The mission of the Israelite is neither to govern the universe nor to discount suspicious little bills at 60 per cent. All the celebrated personages in the world are not Jews, nor all the millionaires; neither does the race absorb every old clothesman or money-lender or rogue.

A great novelist of non-Jewish extraction has now turned towards the comparatively uncultivated field. The first living artist in fiction in the English language has thought the modern Jews worthy of special study, the results of which have been given to the world in a highly interesting form. Here we have what goes a considerable way towards filling an intellectual void—faithful pictures of modern Anglo-Jewish domestic life. But the author in some respects proceeds further, and evidently possesses loftier and wider aims than the mere exercise of the romance-writer's skill among new scenes. George Eliot has thrown no hasty or superficial glance over the externals of Judaism. She has acquired an extended and profound knowledge of the rites, aspirations, hopes, fears, and desires of the Israelites of the day. She has read their books, inquired into their modes of thought, searched their traditions, accompanied them to the synagogue; nay, she has taken their very words from their lips, and, like Asmodeus, has unroofed their houses. To say that some slight errors have crept into "*Daniel Deronda*" is to say that no human

work is perfect; and these inaccuracies are singularly few and unimportant. To Christians it is really of no consequence to know that the *kaddish* or prayer for the dead is recited by children only for their parents, and for the period of eleven months, and not eleven years, as Daniel Deronda's mother believes. Nor does it signify much that men repeat daily their thanks to God for not having been created females, instead of on the Sabbath only, as it is stated in the book. The author must have devoted much time and labour to the acquisition of the particular knowledge she has mastered; and these trifling blemishes do not detract from the general marvellous accuracy and vividness of the scenes depicted.

Curiously enough the Jewish episodes in "Daniel Deronda" have been barely adverted to by the reviewers. Most of these gentlemen have slurred over some of the finest and most characteristic passages in the book, with the remark that they possessed no general interest. Possibly the critics were unable to appreciate the beauty of the scenes they deemed unworthy of attention, or perhaps they considered the Jewish body too insignificant to be worth much discussion. However, it appears that the general public is not so indifferent to Jewish affairs as it is represented; and the periodical press of late has entered keenly enough into many details of Hebrew life and customs. Jewish thought is not entirely without influence in Gentile circles; and though the Hebrew personages in "Daniel Deronda" more immediately concern Israelites, yet there are several points and issues raised which more or less directly affect Christians and Christianity.

The aspirations of the hero of the book, it must be admitted, can scarcely enlist the warm sympathy of the general reader. Few of the novel-reading public are likely to have thought much about the restoration of Israel or to be aroused to any especial enthusiasm in its favour. Nevertheless many persons in all probability will peruse with curiosity descriptions of the habits and mode of life of the Jews. George Eliot's works are intended for people who possess intellectual faculties and know how to exercise them, and this class will find food for reflection in following the career of Daniel Deronda. The hero is seen under different lights, as various phases of his character are rendered apparent. At first we meet Deronda as one of those ideal men, drawn by feminine hands, who are happily impossible in real life, and whose very perfections would render them almost intolerable bores. In the hands of a less consummate artist he would have been one of those



impeccable youths whose mission is to set himself up above the rest of mankind, and to preach morals by the yard, until his best friends must secretly dread his advent. In French novels this type of hero ordinarily becomes a mentor to beautiful young married women, whose education he completes by leading them into an infraction of the Seventh Commandment.

Fortunately, Daniel Deronda soon emerges from his shadowy superiority to show himself not absolutely above human weaknesses. He is fond of boating and cricketing, and his temper is not always angelic. He is a warm-hearted, romantic young man, with a feeling of intense sympathy for all kinds of suffering. His mental disposition inclines him to take up passionately the cause of wronged individuals as of oppressed races. Many of his actions are the result of pure impulse. He interferes to save from a dangerous indulgence in gambling propensities a young woman he had never seen before, and for whom he certainly felt no admiration; and he rescues another from drowning—a complete stranger—of whom he constitutes himself the guardian. In early youth all his associations were Christian, and his knowledge of Jews and Judaism must have been derived from books or hearsay. Nevertheless he enthusiastically accepts the mission bequeathed to him by Mordecai, however incongruous it may appear to an individual brought up in fashionable circles. How singular are, or at least were, popular notions on these subjects the reader can judge for himself. Mirah's question to Daniel, when she announces her faith—"Do you despise me for it?"—is a good test of the estimation in which her people were held.

How far a young man of good social position is likely to break with his former ties to embrace ancient religious forms which must, to say the least, expose him to the ridicule of his late companions, and cause him considerable embarrassment, must be determined by the amount of sacrifice each person is disposed to make on behalf of his convictions.

There is nothing inherently improbable in the fact of any given individual returning to the creed of his ancestors, especially in the case of descendants of a race who cling obstinately to their traditions. Moreover, with regard to Daniel Deronda, the impulses of his conscience are quickened by the contagious enthusiasm of a poetical dreamer, and by the love of a tender, bright pure face. In recent years, the well-known case has occurred in the Jewish community of an officer in the army, the grandson of an Israelite, albeit himself born a Christian, who returned spontaneously to the

religion of his ancestors. In this instance no worldly circumstances to influence his conduct were visible, and certainly the change of faith of the convert could not have rendered his regimental position more agreeable.

The transformation of the *fat* Deronda, as Grandcourt calls him, into Deronda the Jew, is not then an astonishing event. The readiness of the supposed son of Sir Hugo Mallinger to undertake a national mission of the most improbable realisation, only proves an amount of belief in possibilities which all great men who have achieved difficult enterprises must have shared. The unity of Italy half a century since appeared as idle a dream as may now seem the reassembling of Israel in its own kingdom. Garibaldi and Mazzini were regarded as fanatics and visionaries, yet the leader of the thousand of Marsala has sat in the Parliament of United Italy which holds its meetings in the Eternal City. Daniel Deronda has never breathed, and may never live, but Jews have arisen and will again rise, who, if not resembling him in his perfections, will at least equal him in love of race and in ardour for the national cause.

The book is a romance. Artistic truth in literature, as in painting, is always sought for by great workmen in preference to mere realistic truth. In Daniel Deronda, George Eliot has created a type which, though scarcely likely to appeal to the masses, ought to teach more than one lesson to serious thinkers. Here is a man who lays aside entirely all purely personal considerations, all feelings of ambition or aggrandisement, to devote the best years of his existence to the loftiest national aims. True the Jews of England now possess a splendid example of high philanthropism in the person of a well-known benefactor of his race, who has repeatedly undertaken distant and perilous expeditions merely to help distressed mankind. Unfortunately illustrations derived from actual life frequently exercise little influence. It is possible that parallels drawn from fiction may prove more impressive.

The Princess Halm-Eberstein forms a complete contrast to her son Daniel. He is emotional, sympathetic, affectionate, and tender-hearted. She is cold, calculating, ambitious, and of an unloving disposition. A mother who entrusts her only child to strangers for questionable reasons, is scarcely likely to inspire much sympathy or attachment. After remaining for nearly a quarter of a century without seeing her offspring, she might very well have gone to the end of her days without embracing a son for whom she did not pretend to feel any great solicitude. Why, indeed, she met him at that particular juncture is not explain



The secret of his birth might have been communicated by Sir Hugo Mallinger, and any one year would have served the purpose as well as another. In religious matters, too, the contrast between mother and son is very marked. While he is imbued with sincere belief in the principles of Judaism, she denounces that faith as too narrow, formal, and rigid; as a creed which places woman in an inferior position and limits her sphere to her domestic duties. The truth is the Princess is a bold ambitious woman who declines to be bound by the trammels of religion, just as she despises family ties. However, when she deserted her son she did not rob him of his due. She carefully placed his father's fortune under the guardianship of Sir Hugo Mallinger, who had formerly been an admirer of the lady, and who fulfils his trust with considerable kindness. Having once parted from her son and deprived him of maternal love, the Princess doubtless thought sincerely that she acted for his interest when she caused him to be brought up in ignorance of his origin, as a Christian gentleman. If in a particular country red-haired men laboured under any especial disqualification, a mother might be justified in having the hair of her child dyed of the hue affected by the inhabitants. Many others besides Princess Halm-Eberstein have preferred expediency to principle; and the forms of a religion which hangs rather loosely round the wearer may be easily thrown aside altogether in obedience to worldly considerations.

The sneers of the Princess with reference to the facility with which some Jews change their family names as they would an old garment, are not entirely undeserved. There is a growing tendency in this country among a certain class of the Jewish community to adopt strange patronymics as if they were desirous of concealing their Semitic origin. It must be stated at the same time that the Israelites of Spanish and Portuguese descent are above this weakness; they have carefully preserved through generations and ages their ancient family names, and are proud of them.

The Princess feels evident twinges of conscience concerning her conduct towards Daniel Deronda, and her misgivings and doubts are finely expressed. The Alcharisi, the greatest singer of the day, is no common personage. She is endowed with a strong masculine mind and with the musical genius undoubtedly possessed by the Hebrew race; and she displays acuteness of perception in resigning her stage royalty when she foresees the impending loss of her supremacy. It is to be regretted that she disappears

as fitfully as she appears, and that a character which might have served as an interesting study, slips away from the reader and melts into thin air.

Had not Daniel Deronda formed casually an acquaintance with Mirah and Mordecai, it is very questionable whether his Jewish aspirations would ever have been developed. Of course chance is a most important element in human combinations, especially in fiction. His mother's revelations, but for his preceding adventures, might not altogether have delighted him. At the same time it is singular that he should never have suspected his origin, which ought to have left visible traces.

The influence exercised by Mirah seems to steal gradually and gently upon him, and, as usually happens in the case of women of her type, the power she acquires proves irresistible. Mirah is not a favourite character with the reviewers, who, whilst busy in following the fortunes of the grand Gwendolen and in attentively watching the evolution of her soul, lose sight of the unpretending little Jewess. Mirah is a typical daughter of Israel, simple and childlike, unambitious and unpretending, undervaluing her own talents, warm in affections, and above all profoundly attached to her family and race. It is astonishing of what deep heroism those quiet little women are capable. The serpent-like beauty of Gwendolen, her grand airs, her sharp tongue, would probably cause men to flock to her side in a drawing-room, leaving Mirah scarcely noticed until she began to discourse divine music. Nevertheless Mirah Cohen, with a San Benito over her lovely head, standing in the midst of roaring flames lighted by fierce fanaticism, would sing a hymn to the Lord of Israel; whilst in all human probability Gwendolen Harleth would readily embrace any faith that offered her wealth and a well-appointed establishment. Some critics cannot forgive the author for having made Daniel Deronda prefer the "insignificant" Mirah to the stately and chastened Gwendolen. It may be suspected that some of the dissatisfaction expressed by those gentlemen arises from the fact that Daniel Deronda has become *Deronda the Jew*. Gwendolen Harleth, thoroughly selfish and detestable as she appears in the beginning of the book, succeeds by her misfortunes and by the better feelings which are evidently aroused in her, in enlisting the full sympathy of the reader. But a man in England is not yet permitted to marry two wives at the same time, and had Daniel Deronda selected Gwendolen, the author would have assuredly committed an artistic error. We must lament Gwendolen Grandcourt's trials, and regret to leave



her a disconsolate widow. She is still young, and it is reasonable to suppose that she will find some heart-free individual who can make her drink the waters of Lethe.

Lapidoth forms a foil to the virtues of his daughter, and the author skilfully introduces the gambler and reprobate by the side of the pure-minded child. Lapidoth is a thief, Mirah is the soul of honour. George Eliot has studied nature too well not to divide her lights and shadows. No race monopolises moral excellence or villany, and unprincipled scoundrels unfortunately flourish among all nations and religions.

In addition to a wide range of reading in Jewish books, the author of "Daniel Deronda" must have had especial opportunities of personally observing Hebrew customs and manners and of speaking with intelligent Israelites. The portrait of the Cohen family is a photographic likeness which has probably been taken from life. Ezra Cohen is a pawnbroker in Holborn, a real embodiment of the qualities, good and indifferent, that make up the Jewish tradesman. The business of a pawnbroker is certainly not ennobling, but it may be carried on as honestly as any other. The small Jewish tradesman, keen as he usually is in the pursuit of gain, hard as he may seem in driving a bargain, is ordinarily an excellent father and husband and a strict follower of the practices of his faith. It is only some of the great families that find it convenient to drop troublesome ceremonies. Daniel Deronda's visit to the pawnbroker on imaginary business naturally affords an occasion for an insight into the ways of the family. Here we may admire the business aptitude of the youthful Jacob and the mixture of childish vanity and adult carefulness of his youngest sister when she asks whether she should wear her "Shabbesfrock" before the strange gentleman. The shrewdness, vulgarity, and kindness of heart which combine to constitute the man Ezra Cohen are amusingly illustrated in his parting speech to Mordecai, which is an odd compound of calculation and sentiment. It seems singular, however, that the cautious pawnbroker should at first sight ask a complete stranger to share the Sabbath evening meal with his own family; and it is even more astonishing that Ezra Cohen, who is intended to be a strict Jew, should be described as transacting business on Friday evening, a proceeding which according to Jewish ideas would be deemed a desecration of the Sabbath.

The dreams and inspirations of Mordecai naturally chiefly concern Israelites. He is a prophet, a seer, but far from being the absolutely impossible character he has been considered by some

critics. Anciently the most eloquent and learned rabbis among the Jews practised trades or handicrafts. Who shall say that among the immigrants from distant climes or among the Jews of Great Britain there is no workman whose whole heart is wrapped up in visions of the future greatness of his race? Indeed, it appears that Mr. G. H. Lewes, in an article on Spinoza, published in the *Fortnightly Review* of the 1st April, 1866, described a club which was wont to meet at a tavern in Red Lion Square about a generation since, and wherein the discussion of philosophical topics was carried on. The president of this club was a highly intelligent German named Kohn, Cohn, or Cohen, and probably he was the prototype of Mordecai.

The Jews, notwithstanding their ardour in mercantile pursuits, have always produced thinkers and philosophers.

Mordecai had long been seeking a co-religionist to whom he could confide the mission which fate would not permit him even to attempt to accomplish himself. He introduces Daniel Deronda to the philosopher's club, and the arguments therein brought to light, though possibly uninteresting to general readers, are deserving of close attention by Israelites. On the one hand, we have Gideon and Pash, who desire that the Jews should merge into the Christian population in the midst of which they dwell; and their opinion will be echoed by not a few of their co-religionists who care for naught but ease and self-indulgence.

On the other hand, Mordecai, with a loftier vision, expounds the mission of Israel. The poetry of Mordecai will prove *caviare* to the multitude. He is one of those pure abstractions such as all nations have produced—a man of dreams rather than a man of actions—and yet what could a poor Jew have accomplished? Even had the “Ruach Hakodesh,” the breath of divine thought, entered that poor diseased body of his, not even his own co-religionists would have listened to its manifestations. George Eliot has studied Hebrew poetry, and the touching verses which she places in Mordecai's lips are not unlike those Hebrew poems recited by the Ashkenazim, and called “Peyutim.” When Mordecai goes to his long sleep he is at all events happy, for he has bequeathed his mission to a trusty successor, and ere his breath leaves him the start is already made towards the East.

The author does not enter into the nice distinctions between the Sephardim or Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and the Ashkenazim or German and Polish Jews. Daniel Deronda appertains to the former class, which once contained the *sangre azul* of the



nation; whilst Mirah Cohen or Lapidoth, as coming from Poland, would naturally belong to the latter. To the present day these sections of the Hebrew race form in England and in most other countries distinct communities; but practically all difference between them has ceased to exist.

It is not necessary here to express any opinion on the merits of "Daniel Deronda" in its entirety as a work of fiction. George Eliot has passed from the realism of "Middlemarch" to the idealism of her present work. We cannot judge of Daniel Deronda and of Mordecai from the matter-of-fact surroundings of prosaic every-day life—albeit neither of these two characters is so totally imaginary and so far removed from actual truth as has been asserted. "Daniel Deronda" is no light novel to while away idle hours. It is a book full of deep thoughts, seeking to convey high lessons. It is scarcely a story in the ordinary sense of the word; the thread of the narrative is frequently disconnected and interrupted by reflections and disquisitions revealing a thinker and student of psychology of unusual faculties. The analysis of a difficult problem in human nature, the transformation of Gwendolen, is undoubtedly one of the aims of the book. But there is a far greater purpose in "Daniel Deronda" than the tale of a woman's life and the development of her soul. It is the vindication of a long maligned race against ignorant misrepresentation or wilful aspersion, the defence of Jews and Judaism against fanaticism and prejudice. George Eliot has laid open before a larger audience than had ever before been summoned for a similar purpose, the aims and scope and innermost thoughts of Judaism, and she has accomplished more for the cause of toleration and enlightenment than could have been achieved by any amount of legislation.

Two questions are raised in "Daniel Deronda" which concern principally, but not exclusively, the Jewish race. The object of Deronda, expressed in his own words, "To bind our race together in spite of heresy," is one of the aspirations that must be felt by every Israelite whilst admitting the difficulty of the solution. To bring the Judaism that was regarded "as a sort of eccentric fossilised form which an accomplished man might dispense with studying and leave to specialists," into consonance with modern ideas, is a task which only Daniel Deronda can effect. To maintain intact the spirit of Judaism, to preserve in pristine purity the faith and traditions of Israel, without keeping up the inflexible rigidity which opposes every improvement, and which drove out of the community an Isaac Disraeli, forms one of those problems which are still awaiting a satisfactory solution.

The political future of the Hebrew race may become more important to the world at large than its religious future. The reassembling of the Jews into a separate State, if such an event ever happen, must obviously affect more or less all Europe in addition to the provinces occupied. The influence possessed by the Jews in the financial world would certainly make itself felt on their withdrawal to distant lands. However, the dreams of Mordecai and Daniel Deronda are likely to remain dreams for the present. Not only are there no signs of their speedy realisation, but it is not at all sure that such a consummation is desired by the bulk of the Hebrew nation. The Israelites have become too firmly attached to the countries of western Europe, which have given them shelter, to be easily induced to abandon them *en masse*, and their magnates are scarcely likely to exchange the splendour and luxury they enjoy in the European capitals, for a residence in an arid and semi-civilised land. It is to be feared that notwithstanding all the efforts of Daniel Deronda and of real living philanthropists, it will be long before Palestine will cease to be, in the passionate language of Mordecai, "a place for saintly beggary to await death in loathsome idleness."

To have broached these questions before the popular mind is already to have obtained a great gain, and George Eliot has thus earned the gratitude, not only of her countrymen of the Jewish race, but of all thinkers and friends of progress.

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# THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

THE GROWING OF THE CLOUD.



AND now the darkness of winter fell, and days and weeks and months passed anxiously away.

Down at lonely Kromlaix by the sea, things were sadder than they had been for many winters past. When the flood subsided, and the full extent of the desolation could be apprehended, it was found that more lives had been lost than had at first been calculated. Many poor souls had perished quietly in their beds; others, while endeavouring to escape, had been crushed under the ruins of their crumbling homes. The mortality was chiefly among women and little children. Although the greater part of the corpses were recovered and buried with holy rites in the little churchyard, some had been carried out to the bottom of the deep ocean and were never seen again. Among those who were recovered and buried was Guinevèe Goron. They found her gently sleeping, as the water had found her,—with no sign of pain or terror on her peaceful face. Her old foster-mother, having been among the worshippers in the chapel when the alarm came, had narrowly escaped with life.

When the Corporal went down to take stock of his dwelling, he found that a portion of the walls had yielded, and that part of the roof had fallen in; so that Marcelle, had she remained a little longer in the house on that fatal night, would most certainly have encountered a terrible and cruel death. It took many a long day to rebuild the ruined portion of the dwelling and to make good the grievous loss in damaged household goods; and not until the new year had come boisterously in was the place decently habitable again.

Meantime, Famine had been crawling about the village, hand in hand with Death; for much grain had been destroyed, and when grain fails the poor must starve and die. And then, following el

upon the flood, had come the news of the new conscription of 300,000 men, of which little Kromlaix had again to supply its share. Well might the poor souls think that God was against them, and that there was neither hope nor comfort anywhere under Heaven.

Over all these troubles we let the curtain fall. Our purpose in these pages is not to harrow up the heart with pictures of human torture, whether caused by the cruelty of Nature or the tyranny of man; nor to light up with a lurid pen the darkness of unrecorded sorrows; it is rather our wish, while telling a tale of human patience and endurance, to reveal from time to time those higher spiritual issues which fortify the thoughts of those who love their kind, and which make poetry possible in a world whose simple prose is misery and despair. Let us therefore for a time darken the stage on which our actors come and go. When the curtain rises again it is to the sullen music of the great Invasion of 1814.

Like hungry wolves the Grand Army was being driven back before the scourges of avenging nations. For many a long year France had sent forth her legions to feed upon and destroy other lands; now it was her turn to taste the cup she had so freely given. Across her troubled plains, moving this way and that, and shrieking to that *Daimon* who seemed at last to have deserted him, flew Bonaparte. Already, in outlying districts, arose the old spectre of the White, causing foolish enthusiasts to trample on the tricolor. Mysterious voices were heard again in old châteaux, down in lonely Brittany. Loyalists and Republicans alike were beginning to cry out aloud even in the public ways, despite the decree of death on all those who should express Bourbon sympathies or give assistance to the Allies. Duras had armed Touraine and the Abbé Jacquilt was busy in La Vendée.

Meantime, to those honest people who hated strife, the terror deepened. While the log blazed upon the hearth and the cold winds blew without, those who sat within listened anxiously and started at every sound, for there was no saying in what district the ubiquitous and child-eating Cossack (savage forerunner of the irrepressible Uhlan of a later and wicked invasion) might appear next, pricking on his pigmy steed. The name of Blucher became a household word, and men were learning another name, that of Wellington.

The hour came when Bonaparte, surrounded and in tribulation, might have saved his Imperial Crown by assenting to the treaty of Chatillon; but over-mastered by faith in his destiny, and a prey,



moreover, to the most violent passions, he let the saving hour glide by, and manœuvred until it was too late. By the treaty of March, 1814, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England bound themselves individually to keep up an army of 150,000 men until France was reduced within her ancient limits; and by the same treaty, and for the same purpose, that of carrying on the war, four millions were advanced by the "shopkeepers" of England. Nevertheless, the Emperor, still trusting in his lurid star, continued to insist on the imperial boundaries, and, so insisting, marched upon Blucher at Soissons, and began the last act of the war.

Thus the terrible winter passed away. Spring came and brought the violet, but the fields and lanes were still darkened with strife, and all over France still lay the Shadow of the Sword.

Meantime, what had become of Rohan Gwenfern? After that night of the great flood he made no sign, and all search for him virtually ceased. It was clearly impossible that he could be still in hiding out among the cliffs, for the severe weather had set in: no man could have lived through it under such conditions. That Rohan was not dead Marcelle knew from various sources, although she had no idea where he was to be found; and she blessed the good God who had preserved him so far, and who would perhaps forgive all his wild revolt for the sake of the good deeds that he had done on the terrible Night of the Dead. Doubtless some dark roof was sheltering him now, and, fortunately, men were too full of affairs to think much about a solitary revolter. Ah, if he had not killed Pipriac! If the guilt of blood were off his hands! Then the good Emperor might have forgiven him and taken him back, like the prodigal son.

In one respect, at least, Marcelle was happy. She no longer lay under the reproach of having loved a coward; her lover had justified himself and *her*; and he had vindicated his courage in a way which it was impossible to mistake. Ah, yes, he was brave! and if Master Arfoll and other wicked counsellors had not put a spell upon him he would have shown his bravery on the battle-field! It was still utterly inscrutable to her that Rohan should have acted as he did. General principles she could not understand, and any abstract proposition concerning the wickedness and cowardice of War itself would have been as incomprehensible to her as a problem in trigonometry or a page of Spinosà. War was one of the institutions of the world,—

It had been since the world began,  
And would be till its close.

It was as much a thing of course as getting married or going to confession; and it was, moreover, one of the noble professions in which brave men, like her uncle, might serve their ruler and the State.

Although it was now subtly qualified by anxiety for her lover's fate, her enthusiasm in the Imperial cause did not in any degree abate. Marcelle was one of those women who cling the more tenaciously to a belief the more it is questioned and decried and the more it approaches the state of a forlorn faith; so that as the Emperor's star declined, and people began to look forward eagerly for its setting, her adoration rose, approaching fanaticism in its intensity. It was just the same with Corporal Derval. All through that winter the Corporal suffered untold agonies, but his confidence and his faith rose with the darkening of the Imperial sphere. Night after night he perused the bulletins, eagerly construing them to his master's triumph and glory. His voice was loud in its fulminations against the Allies, especially against the English. He kept the Napoleonic pose more habitually than ever,—and he prophesied; but alas! his voice now was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and there were none to hearken.

For, as we have already more than once hinted, Kromlaix was too near to the châteaux not to keep within it many sparks of Legitimist flame, ready to burn forth brilliantly at any moment; and although Corporal Derval had been a local power, he had ruled more by fear than by love, receiving little opposition because opposition was scarcely safe. When, however, the tide began to turn, he found, like his master, that he had been miscalculating the true feelings of his neighbours. Again and again he was openly contradicted and talked down. When he spoke of "the Emperor," others began to speak boldly of "the King." He heard daily, in his walks and calls, enough "blasphemy" to make his hair stand on end, and to make him think with horror of another Deluge. One evening, walking by the sea, he saw several bonfires burning up on the hillsides. The same night he heard that the Duc de Berri had landed in Jersey.

Among those who seemed quietly turning their coats from parti-red to white was Mikel Grallon, and indeed we doubt not that honest Mikel would have turned his skin also, if that were possible, and if it could be shown to be profitable. He seemed now to have abandoned the idea of marrying Marcelle, but he none the less bitterly resented her fidelity to his rival. As soon as the tide of popular feeling was fairly turned against Napoleon, Grallon quietly



ranged himself on the winning side, secretly poisoning the public mind against the Corporal, in whom, ere long, people began to see the incarnation of all they most detested and feared. Things grew, until Corporal Derval, so far from possessing any of his old influence, became the most unpopular man in Kromlaix. He represented the fading superstition, which was already beginning to be regarded with abhorrence.

The Corporal's health had failed a little that winter, and these changes preyed painfully on his mind. He began to show unmistakable signs of advancing age: his voice lost much of its old ring and volume, his eyes grew dimmer, his step less firm. It required vast quantities of tobacco to soothe the trouble of his heart, and he would sit whole evenings silent in the kitchen, smoking and looking at the fire. When he mentioned Rohan's name, which was but seldom, it was with a certain gentleness very unusual to him; and it seemed to Marcelle, watching him, that he quietly reproached himself with having been unjust to his unfortunate nephew.

"I am sure uncle is not well," Marcelle said in a low voice, glancing across at the Corporal sitting by the fire.

"There is only one thing that can cure him," said Gildas, whom she addressed; "and that is, a great victory."

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### "VIVE LE ROI!"

WHILE the great campaign was proceeding in the interior, and the leaders of the allied armies were hesitating and deliberating, a hand was waving signals from Paris and beckoning the invaders on. So little confidence had they in their own puissance, and so great, despite their successes, continued their dread of falling into one of those traps which Bonaparte was so cunning in preparing, that they would doubtless have committed fatal delays but for encouragement from within the city.

"You venture nought, when you might venture all!  
Venture again!"

wrote this hand to the Emperor Alexander. The hand was that of Talleyrand.

So it came to pass, late in the month of March, that crowds of affrighted peasants, driving before them their carts and horses and their flocks and herds, and leading their wives and children, flocked into Paris, crying that the invaders were approaching on

Paris in countless hosts. The alarum sounded, the great city poured out its swarms into the streets, and all eyes were gazing in the direction of Montmartre. Vigorous preparations were made to withstand a siege,—Joseph Bonaparte encouraging the people by assurances that the Emperor would soon be at hand.

"It is a bad look out for the enemy," said Corporal Derval nervously, when this news reached him. "Every step towards Paris is a step further away from their *supplies*. Do you think the Emperor does not know what he is about? It is a trap, and Paris will swallow them like a great mouth—snap! one bite, and they are gone. Wait!"

A few days later came the news of the flight of the Empress. The Corporal turned livid, but forced a laugh.

"Women are in the way when there is to be fighting. Besides, she does not want to see her relations, the Austrians, eaten up alive."

The next day came the terrible announcement that Paris was taken. The Corporal started up as if a bullet had entered his heart.

"The enemy in Paris!" he gasped. "Where is the Emperor?"

Ah, where indeed? For once in his life Bonaparte had fallen into a trap himself and, while Paris was being taken, had been lured towards the frontier out of the way. It was useless now to rush, almost solitary, to the rescue, yet the Emperor, seated in his carriage, rolled towards the metropolis, far in advance of his army. His generals met him in the environs and warned him back. He shrieked, threatened, implored; but it was too late. He then heard with horror that the authorities had welcomed the invaders, and that the Imperial government was virtually overthrown. Heart sick and mad, he rushed to Fontainebleau.

To the old Corporal, sitting by his fireside, this news came also in due time. Father Rolland was there when it came, and he shook his head solemnly.

"The Allied Sovereigns refuse to treat with the Emperor," he read aloud. "Well, well!"

This "well, well" might mean either wonder, or sympathy, or approval, just as the hearer felt inclined to construe it: for Father Rolland was a philosopher, and took things calmly as they came. Even a miracle done in broad day would not have astonished him much; to his simple mind all human affairs were miraculous, and miraculously commonplace. But the veteran whom he addressed was not so calm. He trembled, and tried to storm.



"They refuse!" he cried, with a feeble attempt at his old manner. "You will say next that the mice refuse to treat with the lion. Soul of a crow! what are these emperors and kings? Go to! The little Corporal has made kings by the dozen, and he has eaten an empire for breakfast. I tell you, in a little while the Emperor Alexander will be glad enough to kiss his feet. As for the Emperor of Austria, his conduct is shameful, for is he not our Emperor's kith and kin?"

"Do you think there will be more fighting, my Corporal?" demanded the little priest.

The Corporal set his lips tight together, and nodded his head automatically.

"It is easier to put your hand in the lion's mouth than to pull it out again. When the Emperor is desperate, he is terrible—all the world knows that; and now that he has been trampled upon and insulted he is not likely to rest till he has obliterated these *canaille* from the face of the earth."

"I heard news to-day," observed Gildas, looking up from his place in the ingle, and joining in the conversation for the first time. "They say the Duc de Berri has landed again in Jersey, and that the King"—

Before he could complete the sentence, his uncle uttered a cry of rage and protestation.

"The King! Malediction! What king?"

Gildas grinned awkwardly.

"King Louis, of course!"

"*A bas le Bourbon!*" thundered the Corporal, pale as death, and trembling with rage from head to foot. "Never name him, Gildas Derval! King Louis! King Capet!"

The little *curé* rose quietly and put on his hat.

"I must go," he said; "but let me tell you, my Corporal, that your language is too violent. The Bourbons were our kings by divine right, and they were good friends to the Church, and if they should return to prosperity I, for one, will give them my allegiance."

So saying, Father Rolland saluted the household and quietly took his departure. The Corporal sank trembling into a chair.

"If they should return!" he muttered. "Ah, well, there is no danger of *that* so long as the little Corporal is alive!"

Corporal Derval was wrong. A fanatic to the heart's core, he did not at all comprehend the true fatality of the situation, and although

his thoughts were full of secret alarm, he hoped, believed, and trusted still. The idea of the total overthrow of the god of his faith never occurred to him at all; as easily might the conception of the fall of Mahomet enter the brain of a true Mussulman. As for the return of the exiled family—why that, on the very face of it, was too ridiculous!

He was, of course, well acquainted with the state of popular sentiment, and he knew how strong the Legitimist party was even in his own village. Here, too, was little Father Rolland, who had no political feelings to speak of, and who had served the Emperor so long, beginning to side with the enemies of truth and justice! The priest was a good fellow, but to hear *him* talk about "divine right" was irritating. As if there was any right more divine than the sovereignty of the Emperor!

A few mornings afterwards, as the Corporal was preparing to sally forth, he was stopped by Marcelle.

"Where are you going?" she said, placing herself in his way.

She was very pale, and there was a red mark around her eyes as if she had been crying.

"I am going down to old Plouët to get shaved," said the Corporal; "and I shall hear the news. Soul of a crow! what is the matter with the girl? Why do you look at me like that?"

Marcelle, without replying, gazed imploringly at her mother and at Gildas, who were standing on the hearth—the former agitated like her daughter, the latter phlegmatically chewing a straw. Wheeling round to them, the Corporal continued—

"Is there anything wrong? Speak, if that is so!"

"There is bad news," answered the widow, in a low voice.

"About Hoël!"

The widow shook her head.

"Do not go out this morning," said Marcelle, crossing the kitchen and quietly closing the door. As she did so, there came from without a loud sound of voices cheering, and simultaneously there was a clatter as of feet running down the road.

"What is that?" cried the Corporal. "Something has happened—speak; do not keep me in suspense."

He stood pale and trembling; and as he stood the finger of age was heavy upon him, marking every line and wrinkle in his powerful face, making his cheeks more sunken, his eyes more darkly dim. A proud man, he had suffered tormenting humiliations of late, and had missed much of the respect and sense of power which had formerly made his life worth having. Add to this the fact already



alluded to, that his physical health had been quietly breaking, and it is easy to understand why he looked the ghost of his old self.

But the veteran's nature was aquiline; and an eagle, even in sickness and amid evil fortune, is an eagle still.

"Speak, Gildas!" he said. "You are a man, and these are only women—what is the meaning of all this? Why do they seek to detain me in the house?"

Gildas mumbled something inarticulate, and nudged his mother with his elbow. At that moment the cheering was repeated. Some gleam of the truth must have flashed upon the Corporal, for he grew still paler and increased his expression of nervous dread.

"I will tell you, uncle," cried Marcelle, "if you will not go out. They are proclaiming the King!"

Proclaiming the King! So far as the Corporal is concerned they might almost as well proclaim a new God. Have the heavens fallen? Sits the sun still in his sphere? The Corporal stares and totters like a man stupefied. Then, setting his lips tight together, he strode towards the door.

"Uncle!" cried Marcelle, interposing.

"Stand aside!" he cried in a husky voice. "Don't make me angry, you women. I am not a child, and I must see for myself. God in Heaven! I think the world is coming to an end."

Throwing the door wide open, he walked into the street.

It was a bright spring morning, much such a morning as when, about a year before, he had cheerily sallied forth at the head of the conscripts! The village, long since recovered from the effects of the inundation, sparkled in the sunshine. The street was quite empty, and there was no sign of any neighbour bustling about, but as he paused at the door he again heard the sound of shouting far up the village.

Determined to make a personal survey of the state of affairs, Derval stumped up the street, followed closely by Gildas, whom the women had besought to see that his uncle did not get into trouble. In a few minutes they came in sight of a crowd of people of both sexes, who were moving hither and thither as if under the influence of violent excitement. In their midst stood several men, strangers to the Corporal, who were busily distributing white cockades to the men and white rosettes to the girls. These men were well dressed, and one had the air of a gentleman; and indeed he was Le Sieur Marmont, proprietor of a neighbouring château, but long an absentee from his possessions.

Then Derval distinctly heard the odious cry, again and again repeated—" *Vive le Roi ! Vive le Roi !* "

The nobleman, who was elegantly clad in a rich suit of white and blue, had his sword drawn ; his wrinkled face was full of enthusiasm.

" *Vive le Roi ! Vive le Sieur Marmont !* " cried the voices.

Among the crowd were many who merely looked on smiling, and a few who frowned darkly ; but it was clear that the Bonapartists were in a terrible minority. However, the business that was going forward was quite informal—a mere piece of preparatory incendiaryism on the part of Marmont and his friends. News had just come of the Royalist rising in Paris, and the white rose had already begun to blossom in every town.

"What is all this ?" growled the Corporal, elbowing his way into the crowd, "Soul of a crow ! what does it mean ?"

"Have you not heard the news ?" shrieked a woman. "The Emperor is dead, and the King is risen."

The nobleman, whose keen eye observed Derval in a moment, stuck a cockade of white cotton on the point of his sword, and pushed it over politely, across the intervening heads.

"Our friend has not heard," he said with a wicked grin. "See, old fellow, here is a little present. It is not true that the usurper is dead, but he is dethroned—so we are crying *Vive le Roi*."

Many voices shouted again ; and now the Corporal recognised, talking to a tall priest-like man in black who kept close to Marmont, his little friend the *curé*.

"It is a LIE !" he cried, fixing his eye upon Marmont. "*A bas les Bourbons ! à bas les Emigrés !*"

The nobleman's face flushed, and his eye gleamed fiercely.

"What man is this ?" he asked between his set teeth.

"Corporal Derval !" cried several voices simultaneously. The tall priest, after a word from Father Rolland, whispered to Marmont, who curled his lips and smiled contemptuously.

"If the old fool were not in his dotage," he said, "he would deserve to be whipped ; but we waste our time with such *canaille* ! Come, my friends, to the chapel—let us offer a prayer to Our Blessed Lady, who is bringing the good King back."

The Corporal, who would have joined issue with the very fiend when his blood was up, uttered a great oath, and, flourishing his stick, approached the nobleman. The villagers fell back on either side, and in a moment the two were face to face.

"*A bas le Roi !*" thundered the Corporal. "*A bas les emigrés !*"



Marmont was quite pale now, with anger, not fear. Drawing himself up indignantly, he pointed his sword at the Corporal's heart.

"Keep back, old man, or I shall hurt you!"

But before another syllable could be uttered the Corporal, with a sabre-cut of his heavy stick, had struck the blade with such force that it was broken.

"*A bas le Roi!*" he cried, purple with passion. "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

This was the signal for general confusion. The Royalist, furious at the insult, endeavoured to precipitate himself on his assailant, but was withheld by his companions, who eagerly besought him to be calm; while the Corporal, on his side, found himself the centre of a shrieking throng of villagers, some of whom aimed savage blows at his unlucky pate. It would doubtless have gone ill with him had not Gildas and several other strong fellows fought their way to his side and diligently taken his part. A *mêlée* ensued. Other Bonapartists sided with the minority; blows were freely given and taken; cockades were torn off and trampled on the ground. Fortunately the combatants were not armed with any dangerous weapons, and few suffered any serious injuries. At the end of some minutes the Corporal found himself standing half stunned, surrounded by his little party, while the crowd of Royalist sympathisers, headed by Marmont, were proceeding up the road in the direction of the chapel.

When the Corporal recovered from the full violence of his indignation his heart was very sad. The sight of the nobleman and his friends was ominous, for he knew that these gay-plumaged birds only came out when the air was very loyal indeed. He knew, too, that Marmont, although part of his estates had been restored to the family by the Emperor, had long been a suspected resident abroad; and it was quite certain that his presence there meant that the Bonapartist cause had reached its lowest ebb.

Hastening down into the village, and into the house of Plouët the barber, the veteran eagerly seized the journals, and found there such confirmation of his fears as turned his heart sick and made his poor head whirl wildly round. Tears stood in his old eyes as he read, so that the old horn-spectacles were again and again misted over.

"My Emperor! my Master!" he murmured; adding to himself, in much the same words that the great heart-broken King of Israel used of old, "Would to God I might die for thee!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE CORPORAL'S CUP IS FULL.

ABOUT the beginning of the month of April a strange rumour spread over France, causing simple folk to gaze at each other aghast, as if the sun were falling out of heaven. It was reported, on good authority, that the Emperor had attempted suicide.

The rumour was immediately contradicted, but not before it had caused grievous heartache to many a hero-worshipper, and, among others, to our Corporal. It seemed so terrible that he who had but lately ruled the destinies of Europe should now be a miserable being anxious to quit a world of which he was weary, that to some minds it was simply inconceivable. If this thing was true, if indeed Bonaparte was at last impotent, and upon his knees, then nothing was safe—neither the stars in their spheres, nor the solid earth revolving in its place—for Chaos was come.

How strange, and yet how brief had been the glory of the man! It seemed but the other day that he was a young general, with all his laurels to win. What a Drama had been enacted in the few short hours since then! And already the last scene was being played—or nearly the last.

It seemed, however, as if the Earth, released from an intolerable burthen, had begun to smile and rejoice; for the primrose had arisen, and the wild roses were lighting their red lamps at the sun, and the birds were come back again to build along the great sea-wall. Clear were the days and bright, with cool winds and sweet rains; so that Leipsic and many a smaller battle-field, well manured by the dead, were growing rich and green with the promise of abundant harvest.

On such a day of spring Corporal Derval sat on the cliffs overlooking the sea, with a distant view of Kromlaix basking in the light. By his side, distaff in hand, sat Marcelle, a clean white coif upon her head and shoes on her shapely feet. She had coaxed her uncle out that day to smell the fresh air and to sit in the sun, for he had been very frail and irritable of late, and had become a prey to the most violent despondency. He was not one of those men who love Nature, even in a dumb unconscious animal way, and, although the scene around him was very fair, he did not gladden. Sweeter to him the sound of fifes and drums than the soft singing of the thrush! As for prospects, if he could only have seen, coming down the valley, the gleam of bayonets and darkness of artillery, *that* would have been a prospect indeed!



He was very silent, gazing moodily down at the village and over the sea, while Marcelle watched him gently, only now and then saying a few common-place words. They had sat thus for hours, when suddenly the Corporal started as if he had been shot, and pointed up the valley.

"Look! what's that?"

Marcelle gazed in the direction so indicated, but saw nothing unusual. She turned questioningly to her uncle.

"There! at the chapel," he cried, with peevish irritation. "Do you not see something white?"

She gazed again, and her keen eyes at once detected—what his feebler vision had only dimly guessed—that a flag was flying from a pole planted above the belfry of the little building. A Flag, and *white!* She knew in a moment what it betokened, and though a sharp pain ran through her heart, her first fear was for her uncle. She trembled, but did not answer.

The old man, violently agitated, rose to his feet, gazing wildly at the chapel as at some frightful vision.

"Look again!" he cried. "Can you not see? What is it, Marcelle?"

Marcelle rose, and still trembling, gazed piteously into his face. Her eyes were dry, her lips set firm, her cheeks pale as death. She touched her uncle on the arm, and said in a low voice—

"Come, uncle; let us go home."

He did not stir, but drawing himself to his height and shading his eyes from the sun, he looked again, with a face as grimly set as if he were performing some terrible military duty.

"It is white, and it looks like a flag," he muttered, as if talking to himself. "Yes, it is a flag, and it stirs in the wind." He added after a minute, "It is the White Flag!—some villain has set it there!"

Just then there rose upon the air the sound of voices cheering, followed by a sharp report as of guns firing. Then he distinguished, flocking on the road near the chapel, a dark crowd of people moving rapidly hither and thither. It was clear that something extraordinary had occurred; and, indeed, Marcelle knew perfectly the true state of affairs, and had for that reason among others coaxed the veteran out of harm's way. That very morning orders had arrived from St. Gurlott to hoist the Bourbon *fleur de lys* on the chapels of Kromlaix. Bonaparte's last stake was lost, and the heir of legitimate kings was hourly expected in Paris.

Corporal Derval had known that it was coming—the last scene,

the wreck of all his hope; but his faith had kept firm to the last, and he had listened eagerly for the sign that the lion had burst the net and that the enemies of France—for such he held all the enemies of the Emperor—were overthrown. He was not a praying man, but he had prayed a good deal of late; prayed indeed that God might perfect a miracle and “resurrect” the Empire. So the sight of the emblem of despair, which it certainly was to him, caused a great shock to his troubled heart. He stood gazing and panting and listening, while Marcelle again sought to lead him away.

“*A bas le Bourbon!*” he growled mechanically; then shaking his hand menacingly at the flag, he said, “If there is no other man to tear thee down, *I* will do it, for the Emperor’s sake. I will trample on thee as the Emperor will trample on the King, thy master!”

Marcelle did not often cry, but her eyes were wet now; even wrath was forgotten in pity for the idol of her faith. Despite her uncle’s fierce words, she saw that his spirit was utterly crushed, that his breast was heaving convulsively, and that his voice was broken. She bade him lean upon her arm to descend the hill; but, trembling and in silence, he sat down again on the green grass. Just then, however, they heard footsteps behind them, and Marcelle, looking over her shoulder, recognised no other than Master Arfoll.

Now, if at that moment she would rather have avoided one man more than another, that man was the itinerant schoolmaster. His opinions were notorious, and he was associated in her mind with revolt and irreverence of the most offensive kind. His appearance at that particular time was specially startling and painful. He seemed come for the purpose of saying, “I prophesied these things, and you see they have come true.”

Marcelle would gladly have escaped, but Master Arfoll was close upon them. Just as the Corporal, noticing her manner, turned and saw who was following, Master Arfoll came up quietly with the usual salutation. He seemed paler and more spectre-like than ever, and his face scarcely lighted up into its usual smile.

As he recognised him, the veteran frowned. He too felt constrained and vexed at the schoolmaster’s presence.

Just then the sound of shouting and firing again rose upon his ears. A constrained silence ensued, which was at last broken again by Master Arfoll’s voice.

“Great changes are taking place, my Corporal. Here you live



so far out of the world that much escapes you, and the journals are full of lies. It is certain, however, that the Emperor has abdicated."

Marcelle turned an appealing look on the speaker, as if beseeching him to be silent, for she feared some outburst on the part of the Corporal. Derval, however, was very quiet; he sat still, with lips set tight together, and eyes fixed on the ground. At last he said grimly, fixing his hawk-like eye on Arfoll—

"Yes, there are great changes; and *you* . . . do *you* too wear the white cockade?"

Master Arfoll shook his head.

"I am no Royalist," he replied; "I have seen too much of Kings for that. The return of the Bourbon will be the return of all the reptiles whom the goddess of Liberty drove out of France; we shall be the sport of *parvenus* and the prey of priests; there will be peace, but it will be ignominious, and we shall still ask in vain for the Rights of Man."

The Corporal's eye kindled, his whole look expressed astonishment. After all, then, Master Arfoll was not such a fool as had been supposed; if he could not appreciate the Emperor, he could at least despise King Louis. Without expressing surprise in any direct way, Derval said, as if wishing to change the subject—

"You have been a great stranger, Master Arfoll. It is many months since you dropped in."

"I have been far away," returned the itinerant, seating himself by the Corporal's side. "You will wonder when I tell you that I have been to the great City itself."

"To Paris!" ejaculated the Corporal, while Marcelle looked as astonished as if Master Arfoll had said that he had visited the next world.

"I have a kinsman at Meaux, and I was sent for to close his eyes; he had no other friend on earth. While I was there, the Allies marched on Paris, and I beheld all the horrors of the war. My Corporal, it was a war of devils; both sides fought like fiends, and between them both the country was laid waste. The poor peasants fled to the woods, and hid themselves in caves, and the churches were full of women and children. You could see the fires of towns and villages burning day and night. No man had any pity for his neighbour, and the French conscripts were as cruel to their own countrymen as if they themselves were Cossacks or Croats. Fields and farms, the abodes of man and beast, all were laid waste, and in the night great troops of hungry wolves came out and fed on the dead."

"That is war," said the Corporal, nodding his head phlegmatically, for he was well used to such little incidents.

"At last, with many thousands more, I found my way into the great city, and there I remained throughout the siege. Those were days of horror! While the defenders were busy fighting, the outcasts of the earth came out of their dark dens and filled the streets, shrieking for bread; they were as thick and loathsome as vermin crawling on a corpse; and when they were denied, murder was often done. Ah, God, they were mad! I have seen a mother, maniacal with starvation, dash out her babe's brains on the pavement of the street! Well, it was soon over, and I saw the great allied armies march in. Our people cheered and embraced them as they entered—many fell upon their knees and blessed them—and some strewed flowers."

"*Canaille!*" hissed the Corporal between his teeth, which he ground together viciously.

"Poor wretches; they knew no better, and if they were wrong, God will not blame them. But all this is not what I wished to tell you; it is something which will interest you more. I saw the Emperor,—at Fontainebleau."

"The Emperor!" repeated Derval in a low voice, not lifting his eyes. His face was very pale, and during the description of the siege he had with difficulty suppressed his agitation. For all this sorrow and desolation meant only one thing to him—his Idol was overthrown. The entry of the Allies into Paris, and their welcome by the excited populace, was only a final proof of human perfidy—of national treachery to the greatest and noblest of beings. All had fallen away from the "little Corporal;" all but those who, like Derval, were impotent to help him. Yet the sun still shone. Yet the heavens were still blue, the earth still green! And there—ah, God of Battles!—they were upraising the White Lily, the abominable *Fleur de Lys*!

By this time Marcelle too was seated on the sward close to her uncle's feet, and her eyes were raised half eagerly, half imploringly, to Master Arfoll's face. Very beautiful indeed she looked that day, though paler and somewhat thinner than on the day, about a year before, when she had first heard Rohan Gwenfern's confession of love. She too was eager to hear what an eye-witness had to say of him whom she still passionately adored.

"It was a memorable day," said Master Arfoll;—"the day of his adieu to the Old Guard."

He paused a moment, gazing sadly and thoughtfully out seaward,



while the Corporal's heart began to beat violently as at the roll-call of drums. The very name of the Imperial Guard touched the fountain of tears deep hidden in his breast. His bronzed cheek flushed, his lips trembled. Quietly, almost unconsciously, Marcelle slipped her hand into his, and he held it softly as he listened on.

"I will tell you the truth, my Corporal. When I saw the Guard called out, I was grieved, for they were a sorry show; many were quite ragged, and others were sick and ill. They were drawn up in a line close to the Palace, and they waited a long time before he appeared. At last he came, on horseback, with the brave Macdonald by his side, and other generals following; and at his appearance there was so great a shout it seemed bringing down the skies. He came up slowly and dismounted; then he held up his hand; and there was dead silence. You could have heard a pin drop. He wore his old overcoat and cocked hat: I should have known him anywhere, from the pictures."

"How did he look?" asked the Corporal. "Ill? Pale?—but there, he was always that."

"I was quite close, and I could see his face; it was quite yellow, and the cheeks hung heavily, and the eyes were leaden-coloured and sad. But when he approached the ranks he smiled, and you would have thought his face made of sunshine! I never saw such a smile before—it was godlike; I say this, though he was never god of mine. Then he began to speak, and his voice was broken, and the tears rolled down his cheeks."

"And he said?—he said?" gasped the Corporal, his voice choked with emotion.

"What he said you have perhaps read in the journals, but words cannot convey the look, the tone. He said that France had chosen another ruler, and he was content, since his only prayer was for France; that some day, perhaps, he would write down the story of his battles for the world to read. Then he embraced Macdonald, and called aloud for the Imperial eagle; and when the standard was brought he kissed it a hundred times. . . . Corporal, my heart was changed at that moment, and I felt that I could have died to serve him. He is a great man. . . . A wail rose from the throats of the Guard, and every face was drowned in tears; old men wept like little children; many cast themselves upon their knees, imploring him not to forsake them. The ranks broke like waves of the sea. Marshal Macdonald hid his face in his hands and almost sobbed aloud, and several generals drew their swords and shouted like men possessed, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' This lasted

only for a little; then it was all over. He mounted his horse, and rode slowly and silently away."

Master Arfoll added in a solemn voice—

"That night he left his Palace, never to return."

Silence ensued; then suddenly Marcelle, who had been sitting spellbound listening, uttered a wild cry; with her eyes fixed in terror on her uncle. As she did so, the Corporal, without a word or a sign, dropped his chin upon his breast and fell forward upon his face.

"He is dead! he is dead!" cried Marcelle, as Master Arfoll raised the insensible form in his arms. And indeed the hue of death was on the Corporal's cheeks, and his features were drawn and fixed as if after the last agony. Casting herself on her knees, and chafing his hands in hers, Marcelle called upon him passionately and in despair. Many minutes elapsed, however, before there came any change. At last he stirred, moaned feebly, and opened his eyes. When he did so his look was vacant, and he seemed like one who talks in sleep.

"It is an epilepsy," said Master Arfoll, gently; "we must try to get him home."

"Who's there?" murmured the old man, speaking articulately for the first time. "Is it thou, Jacques?" Then he muttered as if to himself, "It is the Emperor's orders—to-morrow we march."

Gradually, however, recognition came back, and he attempted in vain to struggle up to his feet. Looking round him wildly, he saw Marcelle's face full of tender solicitude.

"Is it thou, Marcelle?" he asked. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong," she answered, "but you have not been well. Ah God, but you are better now. Master Arfoll, help him to rise."

With some difficulty the Corporal was assisted to his feet; even then he would have staggered and fallen but for Master Arfoll's help. Dazed and confused, he was led slowly down the hill towards his own house, which was fortunately not far away. As he went, the sound of firing and cheering again rose in his ear. He drew himself up suddenly and listened.

"What's that?" he said sharply.

"It is nothing," answered Arfoll.

"It is the enemy beginning the attack," said the Corporal in a low voice. "Hark again!"

"Uncle! uncle!" cried Marcelle.



"His thoughts are far away," observed Master Arfoll, "and perhaps it is better so."

They walked on without interruption till they reached the cottage; entering which, they placed the Corporal in the great wooden arm-chair, where he sat like one in a dream. While the widow brought vinegar to wet his hands and forehead, Marcelle turned eagerly to Arfoll, and sought his advice as to the course next to be taken.

"If something is not done soon, he will surely die."

"There is but one way," said the schoolmaster; "he must be bled at once."

Ten minutes later Plouët, the village barber, who added to his other avocations that of village surgeon and leech, came briskly up the street with lance and basin, and having procured clean linen from the widow, proceeded dexterously to open a vein. Plouët, a little weazel-like man of fifty, was an old crony of the Corporal, and attended to the case *con amore*.

"I have said always," he explained, as the blood was flowing gently into his basin, "that the Corporal was too full-blooded; besides, he is a man of passion, look you, and passion is dangerous, for it mounts to the brain. But see, he stirs already!" And, indeed, before an ounce of the vital stream had been taken away, the Corporal drew a great breath, and looked around him with quite a different expression, recognising everybody and understanding the situation. With the assistance of Plouët, he was got to bed; and when there he soon sank into a heavy slumber.

"Let him not be disturbed!" said the phlebotomist, as he washed his hands. "The sounder he sleeps the better, and I will look round and see him in the morning."

"His heart is broken!" cried Marcelle, weeping on her mother's bosom. "He will die!"

"He thinks too much of the Emperor," said Gildas, "but the Emperor would not fret for *him*, let me tell you. Emperor or King, it is one to me; but I knew it was all up when he lost Marshal Ney."

They were alone in the kitchen, talking in whispers. Night had come, and beyond the village were burning large bonfires, the signals for general rejoicing. They had no lamp, for the Corporal lay in the *lit clos* in the corner, and they were afraid of dazzling his eyes and disturbing his rest. Ever and anon they heard the sound of footsteps hastening up or down the street, sometimes accom-

panied with shouting and singing; and it was clear that the village was full of excitement.

"They are keeping it up," said Gildas; and after fidgeting uneasily for some time, he took his hat and sauntered forth. He knew one or two choice spirits who might be disposed to be convivial, and he had no objection to join them.

An hour passed on. The sounds continued, but still the Corporal slept peacefully. At last Marcelle rose with a weary sigh.

"I cannot rest," she said. "You will not want me, mother, and I will go and see what they are doing."

So saying, after one last loving look at her uncle, to see that he was quite at rest, she drew her cloak round her, and softly opening the door, slipped out into the night.

## CHAPTER L.

### THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

THE chapel was illuminated; all along the hillsides bonfires were burning, and at the mastheads of many of the fishing boats in the bay swung coloured lamps. The cabaret was crammed full of those thirsty souls who find in any public event, glad or sad, an excuse for moistening their throats and muddling their brains. The white flag still waved on the chapel, and the crimson rays issuing from the windows lit up its golden *fleur de lys*.

The street was quite deserted as Marcelle stepped forth. The night wind blew coldly, and a fresh scent swept in from the sea. For some minutes she stood outside the door, gazing out towards the dark ocean; then, with a soft sigh, she walked up the street. Her heart was very heavy that night, for all things seemed against her. The great good Emperor had fallen from his throne, and fickle men, forgetful of all his greatness, were already proclaiming a new King; while here at Kromlaix, on her own hearth, the shadow of doom had also fallen, and her uncle had been stricken down. God seemed against her and her house! It was like the Day of Judgment; only the wicked were not being judged, and the good were being punished instead of the bad.

Curiosity drew her towards the chapel, in the neighbourhood of which there seemed most noise and bustle. As she approached she found straggling groups of men and women upon the road, but it was too dark for any one to recognise her. Most were talking and laughing merrily, and from time to time she heard cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" Each cry went through her heart " " a stab of a knife.



She had never felt so deserted and forlorn. Ever since she could remember well the Emperor had been as the sun in heaven, gradually arising higher and higher until he reached the Imperial zenith; and though his glory had been far away, some of it had always reached her uncle's house, with a sort of reflected splendour which grew with years. Ever since she could remember her uncle had been an authority in the place, honoured as well as feared; though a poor man, he had seemed "clothed as" with a glory surpassing riches. And now all was changed. The sun had set in blood, and night had come indeed; and the old veteran, forlornly clinging to an old faith, was ignominiously and miserably cast down.

If she had only been born a man-child, as Uncle Ewen often said she should have been! If, as it was, she could only do something, however little, to help the good Emperor, and to heal her uncle's heart! Ah, God, that she had a man's hand to tear that white abomination down! . . . She could dimly see the flag lying against the dark blue heaven, and her heart heaved with a fierce passion inherited from her father.

Creeping along from group to group she came to the graveyard of the chapel, and to her astonishment found it filled with an excited crowd. Great streams of light flowed from the chapel windows, but many men held torches, which threw a lurid glare on the upturned faces. Something particular was taking place, and some one was addressing the people in a loud voice. As she stood at the gate Marcelle beheld, standing on a high green mound in the centre of the crowd, a group of men, chief of whom was the *Sieur Marmont*.

Marmont was the speaker, and his face flashed wildly in the light of the torches. Some gentlemen surrounding him, who looked like officers, had drawn their swords, and were waving them in the air, applauding his words; and among them were several priests.

In the eyes of Marcelle this Marmont seemed a wretch unfit to live; for she remembered his terrible *rencontre* with her uncle, and his wicked seditious words. As for the priests, surely God had cast them out, and filled them with a devilish ingratitude, otherwise they would remember how good the Emperor had been to them, and how he had called them back to France, like the holy man he was, when the atheists would have banished them for ever.

Entering the graveyard, and advancing nearer, she saw standing near to Marmont, but on the lower ground, so that his head only reached to the other's outstretched hands, the figure of a man.

His back was turned to Marcelle, and he was looking up at the speaker.

"Listen then!" she heard Marmont saying in a ringing voice. "Listen, all you who fear God and love the King; and if there be one among you who blames the man, let him stand forward and give me the lie. I say the man was justified. He refused to draw sword for the usurper: for this alone he was hunted down, even as the wolves of the woods are hunted; and if in the despair of his heart he shed blood, I say he was again justified. Look at the man! God above, who sees all things, could tell you what he has suffered, since God only has preserved him as a testimony and a sign against the dynasty which has fallen for ever. Look at him—his famished cheeks, his wasted form, his eyes still wild with hunger and despair. You tell me he has slain a man; I tell you the Emperor who made him what he is has slain thousands upon thousands. You tell me he is a deserter and a revolter; I tell you that he is a hero and a martyr." He added with an eager cry: "Embrace him, my brothers!"

The figure so addressed did not stir; and could Marcelle have seen the expression of his face, she would have noticed only a strange and vacant indifference. But suddenly, with a common impulse, the crowd began to cheer, hysterical women began to sob, and the man was surrounded by a surging mass of living beings, all stretching out arms to reach him. As if to avoid their touch, he stepped up on the mound beside Marmont, and turned his face towards Marcelle.

"Rohan Gwenfern! Rohan Gwenfern!" they cried.

It was Rohan, little less wretched and ragged than when Marcelle last beheld him on the night of the flood. He gazed out on the crowd like one in a dream; and when the *Sieur Marmont* and the priests flocked around him and grasped his hands, he did not seem to respond to their enthusiasm. Perhaps he estimated that enthusiasm at its worth, and knew that Marmont and his friends were only too glad to avail themselves of any circumstance which would cast discredit on the fallen Empire. Perhaps he knew also that the crowd was merely yielding to an excited impulse, and would have been as ready to tear him to pieces if Marmont's speech had pointed in that direction.

He did not utter a word, but after gazing down in silence, he descended the mound, and made his way straight to the spot where Marcelle stood. The crowd parted to make way for him, but continued to cheer and call his name. Almost immediately he was face to face with Marcelle, and his eyes were fixed on her—



"Come, Marcelle!" he said quietly, with no other word of greeting, and exhibiting no surprise at her presence. Stretching out his hand he took hers.

Seeing this, and recognising Marcelle, several began to groan.

"It is the Corporal's niece. *A bas le Caporal!*"

"Silence!" cried the voice of the Sieur Marmont. "Let the man depart in peace."

Trembling and stupefied Marcelle suffered herself to be led out of the churchyard. The apparition of Rohan, under those circumstances, had been painful beyond measure; for although her first impulse had been one of joy at seeing him alive and strong, she had almost immediately shrunk shuddering away. In the lurid light of that scene she beheld, not the playmate of her childhood and the lover of her youth, but the murderer of Pipriac and the enemy of the Emperor. Honoured by those who hated her idol, welcomed and applauded by those who had broken her uncle's heart, he could not have come back under circumstances less auspicious and sympathetic. Despite all that he had suffered, her heart hardened against him. She almost forgot for the moment that she had loved him, and that she owed him her life, in the horror of seeing him again in the ranks of the abominable.

Nevertheless, in a sort of stupor, she walked on by his side down the dark road, until they were quite alone. He did not say a word, and the silence at last became so painful to her that she trembled through and through. Then she drew away her hand, and he did not attempt to detain it. It was not often that Marcelle felt hysterical—she was woven of too soldier-like a stuff, but she certainly did so now. Her feelings had been strung up so terribly before the meeting that they threatened now to overcome her.

It was a dim starlight night, and she could just see the glimmer of her companion's face. At last, when the silence had become unbearable, he broke it suddenly with a laugh, so wild and unearthly that it made her frightened heart leap within her: a laugh with a joy in it, but full of an unnatural excitement. Then, turning his eyes upon her, and putting his hand upon her arm, he said in a hoarse voice—

"Well, it is all over, and I have come home. But where is *your* welcome, Marcelle?"

His voice sounded so strangely that she looked at him in terror; then, clinging to his arm and yielding to the tremor of her heart, she cried wildly—

"O, Rohan, Rohan, do not think I am not glad. We scarce

thought to see you alive again, and I have prayed for you every night as if your soul was with God, and I have sat with your mother and talked about you when all the others thought I was asleep. But all is changed, and the Emperor is taken prisoner, and Uncle Ewen's heart is broken, and we are all miserable, miserable, and all this night I have prayed to die, to die!"

Entirely losing her self-command, she hid her face upon his arm and sobbed aloud. Strange to say, Rohan showed no agitation whatever, but watched her quietly till the storm of her pain was over, when he said in the same peculiar tones—

"Why do you weep, Marcelle? Because the Emperor is hunted down?"

She did not answer, but sobbed on. With the sharp, fierce laugh that had startled her before, Rohan continued—

"When I found Christ would not help me I went to Notre Dame de la Haine, and for a long time I thought she was deaf too. But I prayed, and my prayers have come to pass—she heard me!—within a year, within a year!"

Recalled to herself either by the violence of his tones or the strangeness of his words, Marcelle drew back and looked aghast in the speaker's face, which seemed wild and excited in the dim light.

"Almighty God!" she murmured, "what are you saying, Rohan?"

Rohan continued in a lower voice, as if talking to himself—

"I did not expect it so soon, but I knew it must come at last; old Pipriac told me that in a dream. It has been a long chase, but at last we have hunted him down, and now Our Lady of Hate will gnaw his heart, and I . . . I shall go home and rest, for I am tired."

"Rohan!"

"Yes, Marcelle."

"Why do you talk like that? Why are you so strange?"

He bent down his head and looked at her quietly.

"Am I strange?" he said.

"Yes; and I am afraid of you when you wander so."

Rohan drew his hand across his forehead, and knitted his brows.

"I believe you are right, Marcelle," he said, slowly, and with a very different manner. "Sometimes I think I am not in my right mind. I have had great troubles to bear, and I have had so long to wait that no wonder I am wearied out. Do not be angry with me; I shall be well soon."

Something in his tone awoke the tears within her again, but she conquered herself, and took his hand. By this time they had



reached the main street of the village and were not far from her uncle's door. Rohan, however, seemed almost unconscious where he was, so wearily was he following his own thoughts.

"There is sickness in the house, or I would ask you in. O, Rohan, Uncle Ewen is very ill, and I fear that he will die. He is heartbroken because the Emperor is cast down."

Rohan echoed, in a hollow voice—

"Because the Emperor is cast down?"

"I know you do not love the Emperor, because you think he has made you suffer; but you are wrong—he could not know everything, and he would pity you if he really knew . . . Rohan, once more, do not think I am not glad! . . . You are safe now?"

"Yes; they say so," answered Rohan.

"Your mother will be full of joy—it is a happy night for *her*. Good-bye, good-bye!"

She stretched out both her hands, and he took them in his; then he quietly drew her to his breast, and kissed her gently on the brow.

"You are prettier than ever, Marcelle!"

He could feel the heaving of her gentle bosom, the trembling of her warm form; he drew her closer, and she looked up into his face.

"Rohan, do you ever pray?"

He smiled strangely.

"Sometimes. Why do you ask?"

Her voice trembled as she replied, softly releasing herself from his embrace—

"Pray for Uncle Ewen—that the good God may make him well!"

Then they parted, Marcelle entering the cottage, and Rohan moving slowly away in the direction of his own home.

## CHAPTER LI.

### BREATHING-SPACE.

ROHAN GWENFERN was right—he was quite safe at last, and had no cause for fear; on the contrary, his wild story, spreading over the province, raised him up many friends and sympathisers. Even those who had been bitterest against him dared not say a word. The Mayor of St. Gurlott, who had been among the fiercest of his persecutors, openly proclaimed that he was a martyr and that something ought to be done for him by his countrymen: a change of opinion which becomes intelligible when we observe that the Mayor, like so many others of his chameleon species, had changed from tricoloured to dazzling white directly Bonaparte's cause became utterly hopeless. As for Pipxiac's death, it was

simply "justifiable homicide"; the savage old "burnpowder" had only met with his deserts.

So Rohan sat again by his own hearth, a free man, and his mother's eyes brightened with joy because God had restored to her the child of her womb. Her happiness, however, was destined to be of brief duration. She soon perceived that Rohan was fearfully and wonderfully changed. His frame was bent and weakened, his face had lost its old look of brightness and health, his eyes were dim, and, alas! his hair had in parts grown quite grey. But this was not all. The physical change was nothing compared to the moral and mental transformation. It was quite obvious that his intellect was to a certain degree affected by what he had undergone. He was subject to strange trances, when reason absolutely fled and his speech became positively maniacal; and on coming out of these—they were fortunately very brief, often merely momentary—he was like a man who comes from the shadow of the grave. At night his sleep was troubled with frightful dreams, and his soul was constantly travelling back to the time of the siege in the cave and of Pipriac's death. No smile lit his once happy face. He drooped and sickened, and would sit whole days looking into the fire.

During the lonely winter he had remained in hiding among the lonely huts of St. Lok, the inhabitants of which were systematic wreckers, but he was not betrayed. His brain, however, was kept in a constant state of tension, as he was liable to capture at any moment, and he had undergone great privations. But the circumstance which had left most mark upon him was Pipriac's death; the rest he might have forgotten, but this he could not shake away;—for he was conscience-stricken. The world might justify him, but he could not justify himself. To have blood upon his hands was terrible, and the blood of his father's friend. Better to have died!

The whole burthen of events was too much for his delicate organisation. He was overshadowed with darkness as of a dead and a living world, and the peace of his life was poisoned for ever. Mental horror and physical pain combined had stupefied him. He seemed still paralysed with the terror and the despair of those ghastly nights in the cave.

He saw too, but dimly as in a dream, that a moral shadow had arisen between his soul and that of Marcelle. His salvation had been her sorrow. His hope was her despair. What had lifted him up again into the light of day had stricken down her uncle as into the darkness of the grave. She was still the same to him when they met—gentle, honest, truthful, and kind; but her looks were *without passion*, her manners shrinking and subdued. She seer



of another religion, of a sadder, intenser faith. He had still a portion of her heart, but the shadow of Bonaparte had estranged her soul.

During these days, indeed, Marcelle seemed wholly wrapped up in her uncle. Uncle Ewen came out of his illness bravely, only keeping his bed a few days, for he could not bear to lie there like a useless log; but ever after, that he was only the ghost of his old self—a shattered man, liable to frequent attacks of the same complaint, sometimes violent, but generally having merely the character of what French physicians term the *petit mal*. Excitement of any kind now shook him to pieces, and the household carefully endeavoured to conceal from him any news which was likely to cause agitation. They could not, however, keep him from examining the journals; from following in his mind's eye the journey of Bonaparte from France and his arrival on the island of Elba, the pageant of the King's entry into the capital of France, the changes which were everywhere announcing the arrival of the old *régime*. Indeed the Corporal had only to stand at his own door looking forth, in order to see that the spirit of things was marvelously transformed. The chapel bells were ever ringing, religious processions were ever passing, solemn ceremonies were ever being performed; for the King was a holy king, and his family were a holy family, and Heaven could not be sufficiently propitiated for having overthrown the Usurper.

"The locusts are overrunning the land!" said Master Arfoll; and the Corporal—who was beginning to think Master Arfoll a good fellow—nodded approval of the metaphor.

By the "locusts," Master Arfoll meant the priests. Where during the Emperor's time the eye had fallen upon a military coat, it now fell upon a *soulane*. All the swarms who had left France with the *émigrés* came buzzing back, and it became a question how to fill their mouths. The air rang with the names of a thousand Saints—there was one for every day in the week, and several for Sunday. "Te Deums" were said from morning to night. Brittany recovered its old sacred glory—chapels were repaired, forgotten shrines remembered and redecorated, Calvaries rebuilt, graven images of the Virgin and the Saints erected at every corner. Every old religious ceremonial that had fallen into disuse since the Revolution came once more into observance. It was astonishing how rapidly the dead ideas and customs sprang up again: like flowers—or fungi—rising up in a night.

All these things brought no joy to the Corporal's household. The widow, who was nothing if not religious, of course took part

in most of the ceremonials, but her conduct had no political meaning. She had adored God and the Saints under Napoleon, and she adored them under King Louis. She had a new source of uneasiness in the continued absence of her son Hoël, who had made few signs for several months, and who ought long ago to have returned home.

Since the changes that had taken place Marcelle disliked the chapel where Father Rolland officiated, and went thither as seldom as possible. She could not forgive the little *curé* for being friendly with the Sieur Marmont and the other Royalists, for although she knew he had no strong opinions of his own, she felt that he was certainly no friend to the Emperor. Instead of hearing public mass, she got into the habit of paying quiet visits to Notre Dame de la Garde, the little lonely chapel on the summit of the cliffs. Here she could pray in peace, for the place was seldom visited by any other living creature.

Summer came, and the White Lily was golden indeed, shaking its glory over France, and filling all hearts with the hope of prosperity and peace. The great sea-wall of Brittany was white with happy birds, and in the green slopes above the grass grew and the furze shone with yellow stars; while inland across the valleys the wheat waved, and among the wheat burnt the poppies like "clear bright bubbles of blood"; and on the great marshes the salt crystals lay and sparkled in the sun, and the rivers sank low among the reeds, dwindling often to silvern threads. It was a glorious summer, and the world was turned into a garden. People forgot all their troubles in the rapture of living and the certainty of a good harvest; only the soldiers grumbled, for their trade seemed done.

One bright day Marcelle, as she issued from the little chapel, saw Rohan standing close by as if waiting for her to appear. She approached him with her old bright smile, and lifted up her face for his salute. He looked very pale and sad, but his face was quite calm and his manner gentle in the extreme.

After a few words of greeting, they walked along side by side close to the edge of the cliffs—following the very path which they trod together little more than a year before. Far below them they saw the waters crawling, with a cream-white edge of foam; and the colours of the bottom, golden with sand or red with rock and weed or black with mud, were clearly visible through the transparent shallows or the crystal sea. At last Marcelle paused, for they were walking away from the village.

"I must go home," she said; "I promised not to stay."



Rohan turned too, and they walked slowly back towards the chapel. No word of love was spoken between them, but presently Rohan said, pointing out seaward—

"I often wonder what he is doing and thinking—out there."

She looked at him in surprise.

"*He?* of whom do you speak?"

"Of the Emperor. They have put him on a lonely island out in the ocean, and he is far away from all help or hope. They call him King of Elba, but that is only in jest, I suppose,—for all his power is gone for ever. When I am asleep I often see him, sitting in a dream on the water's edge, and looking this way, till his eyes meet mine."

As Rohan spoke, his eyes were fixed as if in a trance, and his face grew strangely agitated. Marcelle, alarmed, walked on more rapidly, while he continued—

"After all, Master Arfoll was right when he said that the Emperor was only flesh and blood like ourselves. Sometimes I have thought he was a spirit, a shadow like the shadow of God; for it is hard to think of a man having all that upon his soul! Thousands upon thousands of dead gathering round his pillow every night, and crying out his name. No man's heart would bear it without breaking."

Marcelle did not quite catch the drift of the words, but she knew that they referred to him she deemed immaculate, and her heart heaved in anger; but when she looked into her companion's face, which was blanched and wild as if the light of reason had flown, her thoughts were all pity and pain. So she said gently, to change the subject—

"Uncle Ewen often asks for you—he thinks it unkind that you do not come to the house."

Without replying, Rohan gave that strange low laugh which she had first noticed, and feared, on the night when they had met in the churchyard. As she heard it, she remembered with a thrill a cruel whisper that was already going about the village, to the effect that Rohan Gwenfern was no longer in his right senses, and that at certain times he was dangerously violent.

Passing the chapel, and descending the grassy slopes, they soon reached the village. To Marcelle's astonishment Rohan remained with her until they were close to her uncle's cottage, and when she paused and put out her hand to say good-bye, he quietly said—

"I shall go in with you to see Uncle Ewen."

She started, for she had not exactly expected this, and when she had introduced her uncle's name, it was merely with a view to

distract Rohan's wandering attention. In her secret heart she had a dread of a meeting between the two men, lest by a stray word, an opinion, they might come again into open opposition. Thus pressed, however, she could hardly make an objection; so she merely said, with a pleading look—

“Promise me, first, not to speak of the Emperor.”

Rohan, who now seemed quite calm and collected, promised without hesitation, and in another minute they crossed the threshold of the cottage. They found the Corporal sitting in his arm-chair alone by the fireside, busily reading, with aid of his spectacles, an old newspaper.

Marcelle tripped first into the chamber, and leaning over her uncle's chair said smiling—

“I have brought you a visitor, Uncle Ewen! See!”

The Corporal looked and saw Rohan standing before him, so worn, so grey, so strange, and old, that he scarcely knew him. He rubbed his eyes, then blinked them in amaze. When recognition came he exclaimed, rising from his chair—

“Is it thou, *mon garç*? Soul of a crow, how thou art changed! I did not know thee!”

“Yes, Uncle Ewen, it is I!” said Rohan calmly; and the two men shook hands, with considerable emotion on the part of the Corporal.

“I will tell thee this, Marcelle—he is brave—he has the heart of a lion, but there is something wrong *here*!”

The Corporal, as he spoke, tapped his forehead significantly. It was some weeks after that little reconciliation, and Rohan had since been a frequent visitor to his uncle's house. Strange to say, he and his uncle got on singularly well together, and even when the name of Bonaparte came up they had no disputes. The Corporal was not so dogmatic as he used to be, while Rohan on his part was very reticent; so they promised to be excellent friends.

The Corporal proceeded—

“We might have guessed it when he first refused to take up arms. Master Arfoll is cracked, look you, and Rohan has caught it of him—it is as bad as fever. Well, I freely forgive him all, for he is not at present in his right mind.”

Of course the Corporal, an undoubted monomaniac himself, had the most implicit belief possible in his own personal sanity.

So the summer passed, and once again the sun moved on to the equinox. France was at rest, lulled into a drowsy doze by “



sounds of hymns and prayers. Sceptics shook their heads; revolutionists burrowed like moles, and threw up little mounds of conspiracy; the Imperial Guard frowned with "red brows of storm"; but the new dynasty lay comfortably on its padded pillow amid a little rosy cloud of incense, counting its beads. As for the prisoned Lion, he made no sign. Restlessly and fretfully he was pacing up and down his narrow cage. One heard from time to time of his doings—his mimicry in miniature of his old glory, his old ambition; but the Kings of Europe only nodded merrily at one another—he was safely caught, and there, on his island, might roar himself hoarse.

As the months rolled on, Corporal Derval resigned himself to the situation, and began to speak of the Emperor with a solemn sorrow, as of some dead Saint who could never rise again. Falling into this humour, instead of crossing it, Rohan Gwenfern greatly rose in the estimation of the Corporal. "He is a brave man," Uncle Ewen would say, "and the more brave because he knows how to respect a losing cause! I did him wrong!"

And gradually, under the softening influences which now surrounded him, Rohan brightened into something dimly resembling his old self. His cheeks were still sunken, his hair still sown with grey, but his frame recovered much of its old vigour. He began again to wander about the crags and upon the shore, and in these rambles Marcelle often accompanied him—as when they were younger and happier. The Corporal approved, saying to the widow: "He saved her life, and it is his, little woman. Why should they not wed?" And Mother Derval, whose heart was burthened with the new loss of her son Hoël, who never returned from the war, saw no reason to dissent. If the truth were told, the poor woman was going more and more over to the enemy. In her secret heart she believed not only in the Pope, and the Saints, and the Bishops, but in the King. Bonaparte had taken her children, and the priest told her he was a monster; so she prayed God that he would never rule France more.

Only Marcelle Derval, perhaps, besides the mother who bore him, knew how it really stood with Rohan Gwenfern. The shock of those terrible days had struck at the very roots of his life, and the bloom of his spiritual nature was taken off for ever. Time might heal him more and more, but the process would be very sad and slow. His nervous system was deeply shaken, and his reason still trembled and tottered at times.

Although he showed by countless signs that he loved his cousin tenderly and deeply, his affection for her seldom now rose int

actual passion, such as had carried him away when he made his first half involuntary confession. There was something almost brotherly sometimes in his manner and in his tone. Yet once or twice he caught to his breast and wildly kissed her, in a rush of feeling that changed him for the moment into a happy man.

"She will never marry Gwenfern," said gossips at the Fountain; "for he is mad."

They little knew the nature of Marcelle. The very shadow which lay at times upon Rohan's mind made her more eager to fulfil her plight. Moreover, she had strong passions, though these had been lulled to sleep by solemn thoughts and fears; and the strongest passion in her soul was her love for her cousin.

Mikel Grallon now seldom crossed her path; he knew better than to provoke the wrath of the man he had persecuted. A zealous adherent of the new *régime*, he carefully avoided the Corporal's house, and cast his eyes elsewhere in search of a fitting helpmate.

When winter came in good earnest there was many a quiet gathering by the Corporal's fireside. Uncle Ewen, whom ill-health confined a good deal within doors, presided, and now and then told his memorable story of Cismone, while Gildas was eloquent about the exploits of Marshal Ney. Rohan, who was constantly present, wisely held his tongue when the name of Bonaparte came up, but the widow would quietly cross herself in the corner. After all, Uncle Ewen seemed only talking of a dead man; of one whose very existence had faded into a dream; who was calendared, for the Corporal and for Marcelle, among the other departed Saints.

One day, when the snow was on the ground, and all was peaceful and white and still, Rohan said to Marcelle—

"Do you remember what you told me, long ago, that morning when I carried you out of the Cathedral of St. Gildas? That you loved me, and that you would marry me."

"I remember."

"And will you keep your word?"

She hesitated for a moment; then looking at him quietly with her grey truthful eyes, she answered—

"Yes, Rohan,—if Uncle Ewen is willing."

They were standing down by the Fountain, looking at the sea. As Marcelle replied, her heart was touched with pity more than love; for her lover's face wore a sad faraway look full of strange suggestions of past suffering. After a space he said again—

"I am changed, Marcelle, and I think I shall never be quite myself. Think again! There are many others who would love you well"



She put her hand gently in his.

"But I love you, Rohan," she replied.

That very day they told the Corporal, and he cheerfully gave them his blessing. Father Rolland was spoken to by the widow, and readily undertook to procure the assent of the Bishop, which was necessary to complete a marriage between cousins. When the affair was bruited about the village many shook their heads—Mikel Grallon particularly. "The Bishop should interfere," said honest Mikel; "for look you, the man is dangerous."

The Bishop, however, made no obstacle, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place early in the spring.

Early in March, 1815, Rohan Gwenfern entered the cottage and found Marcelle alone in the kitchen. She was dressed in a white gown, and was busy at some household work. As he entered, she walked up to him confidently and held up her lips to receive his kiss.

"Spring is come indeed," he said, looking quite radiant. "Look, Marcelle, I have brought this for a sign."

In Brittany they measure the seasons by flowers and birds and other natural signs, as much as by Saints' days and holidays; and it had been arranged that these two should be married in spring, when the violet came. Marcelle blushed deep crimson, but took the flower gently and put it in her breast. Then, as Rohan folded his arms around her, she leant her head upon his shoulder, and looked up, radiant, into his face.

Suddenly, as they stood there full of happiness, the door was dashed open, and Uncle Ewen tottered in, reeling like a drunken man. He held a newspaper in his hand and his face was white as death.

"Marcelle! Rohan!" he gasped. "Here is news!"

"What is the matter?" cried Marcelle, releasing herself from Rohan's arm.

Uncle Ewen waved the newspaper ecstatically round his head.

"*A bas les Bourbons!*" he cried, with something of his old vigour. "On the 1st of March the Emperor landed at Cannes, and he is now marching on Paris. *VIVE L'EMPEREUR!*"

As the Corporal spoke the words, Rohan threw his arms up into the air, and shrieked like a man shot through the heart!

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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POPE'S VILLA, at Twickenham, is in the market. The house must be getting pretty old now, for it is 158 years since Pope moved from Chiswick to Twickenham, having purchased the lease of an eligible house and five acres of land. The poet made the house comfortable enough, but it was upon the garden that he laid out most of his care, striving to realise the dream of his youth for "woods, gardens, rockeries, fish-ponds, and arbours." An area of five acres was not much ground upon which to work, but Pope economised space, and as Carruthers tell us in his biography, he in course of time became the proud and happy possessor of "a shell-temple, a large mount, a vineyard, two small mounts, a bowling green, a wilderness, a grove, an orangery, a garden-house, and a kitchen garden," and he might have added "a grotto." It was upon this grotto that Pope lavished his highest art, and it remains to this day to add a feature to the auctioneer's list of attractions. The grotto is a tunnel beneath the turnpike road which divided the two parts of the garden. In Pope's time this subterranean passage was adorned with shells, pieces of spar, and fossils. Charles Dickens, it is well known, made a similar passage between the two portions of his gardens at Gadshill, though he was content to forego the adornment of those "fossil bodies" which Dr. Johnson magniloquently refers to in his description of Pope's foible.

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TOUCHING my gossip of the last two or three months on Mr. Hampden's adherence to the flat earth theory, I have pleasure in printing the following letter:—

Orwell Dene, Nacton, Ipswich, September 29, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

Sir,—There is perhaps not much wisdom in slaying those who are dead already, but your correspondent Mr. John Hampden calls out so loudly for "facts, palpable, proveable facts," and for "simple measurements" in the place of "arguments," that I am induced to give him the following:—

A gentleman residing within ten miles of the place from which this letter is dated obtained a contract for making a canal about two miles in length and which was to have, when completed, a specified depth of water throughout. It was of



course very much to his interest to make it no deeper than was required by his contract, as the excavation of every inch of depth implied the removal of many tons of earth and much expense. Being either a believer in Mr. Hampden's theory of the flatness of the earth, or more probably being ignorant that the curvature of the earth would be so sensible on so short a distance, he proceeded to make the bottom of his excavation rigorously level, and not one barrowload of earth did he allow to be removed more than was necessary to effect this end. On its being completed to his satisfaction he allowed the water to enter the canal and proceeded to test the result, when to his surprise and annoyance he found that although the water had the required depth at either end, it was everywhere else deeper than necessary, and in the middle was as much as eight inches in excess of the depth contracted for. Instead of the surface of the water being as level as the bottom, it had heaped itself up and formed a "crest" in the middle. In his perplexity he referred to me as the only professional astronomer in the district as to the cause, and I assured him that the earth being a globe of about 8,000 miles in diameter it has a curvature of almost exactly eight inches in the mile, and that he should not have executed his survey upon the assumption of a dead level.

Now I do not want Mr. Hampden to quarrel with my explanation, nor do I care much to hear what explanation of the facts he himself has to offer, but I should be glad to know whether, since the poor man has accurately followed that gentleman's theory and is considerably out of pocket by so doing, Mr. Hampden is prepared to subscribe liberally to reimburse the contractor for his unnecessary outlay. At least here are "facts" that he would do well to study.—I am, sir, yours truly,

JOHN J. PLUMMER.

To Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman.

I have no doubt that Mr. Plummer's letter will attract Mr. Hampden's attention. Meanwhile, my ignorance of the art of excavation tempts me to ask Mr. Plummer if he will favour me with an explanation of the method by which the contractor cut a canal two miles in length with a straight bed. I should have imagined that if he thoughtlessly assumed the earth to be a plane, and so proceeded to make his canal, the instruments he used would have led him insensibly to follow the curvature of the earth. No doubt I am wrong, and I am certainly a believer in the rotundity of our planet; but I am under the impression that many readers, unversed like myself in engineering, would be interested in a description of the mode of measurement and the method of regulating the operations of the excavators by which, in defiance of the influence of the centre of gravity, and without considering whether the world is round or flat, the contractor made a canal two miles long whose bed would form one side of a rectilinear figure.

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"On the day on which my paper on 'Truganini' appeared in the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*," writes Dr. Langford, "I received a very interesting little book from my friend the Hon. W.

H. Giblin, Attorney-General of Tasmania. It is entitled 'Some Account of the Wars, Extirpation, Habits, &c., of the Native Tribes of Tasmania:' by J. E. Calder. It contains a passage referring to the early life of Truganini, which may be welcome to the readers of my former paper. The statements were furnished to Mr. Calder by Mr. Alexander M'Kay, and show through what fearful scenes and terrible adventures much of the life of 'the last of her race' was passed. Mr. M'Kay says:—

On the 16th, or thereabouts, of January, 1830, I first saw Truganini. We took her, also her husband and two of his boys by a former wife, and two other women, the remains of the tribe of Bruny Island, when I went with Mr. Robinson round the island. I think she was about eighteen years of age. Her father was Chief of Bruny Island, name Mangana. She had an uncle; I don't know his native name; the white people called him Bonner; he was shot by a soldier. I will now give you some of her own account of what she knew:—"We were camped close to Partridge Island when I was a little girl, when a vessel came to anchor without our knowledge of it, a boat came on shore, and some of the men attacked our camp. We all ran away, but one of them caught my mother, and stabbed her with a knife, and killed her. My father grieved much about her death, and used to make a fire at night by himself, when my mother would come to him. [This was the faith of the aboriginal Tasmanians.] I had a sister named Moorina: she was taken away by a sealing boat. I used to go to Birch's Bay: there was a party of men cutting timber for the Government there. The overseer was Mr. Munro. While I was there two young men of my tribe came for me: one of them was to have been my husband: his name was Paraweena. Well, two of the sawyers said they would take us in a boat to Bruny Island, which we agreed to. When we got about half-way across the channel they murdered the two natives, and threw them overboard, but one of them held me. Their names were Watkin Lowe and Paddy Newell." This was the account she gave me many times!

Mr. M'Kay was for some time engaged with Mr. Robinson in his Mission of Conciliation, and was a zealous and useful co-operator in this good work. He was afterwards employed in an independent position, and proved most effective in bringing in the natives. He is still living, a hale, hearty man, of some sixty-eight years of age, settled at Peppermint Bay, D'Entrecasteux Channel, where he has resided more than thirty years. He has the reputation of being one of the best and most experienced bushmen, and although not a penman, he is a living chronicle of everything relating to the later history of the now extinct Tasmanians."

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I AM indebted to a Birmingham correspondent for an amusing anecdote of the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, which may stand as a fair example of German wit. The Prussians took possession of Frankfort, and, because of the marked hostility of the



inhabitants of the free city towards the conquering power Frankfort was treated as an enemy's city, troops were quartered on the people, and one of the exactions made upon the householders upon whom soldiers were billeted was that each Prussian warrior should receive twelve cigars per day. The supply of these twelve cigars became a very sore point in Frankfort, and one evening during the performance of the "Merchant of Venice," the theatre being crowded with the Frankforters and the hated Prussians, our old friend Shylock was as usual insisting on his pound of flesh, when a stentorian voice in the gallery added "and twelve cigars." The Trial scene, I am afraid, was spoiled, but the joke drew laughter alike from citizens and invaders.

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MR. H. B. CROSBY, of New York, author of the article in our September number on "Modern Tactical Organisations," writes from the Union League Club, Twenty Sixth Street, saying:—

I notice in the article two errors, of a single letter in each case, but yet so serious as to change the meaning of the sentences in such a manner as to render the article subject to criticism. The first error is on page 313, in the sixteenth line from the top, viz:—"Ten such sections form a regiment," &c. The word "form" should be "from," and the semi-colon after the word "sergeant" in the next line should be a comma, and then the sentence, as corrected, will read as follows:—"Ten such sections from a regiment, each with a second lieutenant and sergeant, and the whole, under command of the junior major of the regiment, march forward at the word of command," &c. To say that "ten such sections form a regiment" would be absurd, for perhaps each section might not contain more than six men—then the ten sections would contain sixty men—and the sixty men would "form a regiment." The second error is on page 314, fifth line from the top, viz.:—The word "change" should be "charge," and as thus corrected the sentence reads "either for a charge in column or a flank attack," &c. A "charge in column" is a very serious business in military manoeuvring, and often decides a battle, while the expression "change in column" is absolutely meaningless, for a commanding general never needs a reserve for a "change in column," while he always finds a reserve for the purposes of a "charge in column" of the most vital importance. On page 318 the first word in the seventh line from the bottom should be "era" and not "area." The writer is speaking of the present "era of warfare." The *Gentleman's Magazine* is generally so typographically accurate and exact that I have never noticed a corner set apart for "Errata"; but if the gentlemanly editor will kindly permit the errors before referred to to be corrected in the next number I shall be exceedingly obliged, and shall not feel that my promotion in the future is liable to be delayed for errors that were typographical and not military.—I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

H. B. CROSBY.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1876.

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THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

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CHAPTER LII.

"IBI OMNIS EFFUSUS LABOR!"

**T**HE news of the Emperor's escape was, as all the world now knows, only too true. After months of cunning preparation, during which he had affected all the virtues of a Cincinnatus harmlessly contemplating his own acres, Bonaparte had at last slipped out of his cage (the captors had taken care to leave the door very wide open!), and was again on French soil at the head of a thousand men. To use the expressive language of the French pulpit, "the Devil had again broken loose." White-stoled priests might thunder from a thousand shrines—but what did Satanus care?

On Rohan Gwenfern the news came like a thunderbolt, and literally smote him down. As a man scorched by lightning, but still surviving, gazes panting at the black wrack whence the fiery bolt has fallen, he lay in horror looking upward. To him this resurrection of the Execrable meant outlawry, misery, despair, and death. What was God doing, that He suffered such a thing to be? With the passing away of the Imperial pest, quiet and rest had come to France—bringing a space of holy calm, when men might breathe in peace; and to Rohan, among others, the calm had looked as if it might last for ever. Slowly and quietly the man's tortured mind had composed itself, until the dark marks of suffering were obscured if not obliterated; every happy day seemed furthering the cure of



that spiritual disease to which the man was a martyr ; and at last he had had courage enough to reach out his hands to touch once more the sacramental cup of love. At that very moment, when God seemed to be making atonement to him for his long and weary pains, heaven was obscured again and the cruel bolt struck him down.

While Europe was shaken as by earthquake, while Thrones tottered again and Kings looked aghast at one another, Rohan trembled like a dead leaf ready to fall. He was instantly transformed. Before the sun could set again upon his horror he seemed to have grown very old.

Our Lady of Hate had answered his prayer indeed, but in how mocking a measure ! She had struck the Avatar down, only to uplift him again to his old seat. " Within a year ! " It seemed as if she had given the world a brief glimpse of rest, only that its torture might be more terrible when the clouds closed again.

At first, indeed, there was a little hope. The priests thundered and prayed, the Royalists swaggered and shrugged their shoulders, as much as to say " This little business will soon be settled ! " But every bulletin brought fresh confirmation of the critical state of affairs. Bonaparte had not only risen again, but the waves of the old storm were rising with him.

On one figure Rohan gazed with horror almost as great as filled him when he thought of the Emperor. This was the figure of Corporal Derval. It seemed as if the news of the uprising had filled the Corporal with new life. Colossus-like, he again bestrode his own hearth ; assumed the Imperial pose ; cocked his hat jauntily ; looked the world in the face. His cheeks were a little sunken and yellow, his eyes dim ; but this only made more prominent the fiery and martial redness of nose and brows. He was weak upon his legs, but his right arm performed the old sweep when he took snuff *à l'Empereur*. No looking down now, as he hurried to little Plouët's to read the journals ! His master had arisen, and he himself had arisen. Oh to march at the double, and to join the Little Corporal on the open field !

As the smallest village pond becomes during the storms and rains of the equinox a miniature of the ocean, overflows its banks, breaks into stormy waves, darkens, lightens, trembles to its depths ; even so did the Corporal's breast reflect in miniature the storm which was just then sweeping over France. A very petty affair, indeed, might *his* commotion seem in the eyes of the great political leaders of the hour, just as *their* commotion, in their eyes oceanic, might

seem a mere pond-business from the point of view of a philosopher. The microcosm, however, potentially includes the macrocosm; and the spirit of Bonaparte was only the spirit of Corporal Derval indefinitely magnified!

Kromlaix was Royalist still, as, indeed, it had been from time immemorial; and the movements of the Corporal were regarded with no sympathy and little favour. There was a general disposition to knock the old fellow on the head—a deed which would have been done if he had not reserved his more violent ebullitions of enthusiasm for his own fireside. Here, legs astride, snuff-box in hand, he thundered at Gildas, who wanted the Emperor to win but thought his case hopeless owing to the fact that Marshal Ney was for the King. But when the great news came that Ney had gone over with his whole army and had flung himself into the arms of his old master, uncle and nephew embraced with tears, avowing that the Imperial cause was as good as won.

Coming and going like a shadow, Rohan listened for a word, a whisper, to show him that there was still a chance. But every day darkened his hopes. Wherever the foot of Bonaparte fell, armies seemed to spring up from the solid earth; and from vale to vale came the wind of his voice, summoning up a sudden harvest of swords.

In this time of terrible epidemic the contagion spread even to Marcelle; and this was the hardest of all to bear. A new fire burnt in her eyes, a new flush dwelt upon her cheeks. When the old man delivered his joyful harangues she listened eagerly to every word, and her whole nature seemed transformed. Rohan watched her in terror, dreading to meet her eyes. Had she, then, forgotten all the horror and suffering through which he had passed, and did she forget that the thing which caused her such joy was his own signal of doom?

Out there among the silent crags Rohan Gwenfern waits and listens. He does not wholly despair yet, though day by day the woful news has been carried to his ear. He cannot rest at home, nor by the fireside where the Corporal declaims: his only place of peace is in the heart of the Earth which sheltered him before in the period of his peril. Since the tidings of the collusion between Ney and Bonaparte he has scarcely spoken to Marcelle, but has avoided her in a weary dread. As yet no attempt has been made to lay a finger upon him, or to remind him of his old revolt against the Emperor; men, indeed, are as yet too busy watching the



progress of the great game in which Bonaparte is again trying to meet his adversaries. But the call may come at any moment, as he knows. So he wanders on the shore, shivering, expectant, and afraid.

One day a wild impulse seizes him to revisit the scenes of his old struggle. It is calm and sunny weather, and entering the great Cathedral he finds it alive with legions of birds, who have flocked back from the south to build their nests and rear their young. He climbs up to the *Trou*, still full of the traces of his old struggle; and thence, through the dark winding passages, to the aerial chamber in the face of the crag. Gazing out through the window of the Cave, he sees again the calm ocean crawling far beneath him, softly stained with red reefs and shallows of yellow sands, and the fishing boats are becalmed far out in the glassy mirror, and the sun is shining in the heavens, like the smile of God. He sees the gentle scene, and thinks of *him*—of that red shadow who is again rising in the peaceful world; and he wonders if God will suffer him still to be. As he stands, a frightful thought passes through his brain, and his face is convulsed. He thinks of Pipriac, and how he struck him mercilessly and cruelly down. Oh to strike that Other down, to crush and kill *him* underneath the *rock* of a mortal hate!

Later on in the day he crawls down the dark passages which lead to the gigantic water-cave, and ere long he is hanging over its deep green pools, which show no traces now of that terrible flood which transformed the cave into a boiling cauldron. All is still and peaceful, full of the pulsations of the neighbouring sea, and a great grey seal swims slowly out towards the narrow passage of exit known as "Hell's Mouth." He passes along the narrow shelf communicating with the top of the Cave, and leaping down upon the shingle faces the black mouth of the aqueduct. Here the storm has left its ravages indeed; for the shingle is strewn with great fragments of earth and stone, and the rock all round is blackened and torn, as by tooth and claw, with the fury of the flood.

He advances a little distance into the passage, but he soon finds further progress impossible, for the passage is choked now with all sorts of *débris*, which it will take many years to wash away. Retracing his steps he stumbles over a dark slippery mass lying upon the slippery floor;—it is the statue of black marble which he discovered formerly in the inner chamber of the aqueduct.

Washed from its pedestal by the unexampled fury of the waters, and driven like a straw downward with the force of the torrents, it

had at last paused here, wedged in between the narrow walls. Black and silent it lies, still green and slimy with the moisture of centuries, still hideous and deformed. *Ave Cæsar Imperator!* As he fell in whose likeness thou wast fashioned, so thou too hast fallen at last! Sooner or later the great waters would have thee, would tear thee from thy place, and wash thee away towards the great sea. Even so they destroyed man and all his works. Sooner or later all shall vanish, like footprints in that Ocean of Eternity where wander for ever shadows that seem to live!

As Rohan bends over the cast-down image, does he think for a moment of that other image whom men are now endeavouring to uplift to its old Imperial pedestal? Does he see in the black bull-like head of the fallen statue any far-off likeness of one who is rising out yonder in the world, crowned with horrible laurel and shod with sandals of blood? One might think so; for he bends over it in fascination, dimly tracing its lineaments in the feeble green light that trembles from the water-cave. It is shapen like a colossal human thing, and one might almost regard it as the corpse of what was once a man—nay, an Emperor! But thank God the breath of life can never fill those marble veins, the light of power can never gleam upon that pitiless carven face!

When he comes out into the open air it is sunset, and the light dazzles and blinds him. The cold and mildew and darkness of that dead world still lie upon him, and he shivers from head to foot. Passing out by the Cathedral and ascending the Stairs of St. Triffine, he makes his way slowly along the summit of the crags. The western sky is purple red and dashed with shadows of the bluff March wind that will blow to-morrow; but now all is still as a summer eve. A thick carpet of gold and green is spread beneath his feet; the broom is blowing golden on every side; and one early star, like a primrose, is already blossoming in the cool still pastures of heaven. He seems to have arisen from the tomb and to be floating in divine air. That dead world *is*, he knows; no less surely does he know that this living world is too—

A calm, a happy, and a holy world!

Yet who made the tiger makes the lamb, and the strange Hand that set that star up yonder, and wrote on the human heart "Love one another," moulded the iron hearts of a hundred Cæsars, and has once more liberated Bonaparte.



## CHAPTER LIII.

## THE LAST CHANCE.

As Rohan passes the door of the Chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde a figure passes out, and turns upon him a face full of horror and despair. It is his mother; gaunt, white, terror-stricken, she looks fearfully around her, and clutches him by the arm. He sees her message in her face before she speaks.

"Fly, Rohan," she cries; "they are out after thee again, and they are searching from house to house. There is terrible news. The Emperor is in Paris, and war is proclaimed."

The world darkens—he staggers and holds his hand upon his heart. He has expected this, but it nevertheless comes upon him as the lightning from heaven.

"Come into the chapel!" he replies, suiting the action to the word.

Crossing the threshold, they find the little building already full of the evening shadows. All is as it was not long ago, when the lovers, after plighting their happy troth, knelt before the altar. The figure of the Virgin stands at the altar, and the votive gifts still lie undisturbed at her feet, and the sailors in the picture still drift upon their raft, kneeling and fixing eyes on the luminous apparition that rises from the waters.

In a few rapid sentences Mother Gwenfern gives further particulars of the situation. The village is in a state of disturbance, the news of the Emperor's complete triumph not being yet accepted by the Royalists in the village; but a file of *gendarmes* from St. Gurlott has already appeared hunting up deserters "in the name of the Emperor." Yes, that is certain, for they have searched her own house. The death of Pipriac is remembered, and is to be avenged.

In a few brief moments is undone the gentle work of months. The same light which Marcelle saw and feared in Rohan's face, that night when he returned home—the same light which she has dreaded often since, when her lover has been under the influence of strong excitement—now appears there and burns with a lurid flame. The man's brain is burning, his heart seems bursting. He does not speak, but laughs strangely to himself—hysterically, indeed, if we may use the term in speaking of one of the male sex; but in his laugh there is something more than hysteria, something more than mere nervous tension—there is the sign of an incipient madness, which threatens to overthrow reason and wreck the soul.

"Rohan! Rohan!" cries the terrified woman, clinging to him. "Speak—do not look like that! They shall not take you, my Rohan!"

He looks at her without replying, and laughs again. Horrified at the expression of his face, she bursts into sobs and moans.

Late that night Corporal Derval sat at his own hearth and read the journal to the widow and Marcelle. He was excited with the great news that had just come from Paris—that Europe refused to treat on amicable terms with the usurper, and that the mighty hosts of the Great Powers were again rising like clouds on the frontier. The Allied Congress sits at Frankfort, directing as from the centre of a web the movements of a million men. The two Emperors of Russia and Austria, with the King of Prussia, have again taken the field. England had given her most characteristic help in the shape of thirty-six millions of *money*—to say nothing of a small contingent of eighty thousand men under the Duke of Wellington.

"The cowards!" hissed the Corporal between his clenched teeth. "A million of men against France and the Little Corporal; but you shall see—he will make them skip. I have seen a little fellow of a drummer thrash a great grenadier, and it will be like that."

"There will be more war?" murmured the widow questioningly; and her poor heart was beating to the tune of one sad sound, her son's name—"Hoël! Hoël!"

"It is a fight for life, little woman," said Uncle Ewen with solemnity. "The Emperor must either kill these rascals or himself be killed. Soul of a crow, there will be no quarter! They are fortifying Paris, so that the enemy may never take it again by any stratagem. In a few days the Emperor will take the field." He added with a smack of his lips, "It sounds like old times!"

Enter Gildas the one-armed, with his habitual military swagger. He had been quenching his thirst down at the cabaret (it is wonderful how thirsty a mortal he has become since his brief military experience), and his eyes were rather bloodshot.

"Has any one seen Rohan?" he asked, standing before the fireplace. "They are after him out there!"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the door, which he had left open.

With an uneasy glance at Marcelle, who sat pale and trembling, the Corporal replied—

"They called here, and I told them it would be all right. Rohan can redeem his credit now and for ever, and save his skin at the



same time. There is but one plan, and he had better take it without delay."

Marcelle looked up eagerly.

"And what is that, Uncle Ewen?"

"Soul of a crow, it is simple. The Emperor is in need of men—all the wolves of the world are against him—and he who helps him now in his time of need will make amends for all the past. Let Rohan go to him, or, what is the same thing, to the nearest station of the Grand Army, saying 'I am ready now to fight against the enemies of France.' Let him take his place in the ranks like a brave man, and all will be forgiven."

"I am not so sure," observed Gildas. "I have been having a glass with the *gendarme* Penvenn, old Pipriac's friend, and he says that Rohan will be shot in spite of his teeth;—if so, it is a shame."

Uncle Ewen shifted nervously in his chair, and scowled at his nephew.

"Penvenn is an ass for his pains; do you think I have no influence with the Emperor? I tell you he will be pardoned if he will fight. What sayst thou, little one?" he continued, turning to Marcelle, who seemed plunged in deep thought. "Or is thy lover still *un lâche*?"

"Uncle!" she cried, with trembling lip.

"You are right, Marcelle, and I did him wrong; I forgot myself; he is a brave man. But if he should fail us now!—now, when Providence itself offers him a way to save himself, and to wipe the stain off the name he bears! Now, when the Little Corporal needs his help, and would welcome him like the prodigal son into the ranks of the brave!"

As Uncle Ewen ceased, Marcelle sprang to her feet with an exclamation; for there, standing in the chamber, and listening to the speech, was Rohan himself—so changed already, and so woe-begone, that he looked like an old man. It seemed as if the sudden shock had had the power to transform him again to his former likeness of a famished, hunted animal; to make his physical appearance a direct image of his tortured moral being. Gaunt and wild, with great hungry-looking eyes gazing from one to another of the startled group, he stood in perfect silence.

"It is himself," cried the Corporal, gasping for breath. "Gildas, close the door."

It was done, and to make all secure, Gildas drew the bolt. The two women were soon by the side of Rohan, the widow weeping,

Marcelle white and tearless. Uncle Ewen rose to his feet, and somewhat tremulously approached his nephew.

"Do not be afraid, *mon garz*," he exclaimed; "they are after you, but I will make it all right, never fear. You have been refractory, but they will forgive you all that when you step forward like a man. There is no time to lose. Cross the great marsh and you will be at St. Gurlott before them. Go straight to the Rue Rose, and ask for the Capitaine Figuiet, and tell him from me—— Mother of God!" cried the old man, pausing in his hurried instructions, "is the man mad?"

Indeed, the question seemed a very pertinent one, for Rohan, without seeming to hear a word of what was being said, was gazing wildly at the air and uttering that strange unearthly laugh which had more than once before appalled Marcelle. Trembling with terror, the girl now clung to his arm and looked into his face.

"Rohan! do you not understand? they are looking for you, and if you do not go in first, you will be killed."

Turning his eyes upon her, he asked, calmly enough, but in a strange hard voice—

"If I surrender, what then?"

"Why then," broke in the Corporal, "it will be all forgotten. They will give you your gun and knapsack, and you will join the Grand Army and cover yourself with glory; and then, when the war is over—which will be very soon—back you will come like a brave man, and find my little Marcelle waiting for you, ready and willing to keep her troth."

The old man spoke eagerly, and with a cheerfulness that he was far from feeling, for the look upon the other's face positively appalled him. Still with his eyes fixed on Marcelle, Rohan asked again—

"But if I do not surrender, what then?"

"You will be shot," answered the Corporal, "shot like a dog;—but there, God knows you will not be so insane. You will give yourself up like a wise man and a brave."

"Is there no other way?" asked Rohan, still watching Marcelle.

"None, none! You waste time, *mon garz*!"

"Yes, there is another!" said Rohan in the same hard voice, with the same wild look.

Then, when all eyes were questioningly turned towards him, he continued—

"If the Emperor should himself die! If he should be killed!"



Uncle Ewen started back in horror.

"Saints of Heaven forbid! The very thought is blasphemy," he cried, trembling and frowning.

Without heeding his uncle, Rohan, who had never withdrawn his eyes one moment from Marcelle's, said in a whisper, as if addressing her solely, and yet communicating mysteriously with himself, in a sort of dream—

"If one were to find him sleeping, or in the darkness alone, it would be a good deed. It was that way Charlotte Corday killed Marat, and it was well done. . . . It will be one life instead of thousands; and then, look you, the world will be at peace."

"Rohan!" cried Marcelle. "For the love of God!"

Well might she shrink from him in horror and agony, for the light of murder was in his eyes. His face was distorted, and his hands clutched as at an invisible knife. The Corporal gazed on stupefied. He heard, and dimly understood, Rohan's words. They seemed too treasonable and awful to be the words of any one but a raving madman.

"Bones of St. Triffine!" murmured Gildas. "He is speaking of the Emperor!"

"Come from his side," cried the Corporal to Marcelle; "he is dangerous."

Rohan turned his white face on the speaker.

"That is true, but I shall not harm *her*, or any here. Good night, Uncle Ewen—I am going."

And he moved slowly towards the door.

"Stay, Rohan!" cried Marcelle, clutching his arm. "Whither are you going?"

Without replying he shook off her hold and moved to the door, and in another moment he was gone. The Corporal uttered a despairing exclamation, and sank into his chair; Gildas gave vent to a prolonged whistle expressive of deep surprise; the widow threw her apron over her head and sobbed; and Marcelle stood panting with her lips asunder, and her hand pressed hard upon her heart. So he left them, passing like a ghost into the night; and when dawn came, and the emissaries of Bonaparte were searching high and low, no trace of him was to be found.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE scene changes for a moment. Instead of the red cliffs and green pastures of Kromlaix, scented with spring tide and shining calmly by the side of the summer sea, we behold a dim prospect far inland, darkened with the drifting clouds of the rain. Through these clouds glide moving lights and shadows, passing slowly along the great highways: the long procession that seems endless—columns of men that tramp wearily afoot, bodies of cavalry that move more lightly along, heavy masses of artillery, baggage-waggons, flotsam and jetsam of a great host. The air is full of a deep sea-like sound, broken at times by a rapid word of command or a heavy roll of drums. All day the processions pass on, and when night comes they are still passing. Somewhere in the midst of them moves the Spirit of all, silent and unseen as Death on his white steed.

The Grand Army is moving towards the frontier, and wherever it goes the fields of growing grain are darkened, and no song of the birds of spring is heard. The road is worn into deep ruts by the heavy wheels of cannon. In the village streets halt the cavalry, picketing their horses in the open square. The land is full of that deep murmur which announces and accompanies war. Slowly, league by league, the gleaming columns advance, obedient to the lifted finger that is pointing them on. And in *their* rear, when the main body has passed by, flock swarms of human kites and crows—all those wretches who hover in the track of armies, seeking what refuse they may find to devour.

Among those who hover here and there in the neighbourhood of the advancing columns is a man who, to judge from his appearance, seems to have emerged from the very dregs of human wretchedness: a gaunt, wild, savage, neglected-looking wretch, who seems to have neither home nor kindred, and who, as a hawk follows huntsmen from hill to hill, watching for any prey they may overlook or cast aside, follows the dark processions moving forward to the seat of war. His hair hangs wildly over his shoulders, his beard is long and matted, his feet and arms are bare, and the remainder of his body is wretchedly covered. Night after night he sleeps out in the open air, or in the shelter of barns and farm outbuildings, whence he is often driven by savage dogs and more savage men. He speaks French at times, but for the most part he



mutters to himself in a sort of *patois* which no inhabitants of these districts understand. And ever, for those whom he accosts, he has but one kind of question—"Where is the Emperor? will he pass this way?"

All who see him treat him as a maniac, and mad indeed he is, or seems. Dazed by the vast swarms that surround him and ever pass him by—swept this way and that by their violence as they roll like great rivers through the heart of the land—ever perusing with wild anxious eyes the living torrents of faces that rush by him in their headlong course—he wanders stupefied from day to day. That he has some distinct object is clear from the firm-set face and fixed determined eyes, but wafted backwards and forwards by the stream of life, he appears helpless and irresponsible. How he lives it is difficult to tell. He never begs, but many out of pity give him bread, and sometimes the officers throw him small coins as they ride by, radiant and full of hope. He reaches out his hand in the fields and takes freely what he desires. He looks famished, but it is spiritual famine, not physical, that is wearing him down.

More than once he is seized for theft, and then driven away with blows; and on one occasion he is taken as a spy, his hands are bound behind him, and he is driven into the presence of a grizzly commander, who stands smoking by a bivouac fire. Hastily condemned to be shot, he gives so strange a laugh that the closer attention of his captors is attracted to his condition, and finally, with scornful pity, he is set at liberty to roam where he will.

As the armies advance he advances, but lagging ever in the rear. Ever his face looks backward, and he whispers—"The Emperor—when will he come?"

How golden waves the corn in these peaceful Belgian fields! How sweet smells the hay down there in the flat meads, through which the silvern rivers run, lined on each side by bright green pollard trees! How deep and cool lie the woods on the hill-sides, overhung with lilac and the wild rose, and carpeted with hyacinths and violets blue as heaven! How quietly the windmills turn, with their long arms against the blue sky!

But what is that gleaming in the distance—there, under the village spire? It seems like a pool shining in the sun, but it is the clustered helmets of Prussian cuirassiers! And what is that dark mass moving like a shadow between the fields of wheat? It is a body of Prussian infantry, advancing slowly along the dusty way.

And hark now! from the distance comes a murmur like the sound of an advancing sea, and from the direction whence it comes light cavalry advance constantly, and solitary messengers gallop at full speed. The allied forces have already quietly occupied Belgium, and the French host at last is coming up.

It approaches and spreads out upon the fertile valleys, with some portion of its old strength. Sharp sounds of firing, and white wreaths of smoke rising here and there in the hollows, show that skirmishing is begun. The contending armies survey each other, like wild beasts preparing to spring and grapple.

All round them hover the human birds of prey, watchful and expectant: but the villages are deserted, the windmill ceases to turn, and the happy sounds of pastoral industry are heard no more. The crops grow unwatched, and the cattle wander untended; only the chapel bell is sometimes heard, sounding the *angelus* over deserted valleys.

Hark! Far away, in the direction of Quatre Bras, sounds the heavy boom of cannon—thunder follows thunder, deep as the roar of the sea. Part of the armies have met, and a terrible struggle is beginning. Couriers gallop hither and thither along the roads. Groups of peasants gather here and there, preparing for flight, and listening to the terrific sounds.

At the top of a woody hill stands the same woful figure that we have seen before in the track of the Grand Army. Wild and haggard he seems still, like some poor wretch whom the fatal fires have burned out of house and home. He stands listening, and gazing at the road which winds through the valley beneath him. The rain is falling heavily, but he does not heed.

Suddenly, through the vaporous mist, appears the gleam of helms and lances rapidly advancing:—then the man discerns a solitary figure on horseback coming at full gallop, followed by a group of mounted officers; behind these rolls a travelling carriage, drawn by four horses.

After pausing for a moment at the foot of the hill, the figure gallops upward, followed by the others.

Quietly and silently, the man creeps back into the shadow of the wood.

#### CHAPTER LV.

##### UNCLE EWEN GETS HIS FURLOUGH.

“UNCLE! Uncle! look up—listen—there is brave news—there has been a battle, and the Emperor is victorious.—Look up! It is I—*Marcelle!*”



The Corporal lay in his arm-chair as if asleep, but his eyes were wide open, and he was breathing heavily. Coming hastily in one afternoon with the journal in her hand, Marcelle found him so, and thinking at first that he slept, shook him gently. Then she screamed, perceiving that he was senseless and ill, and the widow, hastily descending from upstairs where she had been busy, came trembling to her assistance. They chafed his hands, threw cold water on his face, moistened his lips with brandy, but it was of no avail.

"He will die!" cried Marcelle, wringing her hands. "It is one of the old attacks, but worse than ever. Mother, hasten down at once, and bring Plouët—he must be bled at once—Master Arfoll said that was the only way."

The widow hesitated: then she cried—

"Had I not better run for the priest?"

Poor soul, her first fear was that her brother-in-law might be hurried into the presence of his Maker before he could be properly blessed and "anointed." But Marcelle, more worldly and practical, insisted that Plouët should be first sent for; it would be time enough to prepare for the next world when all hopes of preserving him for this one were fled.

In a very short time the little barber appeared, armed with all the implements of office, and performed the solemn mystery of bleeding with his usual skill. The operation over, he shook his head. "The blood flows feebly," he said; "he is very weak, and it is doubtful if he will recover." Not until he was undressed and placed in bed, did the Corporal open his eyes and look around him. He nodded at Plouët, and tried to force a smile, but it was sad work. When Marcelle knelt weeping by his bedside he put his hand gently on her head, while the tears rose in his eyes and made them dim.

"Cheer up, neighbour," said Plouët! "How are we now? Better, eh? Well, I will tell you something that will do you good. Our advanced guard has met the Prussians at Charleroi, and has thrashed them within an inch of their lives."

Uncle Ewen's eye kindled, and his lips uttered an inarticulate sound.

"It is true, Uncle Ewen!" sobbed Marcelle, looking fondly at him.

"That is good news," he murmured presently in a faint voice; then he sank back upon his pillow, and closed his eyes, with a heavy sigh.

The excitement of the last few weeks had been too much for

him. Day after day he had overstrained his strength, stumping up and down the village, and assuming, to a certain extent, his old sway. Do what he might, he could not remain calm. His pulses kept throbbing like a roll of drums, and his ears were pricked up as if to listen for trumpet-sounds in the distance. All the world was against the "Little Corporal," and the "Little Corporal," God willing, was about to beat all the world. His own pride and reputation were at stake in the matter, for with the fortunes of the Emperor his own fortunes rose and fell. When his master was a despised prisoner, he too was despised: his occupation gone, his life a burthen to him, since he coveted respect in his sphere, and could not endure contradiction. It had almost broken his heart. But when the Emperor re-emerged like the sun from a cloud, Uncle Ewen partook his glory, and recovered caste and position; men were afraid then to give him the lie, and to decry those things which he deemed holy. Proud and happy, he resumed his sceptre, though with a feebler hand, and waved down all opposition both at home and at the cabaret. Joy, however, is "dangerous" in more senses than one, and the excess of his exultation had only heightened that constitutional malady to which he was a martyr.

In the agony of this new sorrow Marcelle almost forgot the anxiety which had been weighing on her heart for many days. Nothing had been heard of Rohan since his departure, and no man could tell whether he was living or dead; so her mind was tortured on his account, and her nights were broken; and her days were full of pain. All she could do was to pray that the good God would guard her lover's person, and bring him back to his right mind.

From this last attack Uncle Ewen did not emerge as freely as on former occasions. He kept his bed for many days, and seemed hovering on the brink of death. He would not hear, however, of sending for Father Rolland, whose Royalist proclivities had aroused his strongest indignation. However much he had liked the little *curé* personally, he felt that he was unfaithful to a great cause, and that in his heart he hated the Emperor.

Even while in bed he persisted in having the journals read to him, and fortunately for him they contained only "good news." When, about a week after his first attack, he was able to be dressed and to sit up by the fireside, he still sent diligently to inquire after the latest bulletins from the seat of war.

To him, as he sat thus, entered one day Master Arfoll. At first Marcelle, who sat by, trembled to see him, but Uncle Ewen seemed so pleased at his appearance that her fears were speedily dispelled.



She watched him anxiously, however, ready to warn him should he touch on forbidden topics. But Master Arfoll was not the man to cause any fellow creature unnecessary pain, and he knew well how to humour the fancies of the Corporal. When he went away that day Uncle Ewen said quietly, as if speaking to himself—

“I was unjust. He is a sensible fellow.”

Next day Master Arfoll came again, and sat for a long time chatting. Presently the conversation turned on politics, and Uncle Ewen, feeble as he was, began to mount his hobby. So far from contradicting him, Master Arfoll assented to all his propositions. Only a great man, he admitted, could win so much love and kindle so much enthusiasm. He himself had seen the Emperor, and no longer wondered at the affection men felt for him. Ah yes, he was a great man.

Marcelle scarcely knew how it came to pass, but that very day Master Arfoll was reading aloud to Uncle Ewen out of the Bible which he used for teaching purposes; and reading out of the New Testament, not the Old. Uncle Ewen would doubtless have relished to hear the the recital of some of those martial episodes which fill the old books, but nevertheless, the quiet, peaceful parables of Jesus pleased him well.

“After all,” said Master Arfoll, as he closed the book, “war is a terrible thing; and peace is best.”

“That is quite true,” replied the Corporal; “but war, look you, is a necessity.”

“Not if men would love one another.”

Uncle Ewen smiled grimly—the very ghost of his old smile.

“Soul of a crow, how can one love one’s enemies? . . . Those Prussians! those English!”

And he ground his teeth angrily, as if he would like to worry and tear them. Master Arfoll sighed, and quietly closed the book.

When he had paid “*au revoir*” and passed across the threshold, he heard Marcelle’s voice close to his back.

“Master Arfoll,” said the girl, in a quick, low voice, “do you think he will die?”

“I cannot tell you . . . He is very ill!”

“But will he recover?”

The schoolmaster paused in thought before he replied.

“He is not a young man, and such shocks are cruel. I do not think he will live long.” He added gently, “There is no word of your cousin?”

She answered in the negative, and sadly returned into the house.

That very night there was considerable excitement in the village; groups of Bonapartist enthusiasts paced up and down the streets, singing and shouting. News had come of the battle of Ligny, and the triumph of the French arms now seemed certain.

"It is true, uncle," said Gildas, entering tipsily into the kitchen. "The little one has thrashed those brutes of Prussians at last, and he will next devour those accursed English."

"Where is the journal?" asked Uncle Ewen, trembling from head to foot and reaching out his hands.

Gildas handed it over, and the Corporal, putting on his horn spectacles, began to read it through. But the letters swam before his eyes, and he was compelled to entrust the task to Marcelle, who in a clear voice read the news aloud. When she had done, his eyes were dim with joy and pride.

That night he could not sleep, and before dawn he began to wander.

It was clear that some great change for the worse had taken place. He tossed upon his pillow, talked to himself, mentioned the names of old comrades, and spoke frequently of the Emperor. Suddenly he sprang up, and began scrambling out of bed.

"It is the *réveille*!" he cried, gazing vacantly around him.

The voice of Marcelle, who was up and watching, seemed to recall him partially to himself, and he sank back quietly upon his pillow. Ever and anon, after that, he would start up nervously, as if at a sudden call.

Early in the morning Master Arfoll came and sat by his side, but he did not recognise him. The schoolmaster, who had no little skill in such cases, pronounced his condition to be critical, and upon hearing this, Mother Gwenfern persisted in sending for the priest. When Father Rolland arrived he found Uncle Ewen quite incapable of profiting by any holy offices.

"I fear he is dying," said Master Arfoll.

"And without the last sacrament," moaned the widow.

"He shall have it," said Father Rolland, "if he will only understand. Look up, my Corporal. It is I, Father Rolland!"

But Uncle Ewen's soul was far away. Out on a great battlefield, in sight of smoking villages and fiery towns, watching the great columns of armies moving to and fro, while a familiar figure in cocked hat and grey overcoat sat silent as stone on horseback, watching from an eminence. Over and over again he went over in his mind that wonderful episode of Cismone. He talked of Jacques Monier, and stretching out his open hands over the coverlit, fancied



he was warming them over the bivouac fire. Sometimes his face flushed as he fancied himself in the grand *mêlée* of battle, and he cried out in a loud voice "No quarter." The summer sun shone brightly in upon him as he lay thus, full of his ruling passion.

Marcelle, quite heartbroken, sobbed at his bedside, while the widow spent all the minutes in fervent prayer. Gildas stood on the hearth, quite subdued and ready to blubber like a great boy. On one side of the bed sat Master Arfoll; on the other, the little priest.

"He has been a brave man," said Father Rolland, "but an enthusiast, look you, and this affair of Ligny has got into his head. He has been a good servant to the Emperor, and to France."

It seemed as if the very name of the Emperor had a spell to draw the Corporal from his swoon; for all at once he opened his eyes and looked straight at the priest. He did not seem quite to recognise him, but turning his face towards Master Arfoll, he smiled—so faintly, so sadly, that it tore Marcelle's heart to see him.

"Uncle Ewen! Uncle Ewen!" she sobbed, holding his hand.

"Is it thou, little one?" he murmured faintly. "What was it that thou wast reading, about a great battle?"

She could not answer for sobs, and Father Rolland interposed, speaking rapidly—

"It is no time to think of battles now, my Corporal, for you are very ill and will soon be in the presence of your God. I have come to give you the last sacrament, to prepare your soul for the change that is about to come upon it. There is no time to lose. Make your peace with Heaven!"

Quietly all withdrew from the kitchen, leaving the little *curé* alone with his sick charge. There was a long interval, during which the hearts of the two women were sick with anxiety: then Father Rolland called them all back into the chamber. Uncle Ewen was lying quietly on his pillow with his eyes half closed, and on the bed beside him lay the crucifix and the priest's breviary.

"It is finished," said the little *curé*; "he is not quite clear in his head and he did not recognise me, but God is good, and it will suffice. His mind is now calm, and he is prepared to approach in a humble and peaceful spirit the presence of his Maker."

"Amen!" cried the widow, with a great load off her mind.

At that moment, while they were gathering round the bedside, the Corporal opened his eyes and gazed around him. His look was no longer vacant, but quite collected. Suddenly his eyes fell upon

the face of Father Rolland, and now for the first time he recognised him, and a faint flush came into his dying face.

"*A bas le Bourbon !*" he cried. "*Vive l'Empereur !*"

And with that war-cry upon his lips, he drifted out to join the great bivouac of the armies of the dead.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### BONAPARTE.

COME back now to the golden valleys where the bloody struggle of Armies is beginning—to the verge of the dark wood into which crept that pitiable outcast man. As the man retreats into hiding the figure on horseback reaches the hill-summit, dismounts, and stands looking in the direction of Ligny. The rain pours down upon him, but he too is heedless of the rain. Spurred and booted, wrapped in an old grey overcoat, and wearing a cocked hat, from which the rain drips heavily, he stands wrapt in thought, posed, with his hands clasped behind his back, his head sunk deep between his shoulders. His staff follow, and stand in groups behind him, and close to him.

The heavy sound of cannon continues, rolling in the far distance. Presently it ceases, and the figure is still there, looking in the direction whence it comes. He paces up and down impatiently, but his eyes are fixed now on the rainy road. Suddenly on the road appears the figure of a mounted officer, galloping bareheaded as if for dear life. He sees the group on the height above him, and gallops up. In a few minutes he is in the presence of the Emperor.

Bonaparte sees good tidings in the officer's face, but he opens and reads the despatch which he brings; then he smiles, and speaks rapidly to those surrounding him;—in another moment he is encircled by a flash of swords, and there is a loud cry of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" The Prussians are in retreat from Ligny, and the first blow of the war is a victory.

Without attempting to mount again the Emperor walks quietly down the hill.

And now, when all again is still, the man creeps out of the wood; he is trembling now and shivering, and his eyes are more wild and hungry than ever. He hastens along, like an animal that keeps close to the ground. He sees the bright group moving along the foot of the hill, but he creeps along the summit. The rain



falls now in torrents, and the prospect is darkening towards fall of night.

Still following the line of the wooded hill-tops, the man runs now fleet as a deer through the shadows of the deepening darkness. He meets no human being. At last he pauses, close to a large building erected on the hill side and looking down on long reaches of fertile pasture and yellow corn. It is one of those antique farms so common in Belgium—a quaintly gabled dwelling surrounded by barns, byres, and fruit gardens. But no light burns in any of the windows, and it seems temporarily deserted, save for a great starved dog that prowls around it and flies moaning at the man's approach.

The man pauses at the open door and looks down the hill. Suddenly he is startled by the sound of horses' feet rapidly approaching; there is a flash, a gleam in the darkness, and a body of cavalry gallop up. Before they reach the door he has plunged across the threshold.

Within all is dark, but he gropes his way across a great kitchen and into a large inner chamber dimly lighted by two great window-casements. In the centre stands a ladder leading to a small dark loft; but the room is comfortably furnished with rude old-fashioned chairs and table, and has in one corner a great fire-place of quaintly carven oak. It is obvious that the place has been lately occupied, for on the table is a portion of a loaf with some coarse cheese. Great black rafters stretch overhead, and above them is the opening of the loft.

There is a tramp of feet and a sound of voices; the soldiers are entering the house and approaching the room. Swift as thought the man runs up the ladder, and disappears in the darkness of the loft above.

An officer enters, followed by attendants bearing a lamp. He looks round the empty room, takes up the fragment of bread, and laughs; then he gives some orders rapidly, and in a few moments they bring in an armful of wood and kindle a fire on the hearth. As they do so their soaking clothes steam.

Suddenly there comes from without the sound of more horses galloping, of voices rapidly giving the word of command. The farm is surrounded on every side by troops, and the rooms of the farm begin to fill. The fire burns up on the hearth of this inner chamber, and the air becomes full of a comfortable glow. Meantime the rain falls in torrents, with occasional gleams of summer lightning.

Entering bareheaded, attendants now place on the table a small silver lamp, and draw the great moth-eaten curtains which cover the two antique casements. They speak low, as if in awe of some superior presence. All at once through the open door comes a familiar figure, who wears his cocked hat on his head, and has his grey overcoat still wrapped around him. It is the Emperor of France.

He casts off his dripping overcoat and stands in plain general's uniform warming his hands at the fire. They bring in plain bread and wine, which they set before him on the table. He breaks a little of the bread and drinks some of the wine, then he speaks rapidly in a clear loud voice, and, glancing round the chamber, motions his attendants to withdraw. They do so deferentially, closing the door softly behind them, and he is left entirely alone.

Alone in the great chamber, with the black rafters stretching over his head, dimly illumed by the red glare of the fire and the clearer gleam of the lamp. All is so silent that he can hear the pattering of the raindrops on the great casements and on the roof above. Although the place is surrounded by troops their movements are very hushed and still, and save for a low murmur of voices from the outer rooms there is no human sound. But overhead, buried in the blackness, a wild face watches and looks down.

Slowly, with chin drooping forward on his breast, and hands clasped upon his back, he paces up and down. The sentinel pacing to and fro beyond the window is not more methodical in his march than he. The rain pours without and the wind moans, but he hears nothing: he is too attentively listening to the sound of his own thoughts. What sees he, what hears he? Before his soul's vision great armies pass in black procession, moving like storm-clouds on to some bourne of the inexorable will; burning cities rise in the distance, like the ever-burning towers of Hell; and the roar of far-off cannon mingles with the sound of the breakers of Eternity thundering on a starry shore. For this night, look you, of all nights, the voice of God is with the Man, bringing dark prescience of some dark approaching doom. Mark how the firelight plays upon his cheeks, which are livid as those of a corpse! See how the eagle-eye sheathes itself softly, as if to close upon the sorrow pent within! It is night, and he is alone; alone with the shadows of Sleep and Death. Though he knows his creatures are waking in the chambers beyond, and that his armies are stretching all



round him on the rainy plain, he is not the less supremely solitary. The darkness seems a cage, from which his fretful mind would willingly escape; he paces up and down, eager for the darkness to uplift and disclose the stormy dawn.

All his plans are matured, all his orders are given; he is but resting for a few brief hours, before he takes the victory for which his soul so long has waited. Victory?—ah, yes, that is certain! His lurid star will not fail at last to dart blinding beams into the eyes of his enemies; like a destroying angel he will arise, more mighty and terrible than he ever yet has been. They think they have him in a net, but they shall see!

He walks to the window, and peers out into the night. Although it is summer, all is dark and cold and chill. As he stands for a moment gazing forth, he hears low sounds from the darkness around him, sounds as of things stirring in sleep. The measured footfalls of the sentries, the tramp of horses' feet, the cry of voices giving and receiving the password of the night—all come upon his ear like murmurs in a dream. He draws the curtain, and comes forward again into the firelight, which wraps him head to foot like a robe of blood. The great black rafters of the roof stretch overhead, and as something stirs among them his dead-white face looks up. A rat crawling from its hole and running along the beam—that is all.

Again he begins his monotonous march up and down.

There is a knock at the door.

"Enter!" he says in a low clear voice; and an aide-de-camp enters barcheaded with a despatch. He tears it open, runs his eye over it, and casts it aside without a word. As the aide-de-camp is retiring, he calls him back. Unless important despatches arrive, let no one disturb him for the next two hours; for he will sleep.

The door is gently closed, and he is again alone in the chamber. He stands upon the hearth, and for a long time seems plunged in deep reflection—his lips firmly set, his brow knitted. Presently he approaches the table, again takes up the despatch, looks it through—then once more places it aside.

Loosening his neckerchief from his throat, he approaches the old arm-chair of oak, which is set before the fire, and now—merciful God! What is this? He has sunk upon his knees!

To pray? *He?*

Yes, here, in the loneliness of the night, unconscious that he is watched by any human eyes, he secretly kneels, covers his eyes,

and prays. Not for long. After a minute he rises, and his face is wonderfully changed—softened and sweetened by the religious light that has shone upon it for a little space. No little child, risen from saying “Our Father” by an innocent bedside, could look more calm; yet doubtless he prayed for victory, that his enemies might be blotted from the face of the earth, that God might once more cement his throne with blood and forge his sceptre of fire. “The pity of it, Iago, oh! the pity of it!” Wise was he who said that the wicked are only poor blind children; who know not what they do.

At last, throwing himself into the arm-chair, he lies back, and quietly closes his eyes.

To sleep? Can he on whose breath rests the fate of empires sleep this night? As easily and as soundly as a little child! The constant habit of seeking slumber under all sorts of conditions—out in the dark rain, on the bare ground, in the saddle, in the travelling carriage—has made Sleep his slave. Scarcely has he closed his eyes, when the blessed dew falls upon them. And yet, O God, at this very hour, how many good men are praying for the rest that will not come!

As he sits there, with his chin drooping upon his breast, his jaw falling heavily, and his eyes half open but glazed and sightless, one might fancy him a corpse—so livid is his cheek, so worn and wild his look. All the dark passions of the man, his buried cares and sorrows, which the waking will crushed down, now flow up to the surface and tremble there in ghastly lights and shades. He seems to have cast off his strength, like a raiment only worn by day. Great God, how old he looks! how pitiably old and human! One sees now—or one might see—that his hair is tinged with grey; it falls in thin straggling lines upon his forehead, which is marked deep with weary lines. This is he who to half a weeping world has seemed as God; who has let loose the angels of his wrath, swift as the four winds, to devastate the earth; who has seemed as a shadow between Man’s Soul and the Sun which God set up in heaven in the beginning, and who has swept as a lightning to scorch up the realms of Emperors and Kings. “God giveth his beloved—sleep!” And to those he loves *not*? Sleep too. This is Napoleon—a weary man, grey-haired and very pale: he slumbers sound, and scarcely seems to dream. All over the earth lie poor guilty wretches, wailing miserably, conscience stricken because they have taken life—in passion, in cruelty, in wrath; the Eye is looking at them as it looked at Cain, and they cannot sleep. Yet



this man has waded in blood up to the armpits; the blood he has shed is as a river rushing up to stain the footstool of the Throne of God. Yet he slumbers like a child.

The fire burns low, but it still fills the room with a dim light, which mingles with the faint rays of the lamp upon the table. Up among the black rafters all is dark; but what is that stirring there and gazing down? The black loft looms above, and the ladder rests against the topmost beam. Something moves up there—a shadow among the shadows. Swift as lightning, and as silent, something descends;—it is the figure of a man.

#### CHAPTER LVII.

“SIC SEMPER TYRANNUS!”

THE Emperor moans in his sleep, which is not easily broken, but he does not quite waken. The figure crouches for a moment in the centre of the floor; then crawling forward and turning towards the sleeper, it approaches him without a sound, for its feet are naked. It rises erect, revealing a face so wild and strange as to seem scarcely human, but rather to resemble the lineaments of an apparition. The hair, thickly sown with white, streams down over half naked shoulders; the cheeks are sunken as with famine or disease, the lips lie apart like the mouth of some panting wild animal. The form, too, seems gigantic, looming in the dim light of the lamp, and it is wrapped from head to foot in hideous rags.

As the creature crawls towards the sleeping Emperor, something gleams in his hands; it is a long bayonet-like knife, such as hunters use in the forests of Ardennes. His eyes burn with strange light, fixing themselves upon the sleeper. If this is an assassin, then surely that sleeper's time is come.

And now, knife in hand, he stands close to the Emperor, looking upon his face, and reading it line by line. As he does so, his own gleams spectre-like and wild and mad. His gaze is full of spiritual famine; he seems as he looks to satisfy some passionate hunger. His eyes come closer and closer, charmed towards the object on which they gaze—until his breath could almost be felt upon the cold white cheek. Simultaneously the knife is raised, as if to strike home to the sleeper's heart.

At this moment the sleeper stirs, but does not waken, for he is thoroughly exhausted with many hours of vigil and his sleep is unusually heavy. If he but knew how near his sleep is to death! He has climbed to the summit of earthly glory—he has chained to.

the footstool of his throne the kings of the earth; and is this to be the end? To be slaughtered miserably at midnight, by an assassin's steel?

There is a movement as of feet stirring in the outer chamber; then the voice of the sentry is heard crying "*Qui vive?*" and all is still again. The wild figure pauses, listening still with large eyes fixed upon the sleeper's face.

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Still stars of eternity, gleaming overhead in the azure arch of heaven, look down this night through the mundane mist and rain, and behold, face to face, these two creatures whom God made. Spirit of Life, that movest upon the air and upon the deep, enwrap them with the mystery of thy breath; for out of thee each came, and unto thee each shall return. Which is imperial now? The wild gigantic creature standing there with wild face in all the power of maniac strength, or the feeble form that lies open to the fatal blow that is about to come? Behold these two children of the primæval Adam, each with the flesh, blood, heart, and soul of a man; each miraculously made, breathing the same air, feeding on the same earthly food; and say, which is Abel, which is Cain? The look of Cain is on the face of him who stands erect and grips the knife—the look of Cain when he overthrew the altar and prepared to strike down his lamb-like brother in God's sight. . . . Yet so surely as these stars shine in heaven, it is the wretched Abel who has arisen, snatching, mad with despair, the fratricidal knife!

Feature by feature, line by line, he reads the Emperor's face. His gaze is fixed and awful, his face still preserves its ashen pallor. His maniacal abstraction is no less startling than his frightful physical strength. He hears a sentry approach the window and pause for a moment, and the knife is lifted mechanically as if to strike; but the sentry passes by, and the knife is dropped. Then he again catches a movement from the antechamber. Perhaps they have heard sounds, and are approaching—No; all again is still.

How soundly the Emperor sleeps! The lamplight illumines his face and marks its weary lines, while the firelight casts a red glow around his reclining form. There is no Imperial grandeur here—only a weary wight, tired out like any peasant, dozing by the hearth; only a weak, sallow, sickly creature, whom a strong man could crush down with a blow of the hand. One hand lies on the arm of the chair; it is white and small, like a woman's or a child's,



yet is it not the hand that has struck down Christ and the Saints, and cast blood upon the shrines of God? Is it not the hand of Cain who slew his brother?

And now, O assassin, since such thou art, strike home! It is thy turn now. Thou hast waited and watched on wearily for this—thou hast prayed madly to God and to Our Lady of Hate that this moment might come—and lo! the Lord has put thine enemy, the enemy of thee and of thy kind, into thine hand. Kill, kill, kill! This is Napoleon, whose spirit has gone forth like Cain's to blight and make bloody the happy homes of earth; who has wandered from east to west knee-deep in blood; who has set on every land his seal of flame; who has cast in every field, where once the white wheat grew, the bones of famine and the ashes of fire. Remember D'Enghien, Pichegru, Palm: and kill. Remember Jena, Eylau: and kill. Dost thou hesitate? Then remember Moscow! Remember the Beresina, choked up with its forty thousand dead! Remember the thousands upon thousands sleeping in the great snows!—and kill, kill, kill!

Dost thou doubt that this is he, that thou hesitatest so long? Thy face is tortured, and thy hand trembles, and thy soul is faint. Thou camest hither to behold a Shadow, an Image, a thing like that form of black marble set up as a symbol in the dark earth. Far away the thing seemed colossal, unreal, inhuman: a portent with the likeness of a fiend. So that thou didst weep, thinking to grapple with the Execrable. And now thou art disarmed, because thou seest only a poor pale weary Man!

Think of thy weary nights and famished days; and kill. Think of the darkness that has come upon thy life, of the sorrow that has separated thee from all thou lovest best—think too of the millions who have cried even as sheep driven to the slaughter; and kill. He had no pity; do thou have none. Remember, it is this one life against the peace and happiness of earth. Obliterate this creature, and Man perhaps is saved. If he awakens again, War will waken; Fire, Famine, and Slaughter will waken too. Kill, kill.

The sleeper stirs once more, his glazed eyes half open, and his head rolls to one side. His face preserves a marble pallor, but is lit by a strange sad smile. He murmurs to himself, and his small hand opens and shuts—like a child's little hand that clutches at the butterfly in sleep, when

One little wandering arm is thrown  
At random on the counterpane,  
And oft the fingers close in haste  
As if their childish owner chased  
The butterfly again.

A crown or a butterfly!—is it not all one?—and in God's eyes, perchance, he who sleeps here is only a poor foolish child!

Be that as it may, God has drawn round the sleeper's form a circle which thou canst not pass. Thine, indeed, is not the stuff of which savage assassins are made, and though there is madness in thy brain, there is still love in thine heart. Kill thou canst not now—though thou camest to kill. Lost as thou art, thou feelest no hate even for thine enemy, now thou knowest indeed how poor and frail a creature thou hast been fearing and hating so long! God made him and God sent him. Bloody as he is, he is God's child.

Perhaps if he had not *prayed* before he slept, it might have been easier; but he did pray, and his face became beatified for the moment, and fearlessly as a child he sank to rest. Wilt thou kill what God has sanctified with His sleep? Because this sleeper has broken the sacraments of nature, wilt thou become as he? No. Thou hast seen him and thou knowest him—that is enough—thou wilt leave him in the hands of God . . .

. . . Amen! Safely and justly mayst thou so leave him, for the vengeance of God is sure, as the mercy of God is deep. One spectre of a slain man comes to thee nightly in dream; how many come to *him*? Perhaps not one, though at his bidding thousands upon thousands have been miserably slain. Yet be thou assured though no ghosts rise, the Spirit of Life will demand an account. Look again at the closed Imperial eyes! See the cold light sleeping deep and pitiless on that face that ruled a world! To those dead eyes, cold as a statue's stony orbs, thou, poor wretch, hast been offered up by a world grown mad like thee. As an idol on a pedestal, as an idol of stone with dull dumb stare surveying its worshippers, this man has stood aloft supremely crowned. Not while he stood up there could the Spirit of Life find him; not till the hands of man have cast him down shall the Spirit of God chasten him and turn him back to flesh. . . . When men go by the place where the idol is lying low, and murmur, beholding it broken upon the ground, "This was Napoleon! the thing we wondered at and worshipped for a time!" and smiling turn away, *then*, perhaps, in the cold breast the human heart shall beat more pitifully, humbled and awe-stricken before its Maker. . . . Turn, poor wretch, ere thou goest, and look again. There sleeps in that Imperial face no loving living light, but an inward-eating fire—a fire consuming and destroying, and redeeming in its own despite, the soul on which it feeds. He who hath had no mercy for mankind shall learn the



bitter lesson of self-mercy, and realising his own utter loneliness yearn outward to the woes of all the world. And in that hour this cold light thou beholdest shall spread through all his spirit, and become as that mad sorrow and despair which lights now those wretched eyes of thine. Leave him then to God, and go thy ways.

. . . The man no longer holds the knife ; on silent naked feet he has withdrawn back towards the great inner window of the chamber. For a moment he pauses with one last look—trembling like one who having plunged into a raging sea is suddenly uplifted by the hair, and gazing with wild eyes and quivering lips on the pale Imperial face. Then he draws back the heavy curtain, and dashing open the casement, leaps out into the darkness.

There is a loud cry in the distance—then the sound of shots—then a tramp of feet ; and silence. The man has disappeared as he came, like a ghost of the night.

Meanwhile, the sleeper, startled by the sounds, has sprung up in his chair. As he stands trembling and looking round him, there lies glittering at his feet a huge naked knife, such as hunters use ; but he sees it not, and he little dreams that such a weapon only a few minutes since was pointed at his own heart. His attendants enter anxiously, and find the open window, but no clue as to what hand threw it wide open. The hero of a hundred battles shivers, for he is superstitious, but he cannot help them to an explanation.

But now, to horse. He has rested too long, and it will soon be dawn. Drums beat, and trumpets sound ; so he rides on through the dark night, his heavy travelling carriage, surrounded by lancers, travelling behind. Leave him still to God . . . Close before him, clouding the lurid star of his destiny, rises the blood-red shadow, WATERLOO.

#### EPILOGUE.

A YEAR has passed away. The yellow lamps of the broom are again burning on the crags ; the great clouds of sea-birds have come from the south, to whiten the great sea-wall ; the corn is growing golden inland, and the lark, poised over the murmuring farms, is singing loud ; while the silver harvest of the deep is growing too, and the fishermen creep from calm to calm, gathering it up in their brown nets. The sea is calm as glass, and every crag is mirrored in it from base to brow. It is the anniversary of the great battle which decided fatally the destinies of Bonaparte.

On the summit of the cliff, immediately overlooking the Cathe-

dral of St. Gildas, sit two figures, gazing downward. Far below them, over the roofless cathedral wall, hover flocks of gulls; and the still green sea, faintly edged with foam that does not seem to stir, is approaching the red granite Gate of St. Gildas. Away beyond, farther than eyes can see, stretches the ocean, faintly shaded by the soft grey mists of heaven.

One figure, very gaunt and tall, sits like a statue, with large grey eyes turned seaward; his hair is quite grey, and flows on to his shoulders; his face is marked with strange furrows, left by some terrible sorrow or terror that has passed away. The other figure, that of a beautiful young girl, sits just below him, holding his hand and looking up into his face. She wears a dark dress and saffron coif, both signs of mourning, and her face is very pale.

Day after day, in the golden summer weather, the two come here, and sit for hours in silence and in peace. Day by day the girl watches for the passing away of the cloud which obscures the soul of her companion. He seems—why, she knows not—to derive a strange solace from merely sitting here, holding her hand, and contemplating the waters. His eyes seem vacant, but strange spiritual light still survives in their depths.

To-day he speaks, not turning his gaze from the sea.

"Marcelle!"

"Yes, Rohan!"

"If one could sail, and sail, and sail, out there, one would come to the rock where he is sitting, with the waves all round him. Sometimes I seem to see him out yonder, looking over the black waters. He is by himself, and his face looks white as it did when I saw it, before the great battle was fought."

She gazes at him in troubled tenderness, her eyes dim with tears.

"Rohan, dear, of whom do you speak?"

He smiles, but does not answer. His words are a mystery to her. Since the day when, after long months of absence, he returned home a broken man, he has often spoken of wondrous things—of battles, of the Emperor, of strange meetings—but it has all seemed like witless wandering. She has been waiting wearily till the cloud should lift and all grow clear; and there seems hope—for day by day he has grown more peaceful and gentle, and now he can be guided like a child.

He is silent, still gazing seaward. Behind him rises the great Menhir, with the village lying far beneath. The sunlight falls above him and around him, clothing as with a veil his figure and



that of the gentle girl. All is not lost, for with his tribulation her love has grown, and she herself remains to him, chastened, subdued, faithful unto death.

. . . But he does not rave when he speaks of one who lingers in the waste out yonder. Far away, under a solitary palm-tree, sits another Form, waiting, watching, and dreaming, while the waters of the deep, sad and strange as the waters of Eternity, stretch measureless around and break with weary murmurs at his feet.

.        So sit those twain, thousands of miles apart,  
Each, cheek in hand, gazing upon the SEA !

THE END.



## RECOVERY OF PALESTINE. BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

### V.—SCENERIES OF THE BAPTISM.



TWO hours' amble on a strong horse bring you from the north end of the Dead Sea to a ford on the River Jordan. This ride is one that no man with an eye for nature and a soul for legend will forget as long as memory lasts. If there were not one legend to light the scene, the strange aspects of land and water would suffice to touch the least romantic spirit. Man and horse are more than fifteen hundred feet below the level of the sea at Jaffa—twice that depth below the table-land of Judah. Great limestone ridges shut you in; bare, blistering fronts of creamy rock. Your road is over burning marl and sinking bitumen. Behind you stretches the lake of brine, in which no living creature can exist, and over which the vulture sails with evident strain and stress. About your feet lie broken bole and branch, relics of forests in the upper lands, which have been washed by floods or snapped by winds; swept down the river to the lake; stripped of their bark by the salt waves; and cast up white and ghastly by the winter storms. Left of you, as you prick through the cane brakes, spreads a narrow, singular plain, with cones and beach marks, showing the subsidence, in remote antiquity, of a vast inland sea, of which the present lake is a remaining drop. A spring is hidden here and there; and one great fountain serves as the head-water of a little rivulet. Ruins of many kinds are seen: here a Greek convent, there a Saracenic mill, anon a Turkish watch-tower. Heaps of sand fill up the yards of Gilgal; apples of the Dead Sea thrive in the courts of Jericho. In one spot you find palms. There is not much greenery; what grows is sage bush, and near the river margin salsolas and fugonias—commonly classed as reeds. Not a sound is heard, save now and then the cry of an eagle and the bark of a jackal. Beyond the ruins spring the heights of Benjamin and Ephraim; the nearer crest being that mountain of the Temptation which is called after the Forty Days. Here flows the sacred river—lonely and silent as a nameless river in the Rocky Mountains, yellow and



turbid as the Tibur in the neighbourhood of Rome. Beyond the river all is mystery! You see a copse, from which a flash of fire, a



THE JORDAN FORD.

film of smoke, may chance to come; beyond that copse lies a narrow plain, from which a wady leads by rugged roads to the old table-land of Ammon. White, hot, desolate, are all the lime-

stone faces, as they glare into this great ravine. Yet an experienced eye finds hints, in little dark patches here and there, of shady grove and vernal grass. Here, by the mound of pulverised lime, and through yon thicket of trees, we drop, not far below Kasir el Yahud, down the steep bank, and find ourselves at the ford. Above this point, within a pistol-shot, the river makes a bend or curve, and just above this curve some ancient ruins stand in sight.

The spot is called Bethabara ; house of the crossing over ; as we should say—House of the Ford. The ruins seen a little way up the stream are all that remains of a famous Greek monastery, called after St. John the Baptist. “Mistaken piety,” says Robinson, “seems early to have fixed upon the spot.” This hint about mistaken piety has sent Lieutenant Conder in search of another site for his scene of the baptism—a journey which our young and energetic officer has made in vain.

The evidence in favour of this spot as the true scene of John’s ministry and Christ’s baptism is overwhelming. The chief points may be indicated in a few words.

In the courts of law, long and undisputed occupancy is regarded as the strongest proof of a good title. In the courts of criticism, long occupancy and unchallenged succession are proofs of a sound claim. It would not be easy to dispute the Howard title to Arundel Castle, or the claim of Milton to the authorship of “Paradise Lost.” Assent implies the original fact. Now, in case of this Jordan ford, the native converts in the district claimed it very early in their history as a sacred place, and they have held this theory from that early time. According to the habit of their country, they marked the spot with boundary marks—a tank, a convent, and a church. To mark events by buildings, either rude or splendid, is a fashion in the East which knows no change. Jacob raised a column in memory of the Promise ; Moses set up twelve stones on Sinai ; Joshua commemorated the passage of Jordan by the pillar at Gilgal ; Rachel’s tomb was built to keep her memory alive, and Solomon’s Temple to inaugurate the reign of kings. The caliphs of Cordova and Bagdad erected mosques in celebration of great events, and their Oriental brethren, the Tsars of Muscovy, still erect churches and convents in celebration of great events. These buildings are as much historical records as the tables of brass and the Moabite stone. If those who lived on the spot must be held to have known where John baptised his followers ; if they marked the site by a tank, a convent, and a church ; and if the ruins of that



tank, that convent, and that church are still there—the evidence of site is thoroughly complete. That church bore the name of John the Baptist, and the ruins bear his name to this very day. Lieutenant Conder might as well seek to impugn the site of our Lady of Walsingham, the altar of St. Thomas, or the shrine of Edward the Confessor, as dispute the identity of St. John the Baptist's church on the Jordan brink.

Apart from the evidence to be drawn from these existing ruins of a native tank and an early church, criticism is compelled to mark this spot as the scene of John's ministry on grounds purely topographical and historical. John had lived in the Wilderness of Judæa. He began to preach in the Wilderness, and when the people came to be baptised, he went down with them to the Jordan, by the one public road through Jericho; Jerusalem and all Judæa went out to him; so that the part of Jordan in which John immersed his followers lay close to the Wilderness, and convenient for the people of Jerusalem to reach. In other respects, of a purely scientific kind, this ford on the Jordan was the natural, perhaps the necessary place of John's ministry. It is the lowest ford on the river. Many fords cross the river; some of them hardly known; but this ford lies nearer to the Dead Sea than any other. It is the nearest part of the river to Jericho; also, of course, to Jerusalem. Hence it had long been the line of traffic from Macherus and the towns of Moab, as well as the caravan route from the north. A great road ran east of Jordan, by the river bank; along which road the men of Galilee came to Jerusalem for the great feasts; avoiding the heretical towns and dangerous roads of Samaria. By this river-road, and by way of this passage, the Holy Family travelled every year from Nazareth to Jerusalem. At the age of thirty Jesus must have been familiar with both road and ford. Once every year He crossed this ford. The historical evidence is no less cogent than the topographical. Bethabara had already gained renown and sanctity, as the point of the great "crossing over" under Joshua. That passage, beyond all cavil, here took place: "the people passed over right against Jericho." Here the two spies came over to the house of Rahab, here the hosts of Israel stood in array, and the ark of the covenant was planted in the stream, while the tribes passed over, the main army by the ford, "right against Jericho." There the twelve men, chosen from the twelve tribes, took up the twelve stones from the river bed. Hence the people marched to Gilgal (on their way towards Jericho), where they set up the twelve stones, and placed the ark of the covenant. Gilgal became a holy

place, the crossing over a typical event. The point of that crossing was henceforward marked and sacred.

The Gospel narratives seem to leave no doubt as to the scene of John's ministry, and from the times of the evangelists we have a chain of witnesses to this accuracy of the sacred text.

Origen in the second century, Eusebius in the fourth century, refer to the ford at this point as the scene of John the Baptist's ministry. It was near to Gilgal, on the high road facing Jericho. At a date unknown—but *very* early—a Greek church and convent were built on the river bank, to mark the scene of John the Baptist's labours. Convent and church were dedicated to St. John. In the sixth century Justinian dug a well and formed a tank in this convent. That tank is still there. In the same century Procopius mentions these facts, adding that the same emperor built a new convent in the neighbourhood. In the seventh century we have a French witness, Bishop Arculf, whose reports were taken down by an English writer, Abbot Adamnan. Bishop Arculf found not only the Greek church and convent of St. John the Baptist, very much as a traveller now finds the Greek convent of Mar Saba, but saw a large wooden cross planted in the stream, as an indicator of the exact spot of our Lord's immersion. The French bishop described the site with care and precision. It lay in that part of the Jordan which flowed near Gilgal and opposite Jericho. He gives the breadth, depth, and colour of the water, just as I have found them. A little church stood near the spot, where our Lord was thought to have laid His clothes. On higher ground, a little way off, stood the convent of St. John the Baptist: a large and venerable pile. The date of Arculf's testimony is 700. Early in the eighth century St. Willibald, an English saint, visited Palestine, and after passing some time in Jerusalem dropped into the Jordan valley. Willibald found the wooden cross in the river, and the little church on the land, exactly as Arculf had seen them years before. The spot was fixed with great exactness—five miles from Gilgal, one mile below the church and convent of St. John the Baptist. In the ninth century the place was visited and described by Bernard, who found the Greek church still intact. In the twelfth century Phocas says the convent had been destroyed by an earthquake, and rebuilt by the Greek emperor. It was then surrounded by chapels and hermitages, all of which have disappeared. Early in the fourteenth century our countryman, Sir John Mandeville, described the Greek edifice: "a fine church of St. John the Baptist, where he baptised our Lord." A hundred and fifty years after



Breydenback found the edifice in ruins, and the monks dispersed. In the seventeenth century the situation of those ruins was described by our countryman Maundrel: "Within a furlong of the river, at that place where we visited it, there was an old ruined church and convent dedicated to St. John, in memory of the baptising of our blessed Lord." These ruins are still visible; I have seen them with my own eyes.

The piety may be mistaken, but the evidence as to fact is sound.

With all this mass of evidence before him, Lieutenant Conder ran away in search of a new site, and fancied he found one in the north, by which the road descending from Wady Jahid crosses the Jordan. "Nearness to Galilee and Nazareth" is the sole argument put forward by Lieutenant Conder in support of this new theory.

Lieutenant Conder explains that his difficulty arises from a text, which he says had not been previously noted as bearing on this point. It is a question with him of "time" and "distance." He supposes that the text of St. John's gospel requires him to find the scene of the Baptist ministry "within thirty miles of Cana of Galilee."

First, he marks the "days" named, and then supposes their sequence. "The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee." Again, "On the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee." Jesus, he infers, could not have been more than two days' journey from Cana—that is to say, within twenty-five miles of that place. The ford in Judæa over the Jordan was sixty miles by the nearest road; therefore, the baptism must have taken place in the more immediate neighbourhood of Galilee. Several fords cross this river near enough to Cana for Lieutenant Conder's purpose, and he fixes on one of these fords, lying at the foot of Wady Jelud.

Like so many difficulties found by Clarke, Robinson, and others, this difficulty is of the seeker's own making. Lieutenant Conder assumes that the various "days" mentioned by the evangelist are consecutive days, and that the "third day" means the next day but one following our Lord's baptism. Nothing in the text suggests this reading; on the contrary, the facts related prove that such an assumption must be incorrect. Look at the text, as it stands in the authorised version, which in matters of chronology is in fair agreement with all the ancient codices.

"The next day"—first mention of time. (St. John, i. 29.)

"Again the next day," i. 35.

"They abode with Him that day." Day not specified, but the time is after the baptism; apparently the day following that rite. i. 39.

"They abode with Him that day, for it was about the tenth hour." i. 39. The Alexandrine Codex reads "the sixth hour," which would give noon, instead of two hours before nightfall. The codices followed by the authorised version are clearly right; since the reason assigned for Simon and his fellows staying with Jesus that night is this lateness of the hour.

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee." ii. 1.

If these texts stood alone, with no illustration from other writings, no one could infer from them that the marriage in Cana of Galilee took place on the "third" day—next day but one of the baptism. It is certain that John saluted Jesus on the "second" day ("again, the next day"), with the annunciation "Behold the Lamb of God!" It is certain that on that "second day" Simon and his fellow disciples stayed in the lodgings with Jesus. On the "third day" Jesus and these chosen followers must have risen from sleep, on the spot of the baptism—not in the hill country of Cana. It is, therefore, certain that the "third day" of St. John does not mean the next day but one after the baptismal rite.

On turning to the other gospels, Lieutenant Conder will find that several days elapsed between the baptism and the marriage feast. St. Matthew says: "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa." (Matthew iii. 1.) "Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan." (Matthew iii. 5.) "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan." (Matthew iii. 13.) "Then was Jesus led up . . . into the wilderness of Judæa, and when He had fasted forty days." . . . (Matthew iv. 1, 2.) "Now, when Jesus heard that John was cast into prison, He departed into Galilee." (Mark iv. 12.) Mark's testimony is no less clear as to time and place than Matthew's. "John did baptise in the wilderness." (i. 5.) "Jesus came from Nazareth." (i. 9.) "And He was there in the wilderness forty days." (i. 13.) "After that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee." (i. 14.) Luke confirms the story told by Matthew and Mark. John was in the wilderness. (iii. 2.) "He came into the country all about Jordan." (iii. 2.) Jesus was first baptised and then carried up into the wilderness. (iv. 7.) *After these events, Jesus returns to Galilee.* (iv. 14.)



All four evangelists agree then in these central facts:—1. That the ministry of John the Baptist was conducted in Judæa; 2. That some time elapsed between the baptism of Jesus and his return from Judæa into Galilee. There was more than one day, or two days. Three of the four evangelists say expressly that this interval included the forty days of fasting and temptation.

Lieutenant Conder cites no ground for rejecting the true Bethabara beyond his difficulty of seeing how a man could be at the ford near Gilgal one day, and at Cana of Galilee on the third day. As the ground fails him, his argument drops. Meantime, the belief and practice of the native church remain. To persons who suspect monks of idle credulity and fruitless imposture, there are the ruins of St. John the Baptist's tank, St. John the Baptist's convent, and St. John the Baptist's church.

#### ÆNON.

A second site is named as one of the scenes of John's ministry—Ænon near to Salem. Here again there is debate, and here again Lieutenant Conder has in my opinion lost his way. Ænon is an intensive form of Ain. Ain means spring or fountain; Ænon a place where there is much water. In Palestine names are not accidental, but descriptive, and for the most part descriptive of natural features. John the Baptist "was baptising in Ænon near to Salem, because there was much water there." This passage is of highest interest, both in a personal and a dogmatic sense. Here, and here only, we have a second meeting of Jesus and John; a second testimony of the Forerunner to the Messianic character of his cousin. Here we learn the striking fact that Jesus never baptised, though He suffered His disciples to baptise in His presence and His name. Where was this Ænon near to Salem? Here, too, if we can fix the site, we get at one of the cardinal facts for a true itinerary of our Lord.

Lieutenant Conder ventures on a strong opinion on this point, which seems to me a serious error; and as Lieutenant Conder's opinion has been published without a word of warning in the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, his opinion may be taken by careless readers as the deliberate verdict of the many eminent scholars who compose that society. Of course such taking would be wrong. Lieutenant Conder speaks for no one but himself. His labours in his own field are excellent; but he is an engineer, not a critic of phrases; and his guesses at identification, as we see, are sometimes very wide of the mark.

"The theories proposed for the identification of Ænon," says Lieutenant Conder, "are three;" but there are more theories than Lieutenant Conder knows. In fact, he overlooks the only site, that in southern Judæa, which can be firmly held to dispute the palm with the true site in Wady Salem, near Mount Olivet.

Where was the real Ænon near to Salem?

Only once named in Scripture, Ænon receives no illustration from the Sacred Text. Salem, or Salim, on the other side, is a common name. Salem was the original name of Zion, and in poetry continued to be so until later times. There was a Salim in the southern part of Judah; a Salem in the wilderness on the road to Jericho; a Salem in the neighbourhood of Mount Ebal; and a Salem not far from Bethshan. Salem was sometimes used in place of Shechem, as it was in place of Jerusalem. The difficulty is to find a Salem in the vicinity of Abundant Water, which will, in other respects, meet the condition of the Gospel narrative. Four theories are strongly supported.

1. *The oldest theory is that of Eusebius.*—The Syrian Bishop places Ænon near to Salem, in the Jordan valley, eight miles north of the city, which in his day bore the name of Scythopolis. This city stood in the country of Issachar, in the province of Galilee, not far from the borders of Samaria. It was built on the site of Bethshan.—(*Onomasicon, sub voce, Ænon.*)

Eusebius lived in the third century and was a native of the soil. A bishop of Cæsarea, he had every means of collecting what was known about the holy places, and he wrote a special work on the subject. It is hard to stand out against the authority of such a man. Van de Velde and Grove followed him. Van de Velde found a place called Salem in the district indicated by Eusebius. He also found springs, and "abundance of water."

2. *The second theory is that of Wieseler.*—Finding Eusebius in contradiction with the Sacred Text, this critic sought for the site in Judæa. Now an Ain is mentioned in Joshua xv. 32, in close connection with a Salim and a Rimmon. These places lay in the southern part of the country of Judah, afterwards of Simeon. Now there is an Enon, in the south country, near to Rimmon of Simeon, which Wieseler contends is but a contraction of Ex-Rimmon. The name of Salem has disappeared; but here lies a great pool or reservoir, which forms a centre of attraction to all the wandering tribes. Ewald, Alford, and Pressensé adopt this theory, of which Lieutenant Conder has not yet heard.

3. *The third theory is that of Robinson.*—Rejecting Eusebius and



Wieseler, the American critic suggested a site for John's ministry about three miles eastward of Natalus. Here stands a modern village called Kefr Salem or Shalem. There is a village called Ain-im. There are no "abundant" waters at either Salem or Ain-im; but some four miles to the south of Ain-im, in the Wady Farah, there are copious springs. This site is adopted by Stanley and Conder.

4. *The fourth theory is that of Barclay.*—Unable to adopt any of these theories, Barclay sought through the region pointed out by the Gospel narratives, and was fortunate enough to find a Salem in the immediate neighbourhood of Ænon, a great spring, called by the natives Ain Farah. Here were abundant waters. This Salem, or Seleim, lies on the east of Scopus, in a rugged ravine, lonely and savage as the stony parts of Judah, which drops into the Wady Kelt—the ancient River Cherith—a place of singular interest to a Nazarite like John. Two natural gorges lead from Jerusalem to Jericho: one round the northern slope of Olivet, and by way of Bethany, down the Wady el Hanæ; a second by the northern slope of Olivet, and by way of Ain Farah, down the Wady Salem. Both fall into the Wady Kelt. The first was an easier, the second a shorter line. Roman science had been used to make the imperial road through Bethany safe for chariot and horsemen, while the second road remained a shepherd's track, only to be passed by men on foot. The springs rose on this peasant's track, three miles from the brow of Olivet. Such is the situation of Barclay's Ænon. This theory is adopted by Porter and many other writers. Study on the spot convinced me that this site—and no other—meets all the requirements of the Gospel histories. (*Holy Land*, ii. 67.)

Let me scan the evidence. Ænon being mentioned only once in the Gospel, no side light can be thrown on the site by other texts than those contained in the third chapter of St. John. To this text every point must be referred.

1. Fortunately, the Sacred Text supplies a limit line within which we must seek the site. This limit is the boundary of Judæa. If any similar fact is stated by John with literal precision, it is this fact—that John the Baptist was labouring in Judæa.

"After these things came Jesus and His disciples into the land of Judæa, and there He tarried with them and baptised, and John also was baptising in Ænon, near to Salim, because there was much water there."

The same local accuracy of touch describes our Lord's going away.

"When the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptised more disciples than John (though Jesus himself baptised not, but only His disciples), He left Judæa and departed again into Galilee."

Two facts are placed by these texts beyond dispute. 1. John was in Judæa. 2. John was at Ænon, near to Salim. Ænon, near to Salem, was therefore in Judæa; the words of our Evangelist exclude all Ains and Salems which lie beyond the frontiers of Judæa; then, the theories of Eusebius and Robinson, failing to harmonise with the Sacred Text, must be dismissed. Wieseler's theory is not in direct opposition to St. John. His Ain Schilhim, and Rimmon were in Judæa. There was water there. The pool or reservoir is not many miles south of Hebron, which an early Church tradition connects with John the Baptist; yet the spot lies south of the farthest limit ever given in ancient Church history to the Baptist's work. It is a frontier place, never likely to have been occupied by many Jews. It is too far away from Jerusalem. Barclay's identification answers to every word in the Sacred Text. It is in Judæa. It is in the district where John passed his youth. It is near Jerusalem, and the great Roman road to Jericho. Yet, while near to Olivet and Bethany, it is a lonely place, not frequented by princes and high-priests. It is on a short line from Zion to Jericho; the road of shepherds, peasants, and poor pilgrims. There was plenty of water then, as there is plenty of water now.

These springs near Olivet being found, there need be no further dispute about the site indicated in the narrative of St. John.

If this identification were allowed, we should recover a suggestive fact in the itineraries of our Lord—a subject full of difficulty, and to which hardly any serious attention has yet been paid. The yearly caravans of pilgrims for the Passover travelled from the gates of Jericho by way of the great Roman road to Bethany and Jerusalem, and it is assumed that our Lord and His disciples always took that imperial road. The text of St. John implies that He passed near the scene of John's ministry—that is to say, taking the peasant's track, not along the Roman road. Such a theory would unite with all the facts of His career. We know that He avoided imperial roads and cities. He never entered Sephoris, capital of Upper Galilee. He never entered Tiberias, capital of Lower Galilee. He passed the whole of His life in the vicinity of these great cities. Sephoris was only an hour's walk from Nazareth. Tiberias was visible not only from the lake, but from almost every village on the banks. It was a mere step from



Magdala, and hardly an hour's walk from Capernaum. Yet He never set His foot within their gates. Shechem and Jerusalem were treated in much the same style. He sat outside the gates of Shechem while His disciples went in on duty; but the duty done He went away. It is not known that He ever slept one night within the city walls. Many things, therefore, suggest that, at a moment when the Lord was being closely watched by emissaries of the Sanhedrin, He might avoid the imperial road from Jericho, and take the more rugged track used by shepherds and peasants. This mountain road would bring him up Wady Salem, near to that *Ænon* where John was baptising. Fix St. John's *Ænon* at the present Ain Farah, as the text suggests, and the itinerary becomes clear. Jesus and His disciples would ascend into the hill country, by the valley lying to the south of the mountain of the Temptation. This valley forks a little way below Salem: one prong climbing up towards Olivet, the other towards Geba and Bethel. Jesus and His disciples came from Galilee, by the Jordan road, "into the land of Judæa"; the land meaning the country parts, as distinct from the imperial town. He did not reach Jerusalem. The whole narrative implies that He was forced by the Pharisees to escape. "When, therefore, the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptised more disciples than John . . . He left Judæa, and departed again into Galilee." Nor could He safely turn back, and take the usual road by the Jordan bank. "He must *needs* go through Samaria." If our Lord turned His journey at Salem, He would pass up to Bethel, and thence to Jacob's hill in the neighbourhood of Shechem.

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# THE POLYNESIAN IN QUEENSLAND.

BY WILLIAM SENIOR (RED SPINNER).



NE of the burning questions in Queensland politics is that of the employment of Polynesian labourers or Kanakas in the colony, and should the present Ministry go to the country, as it is very likely to do before many months, very few candidates will have the ghost of a chance unless opposition to the South Sea Islander stand part of their programme. It is a question in Australia peculiar to Queensland. Queensland has the gold, the copper, the tin, the wool, the hides in common with other colonies; but it boasts as a very exclusive advantage the ability to grow sugar and many other tropical and semi-tropical products. When cotton failed—not because cotton, and good cotton too, could not be grown in Queensland, but because the scarcity of labour rendered it impossible for the producer to compete with the Southern States of America—the age of sugar set in. An Act was passed legalising and protecting the introduction of South Sea Islanders, and the Kanaka boys were soon to be seen upon the sugar plantations, apparently happily and certainly diligently cultivating the cane and converting it into sugar. The boys were to be had cheap, and soon they were hired for other spheres than sugar plantations. Employers of various kinds were found to like these dusky strangers, and they were encouraged. Then the white working man arose and protested against the Government supporting such a system of emigration, and just now a very popular cry is “European labour is being ruined and the white labourer starved by the employment of Polynesians off the sugar plantations.” The Government have been forced in consequence to introduce a Bill to amend their former Act.

The humanitarians, as we are in the habit at home of terming them, making common cause with the working men, have denounced the system as one of slavery, and have declared that the Polynesians are badly treated. A member of Parliament during the present session stated in the House that if the Polynesian labour system were known, with all its iniquities, in England, Exeter Hall would rise in its might, and the Colonial Secretary's



office in Downing Street would be besieged with indignant deputationists.

Having no prejudices one way or the other, it is difficult for a man like myself to decide what all the disturbance means. On the face of it, it is a little unexplainable. The opponents of the system say that the Kanakas are allowed to die off like rotten sheep, and liken their employers to Simon Legree. But there is scarcely a tittle of evidence to support this view. Isolated cases of ill-treatment there may be even now, but the law is strict and ample, and the Polynesians, from the moment of their arrival to the expiration of their term of labour, are under the eye of the Government. Away in the interior, where an employer would have to ride fifty miles before he could find his nearest neighbour's house, high-handed deeds may be possible, just as in certain industries at home abuses may creep in; but the advocates of the system, when on their defence, defy their accusers to prove that the ill-treatment of Kanakas is anything but an extremely exceptional occurrence. The opponents of Polynesian labour say the men are kidnapped, ill-treated when in the colony, and dangerous rivals to white labour. The employers of Kanakas demand proof instead of declamation, and point to the laws which hedge the system about, and they go further and ask "Is not this a free country? Have I not the right of employing an obedient servant who answers my purpose, and who, instead of being my master and putting his hands in his pockets and walking off at a critical time should I ever dare to control him, works cheerfully and submissively, giving me no insolence, and a minimum of trouble?" It is agreed amongst both parties that without the Polynesians there can be no sugar. White men cannot, will not, and do not work in the plantations under a terrible sun, and they are quite content to use the darkey in the field; some persons, I suppose, would be ill-natured enough to say—use him for their own ends. It is when the Kanaka gets into a store as porter or waggoner, or into agricultural or pastoral pursuits, that he is to be suppressed, lest he should interfere with the white man and his high wages.

Let us see about the kidnapping. I am, let us say, a sugar planter on the Mary River, and require twenty, thirty, or forty Kanakas. I make my wants known to the proper agents at Maryborough or Brisbane. Other employers having done the same, the agents go to the Colonial Secretary and declare that they require for *bonâ fide* purposes, as defined by the Act, a certain number of South

Sea Islanders. The Minister being satisfied gives governmental permission to bring the Polynesians into the colony, and the applicant enters into a bond to bring them properly. The agents forthwith despatch a recruiting vessel, generally a small topsail schooner, to the South Seas, their remuneration being such a sum per head as may have been agreed upon between themselves and the employers up country. What now is to hinder the captain of the recruiting vessel from obtaining his Polynesians by hook or crook? Simply this: every recruiting vessel carries on board a Government officer, whose special business it is to see that no native is taken on board against his will, and (presuming for a moment that the cruise has been successful) the islander is further protected on his arrival by the Government emigration agent, who boards the vessel, satisfies himself that the passengers have come of their own free will, that their relations with their future employers are explained and ratified by a legal document interpreted to them, and signed, sealed, and delivered by the contracting parties. With these precautions it is difficult to see where the "kidnapping" comes in; because, granted the possibility of a number of natives being forced on board by their chief "for a consideration," there is the lynx-eyed emigration agent in the Queensland ports to see that the men are immigrants of their own free will.

To return to the recruiting ship. I envy that Government officer his cruise amongst the lovely islands of the South Pacific. Sometimes the recruiting parties get spears and arrows instead of labourers: they pay for the misdeeds of others with their lives, as Bishop Patteson and Commodore Goodenough did. Happily the *raison d'être* of these "massacres" is justly recognised now as an evil that time will cure, and the Queensland recruiter is fully aware that his business requires that he should carry his life in his hands, and that at any moment he may have to suffer for the brutalities of other white men from other countries. Three times during the past six months reports of murderous attacks by the islanders have reached Queensland, and two of them were unfortunately but too well founded. One of them I will quote as a typical case, resulting in the murder of Captain Anderson. It is unfortunately evident that the poor fellow met with his death entirely from his own conduct. During the night, off one of the islands, a couple of natives who had been brought on board as recruits swam ashore (as they are quite at liberty to do if they have been forced on board against their will), and Anderson and the Government agent went ashore to recover them. The chief of the tribe met them saying that his men did



not wish to go to Queensland for three years—the usual term of servitude. Some dispute occurred about a couple of shirts which had been supplied to the men, and the captain pushed his way from the beach to the village—imprudence number one. He insisted, in temper, upon having a pig in lieu of a knife supplied to one of the runaways—loss of temper being imprudence number two. A pig was being led by at the time, and the captain ordered a couple of his native crew to seize it—imprudence number three. One of the tribe claimed the pig, and another cut the thong and set it at liberty. The captain then orders the boatman to catch it, and boatman draws his revolver and pursues the native who has cut the string—imprudence number four, and worst of all. Government officer takes away revolver, while chief rushes frantic with rage towards the recruiting party. The mischief is, however, done. Anderson draws his revolver (imprudence number five) and a *mille* ensues, during which he receives eight tomahawk wounds, any one of which is sufficient to cause death, and the Government agent flies for his life, and escapes in a marvellous manner to tell the sad tale.

Not long after the news arrives, on the authority of a missionary ship, that another schooner, the *May Queen*, has been attacked and burnt on the island of Tanna, and all hands killed and eaten. We had a few weeks before seen the little schooner sail from Brisbane, and the captain and Government agent were well known in the city. There was naturally great excitement, and in the shop windows of one of the leading opponents of the system speedily appeared the photograph of the murdered captain, with the sensational inscription—"Another victim. Killed and eaten." Three weeks later the *May Queen* arrived in the Brisbane river, all safe and sound, and as I write these words the Tanna islanders are singing joyously in the moonlight, as merry and happy as people can be, while in this evening's paper I read that the murdered captain proceeded against the anti-Polynesian shopkeeper for libel *à propos* of the exhibited photograph and sensational inscription. It cannot be denied that recruiting is a risky business, and nobody attempts to deny it: but extravagant excitement one way or another defeats a good object.

A week's sojourn upon three sugar plantations has afforded me the opportunity of seeing these "islanders" at work in a strange land. Certain it is that whoever regards them as poor kidnapped wretches, they themselves do not think they are anything of the kind. They are like big children, very passionate some-

times, and very docile as a rule. I saw them amongst the graceful foliage of the cane, in the crushing mills, and at the wharves, labouring with laughter and song, well clothed, well fed, and without any apparent care. We had a couple of them for a day or two pulling our boat on the Albert River while we shot duck, redbill, and an odd native bear or so, and their enthusiasm whenever a particularly good shot was made was fresh and joyous as that of a child. Nothing pleases them better than when massa gives them a charge or two of shot, or a fishing hook, for Sunday use. One day down by the seaside I suddenly, at the turn of a cliff, came upon five-and-twenty standing waist deep in the surf, fishing for whiting, and when they left off to eat their midday meal of rice and fish I smoked a pipe at their camp fire, and was made heartily welcome by my hosts, whose clothing went no further than a small strip of calico round the loins. I have seen the Kanakas in Brisbane when they had completed their three years of service, dressed in broadcloth and always radiant in gaily coloured necktie, smoking their cigars, and spending their wages (£18 for the three years) in single-barrel guns, ammunition, beads, or some article that will serve them better than coin when they reach their island home. To my knowledge many do not return, preferring to remain in the colony; others come back again bringing their friends with them. Some of my friends have a Kanaka boy about their houses to groom the horse, or nurse the children, and they have perfect confidence in them. Two or three ladies of my acquaintance, moved to the experiment by the success of others in the same direction, have sent for South Sea girls for domestic servants. I grant I may have seen the system at its best; but the general opinion of persons who have been intimately acquainted with it for years tallies with mine.

It is admitted, no doubt, that when the islanders are taken into the interior they ought to be looked well after, for the very nature of the system gives the employer notions of proprietorship. I have myself heard men speak of themselves as "owners" of their Kanaka hands. The Legislature are fully alive to this, and have placed a Bill upon the table "to make further provisions for securing to Polynesian labourers proper treatment and protection, and the due payment of their wages." They wish, in short, to make assurance doubly sure, and one of the most important clauses restricts the employment of the Polynesian to within thirty miles of the sea coast without a special permit from the Home Secretary. The captain of the recruiting ship will also have to pay £9 to the



emigration agent on behalf of each labourer on arrival, to secure his return passage money. In some cases, such as where estates fell into the hands of mortgagees—a not uncommon occurrence during colonial ups and downs—the Polynesians were cheated out of their wages; the new Act will decree the payment of the wages into the Government savings bank every quarter. The squatters will no doubt fight for the omission of the thirty mile clause, for it is evidently intended to prevent them from employing Polynesian labour.

A squatter poured out his troubles to me thus only yesterday :—  
“Mark you there is plenty of room for a sweeping amendment of the present Act, but I can tell you that in my district sheep-farming would be impossible without Kanakas. The white men all rush off to the gold-fields, and are not to be depended upon for a month at a time. In shearing and lambing time for two years running I have been nearly ruined by the white men in the most insolent manner deserting me at critical times, and, as you know, my station carries 16,000 sheep. Kanakas cheap labour? Not a bit of it. It takes two islanders to do one white man's work, and it costs us £10 a head to get them here. As for ill-treating the ‘boys,’ don't believe such a foolish thing. A sick or dead Kanaka is a dead loss; therefore from the lowest grounds it is to our interest to care for them.”

On the whole, it seems to me that however badly the Polynesian may be treated elsewhere, he is well treated in Queensland; he is a capital fellow, harmless, industrious, and bright, and I believe that while his presence is beneficial to the colony, his sojourn here is useful to him, and helps towards the civilisation of his fellows at home. He is far above the Australian aboriginal. During my visit to the sugar plantations on the Albert and Logan rivers, while I was talking to the police magistrate, a message was delivered to him announcing the murder by blacks of a white settler thirty miles off. True, we do not often hear of murders by the blacks, but they give immense trouble in the unsettled districts. The Kanakas give no trouble at all.



## VIVIAN GREY, LORD BEACONSFIELD.

BY THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.



VIVIAN GREY we have had with us any time these fifty years, notwithstanding the efforts made by a distinguished personage to suppress him. Lord Beaconsfield is a character far less familiar to the public mind, and a name much less accustomed on the public tongue. Indeed I much doubt whether when, at the close of last session, an astonished world heard that thenceforward Mr. Disraeli was to be known as "Lord Beaconsfield," there were a score of people who called to mind the fact that the title was not a new one. There was of course Lady Beaconsfield, but she was a peeress in her own right and by the grace of her husband, who with a chivalry all admired, and a courtliness that added a new charm to an interesting career, passed on to the brow of his wife a coronet pressed upon himself, but which he might have felt would be ungracious to refuse and ridiculous to accept. That creation of Mrs. Disraeli "Lady Beaconsfield" was an act which Vivian Grey himself, had he survived to witness it, would have highly approved. It was just such an episode as might appropriately have crowned his wondrous career, and would have made a much better ending of the novel than that tremendous thunderstorm in which Essper George disappears, and Vivian Grey is left alone by the corpse of a horse given to him by the son of a German prince, the while the thunder rolls and the blue and blinding lightning flashes. One night last session, when in an important debate the Premier suddenly changed front in the face of a growing opposition and added a statement which greatly altered an expressed Ministerial intention, he was sarcastically asked why he had not mentioned that before. "The honourable gentleman," he replied, with that deliberately solemn manner with which he was wont to preface a verbal audacity, "asks me why I did not say that before. I did not say it before because it did not occur to me." This, I fancy, must be the reason why Vivian Grey did not escape the sudden and never-before-heard-of thunderstorm, and, living to have a coronet pressed upon his acceptance, did not confer the title on his wife, remaining plain but singularly omnipotent Vivian Grey to the end of the chapter. It did not occur to Mr. Disraeli.



But when in the month of August last the "field" first saw the light, affixed to the bottom of the electors of Buckinghamshire, the name was Nor—and this is the strange coincidence—was written by the same hand. Fifty years ago, when he conceived the character of Lord Beaconsfield, he had no interest to study it under these exceptional circumstances. The first Lord Beaconsfield, created by the same mind that has made the present magnate in the county in which was situated the influence of the Marquis of Carabas, the elder statesman whom Vivian Grey, fresh from his tutorship and showed how he might gain the State. Mr. Disraeli does not devote much character of Lord Beaconsfield, for in his earlier life the Premier was not particular about dignity he has himself now assumed. Spoken of by Carabas, he observes biographically "The woodman in the fairy tale, was blest with a wit, was an idiot, and was destined for the career of a man of business, and was educated for the colonies. He was a *roué*, and was shipped for the colonies." The automatic enumeration of the qualifications demanded in life it will be noted that whilst Vivian Grey, Minister, has changed in one respect he is not another. That the House of Lords is a place where idiot sons are naturally destined is of course true. But that when a man has proved worthless he would scout more indignantly than the present Premier. But that when a man has proved worthless he is "shipped" for one of Her Majesty's dependencies, anything will do for the colonies—appears in the mind of Mr. Disraeli which age cannot wither. It will not be forgotten that during the debate of the last session nothing so profoundly ruffled the temper of Mr. Lowe, or so absolutely sullied his sluggish wrath, than Mr. Disraeli's profound knowledge of the colonists in the matter of the addition of a new gracious Sovereign. Mr. Lowe, whose consistency of others is well known, was much exercised when the Queen was to be named Empress of India, Cape of Good Hope, and particularly Australia, the omission of their names from the Royal

what is bred in the bone is brought out in the flesh, and amongst much that has "changed since then," Mr. Disraeli's youthful contempt for the colonies remained, and Mr. Lowe's caustic criticism, subsequently backed up by Mr. Forster's more ponderous denunciation, was unavailing.

But to return to Beaconsfield the First, the contemporary of Vivian Grey. What the noble lord and his family were like we gather from the following interesting conversation between two ladies at the Marquis of Carabas's dinner table, a dinner table at which sat "gartered peers and starred ambassadors, and baronets with blood older than the Creation, and squires to the antiquity of whose veins chaos was a novelty."

"So you have got the Beaconsfields here, Miss Graves; nice, unaffected, quiet people."

"Yes, very quiet."

"As you say, Miss Graves, very quiet, but a little heavy."

"Yes, heavy enough."

A little later, when Vivian Grey, who next to Mr. Disraeli himself ran the most wonderful career ever trod by man, is arranging the *personnel* of an Opposition that is to upset the Government, Lord Beaconsfield is again mentioned; and thus: Mr. Cleveland, a commoner to whom Vivian Grey goes to offer the leadership of a party which is composed chiefly of peers of the realm, asks "Who is mover of the party?"

"My Lord Courtown," Vivian Grey answered, "is a distinguished member of it."

"Courtown," says Cleveland, "Courtown; powerful enough, but surely the good Viscount's skull is not exactly the head for the chief of a cabal."

The good Viscount's skull, forsooth! But there is worse to follow.

"There is my Lord Beaconsfield."

"Powerful too—but a doll."

Once more the first Lord Beaconsfield is lightly sketched by the successor of the title. When cataloguing the various offices of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, the author of "*Vivian Grey*" writes: "She copied letters for Sir Berdmore, composed letters for Lord Courtown, and construed letters to Lord Beaconsfield." Here again we have set forth in Mr. Disraeli's familiar epigrammatic style the various stages of intellectual contempt for hereditary dullness. Sir Berdmore, being a baronet and standing but two removes from the untitled throng, was qualified to write his own letters, and was even suffi-



ciently attractive to induce a lady to copy them for him. Lord Courtown, being a peer of comparatively modern creation and of popular views, was so far gifted with intelligence that whilst not possessing literary art, and therefore deficient in power of expression, he had a pretty clear conception of what he wanted to say, and only needed an amanuensis to cast his thoughts in due epistolary form. But for Lord Beaconsfield, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror, who owned half a county, and who inherited with his family park and father's title the disposition of the votes of half a dozen boroughs, he is presented to the indulgent reader as a man who could not understand the meaning of the letters he was in the habit of receiving, and was fain to submit them to a woman in order to have their meaning construed!

Those were terrible days for the English peerage when this fierce Disraeli the Younger was going about smiting them hip and thigh. Amongst the many things which the Lord Beaconsfield whom we know in the flesh has reason to be thankful for is the good fortune which cast his lot in other days than those contemporaneous with the hot youth of Mr. Disraeli. He would have suffered sorely at the hands of that young gentleman, and I fear our critical biographical literature must remain for ever incomplete inasmuch as we cannot have the character of the second Lord Beaconsfield done by Disraeli the Younger.

As for Vivian Grey himself, as drawn by Disraeli the Younger, he offers from every point of view an exact and strongly-marked contrast to the Lord Beaconsfield of fiction. He is a man of the people; Lord Beaconsfield is an hereditary noble. Vivian Grey is bright; Lord Beaconsfield is dull. To Vivian Grey, as to Ancient Pistol, the world was an oyster which he with sword would open. Lord Beaconsfield had his oysters opened for him by men wearing his own livery, and if his lordship had chanced to have been placed in such circumstances that he could not get at the mollusc without opening the shell himself, he would have been fain to go oysterless all his life. For Lord Beaconsfield everything had been done since the moment he happened to be born; Vivian Grey had to do everything for himself, and gloried in the exceeding ability with which he did it. But if with the first Lord Beaconsfield Vivian Grey had nothing in common, with the second he might well have shared the motto which the newly-made peer made his own when he assumed the coronet. Vivian Grey dared to undertake all sorts of impossible things, and he overcame in a manner that we should be incl

to regard as impossible if we were not familiar with the career of Mr. Disraeli. Young in years and, as we gather from a chance remark, radiant as to his eyes, luxuriant in locks, and all perfect in form, Vivian Grey possessed in a superhuman degree the art of inspiring the people whom he met with an unquestioning confidence in him. He felt equal to anything, which is a characteristic not uncommon among young men. But he also by some subtle essence compelled people with whom he came in contact to share his belief in himself—and that, as many neglected geniuses know, is a much more difficult matter.

He was omnipotent equally with men and women. Perhaps if the balance incline on either side it would be just to say that his tremendous attraction for women—always young, beautiful, rich, and clever women—was rather more marked than that he wielded over his fellow-men. Burns wrote of a charming Ayrshire lass:—

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made anither.

The verse is equally applicable to Vivian Grey, except inasmuch as it does not go far enough. Nature made him incomparable; but he did not disdain the auxiliary aid of art, and his clothes were as perfect as his figure. The combination was fatal to hapless woman, and she felt at the glance of Vivian Grey as the doves at Hurlingham feel under the fire of the breech-loader. Perhaps the most remarkable part of this business was that Vivian Grey never deliberately approached a woman with those arts which come under the name of "making love." There was the lady and there was Vivian Grey, and before the most practised novel-reader would suspect such a thing the lady was hanging on Vivian Grey's neck, and he—to do him justice, always equal to the occasion—was breathing passionate protestations in her ear. In the ninth chapter of the first book Vivian, finding himself alone with Miss Manvers, niece of the Marquis of Carabas, is just on the verge of receiving a pledge of her suddenly developed affection when her mamma turns upon the verandah and calls her to go out for a walk. In the fourth chapter of the second book Mrs. Felix Lorraine tries to poison Vivian, a design which he detects and frustrates. In the sixth chapter of the same book we find this same Mrs. Lorraine "grasping Vivian with a feverish hand," and observing to him, "You worship an omnipotent and ineffable essence. Shrined in the secret chamber of your soul there is an image before which you



bow down in adoration, and that image is YOURSELF. And truly, when I do gaze upon your radiant eyes,' and here the lady's tone became terrestrial; 'and truly when I do look upon your luxuriant curls,' and here the lady's small white hand played like lightning through Vivian's dark hair; 'and truly when I do remember the beauty of your all-perfect form, I cannot deem your self-worship a false idolatry,' and here the lady's arms were locked round Vivian's neck, and her head rested on his bosom."

And all this in despite of the fact that Mr. Felix Lorraine was yet alive!

Shortly after this, Vivian, being on the Continent, meets a lovely creature, whose "small aquiline nose, bright hazel eyes, delicate mouth, and the deep colour of her lips were as remarkable as the transparency of her complexion." "The blue veins played beneath her arched forehead like lightning beneath a rainbow." Her name was Violet Fane, and she was engaged to Mr. St. George. Nothing particular happens for some time, till one day at a picnic Vivian and Miss Fane become separated from the party, amongst whom was the young lady's affianced husband. It was evening and rather late. "Unseen were the circling wings of the fell bat; unheard the screech of the waking owl; silent the drowsy hum of the shade-born beetle . . . Was it Hesperus Vivian gazed upon or something else that gleamed brighter than an evening star? Even as he thought that his gaze was fixed on the countenance of Nature he found that his eyes rested on the face of Nature's loveliest daughter.

"'Violet! dearest Violet!'"

That is all. In another minute "her hand was in his, her head sank upon his breast," and all seemed well. But the suddenness of the whole thing, though natural enough to Vivian, was too much for Miss Fane, and sinking down on the road, she died straight off. As for Vivian, he "gave a loud shriek and fell on the lifeless body of VIOLET FANE!"—where the chapter leaves him. And thus all awkward explanations are rendered unnecessary.

Once more Vivian, without the slightest effort on his own part, enchains the heart of lovely woman. This time the unfortunate is no one less than the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, who has been given in marriage to the Crown Prince of a neighbouring State. But, alas! the Archduchess sees Vivian, and the usual results follow.

"She turned. She exclaimed in an agitated voice: 'Oh friend, too lately found, why have we met to part?'"

"'To part, dearest!' said Vivian, who by this time was getting accustomed to these little emergencies. 'To part!' and he gently took her hand. 'Why should we part?'

"His arm is round her waist—gently he bends his head—their speaking eyes meet, and their trembling lips cling into a kiss."

The newly made lovers meet again, and the Archduchess is "sobbing convulsively on Vivian's shoulder," when the Prime Minister, who has charge of the matrimonial negotiations, turns up "with a face deadly white, his full eyes darting from their sockets like a hungry snake's, and the famous Italian dagger in his right hand." Half an hour later Vivian is peacefully leaving the country, and just as we hear no more of the juvenile Julia Manvers, of the fell-purposed Mrs. Felix Lorraine, of the suddenly-deceased Violet Fane, so we hear no more of the unfortunate Archduchess. There is nothing to equal the suddenness of the ignition of the fire of love in the heart of Vivian Grey unless it be the abruptness of its extinction. There was no twilight in the land of his affections. Darkness broke at a bound into day, and from the blinding sunlight he lapsed into Cimmerian darkness.

These are, however, but episodes in the life of Vivian Grey, and are cited here merely to show the invincible power of his presence, which overcame even where he put forth no effort. Very early in life he seriously devoted himself to great ends. At nineteen he "had all the desires of a matured mind, was a cunning reader of human hearts, and felt conscious that his was a tongue which was born to guide human beings." How should he obtain his opportunity? "The Bar, pooh! law and bad jokes till we are forty, and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. Besides, to succeed as an advocate I must be a great lawyer, and to be a great lawyer I must give up my chance of being a great man. The Services in war time are fit only for desperadoes (and that truly am I), but in peace are fit only for fools. The Church is more rational. Let me see: I should certainly like to act Wolsey—but the thousand and one chances are against me! And truly I feel my destiny should not be on a chance. Were I the son of a millionaire or a noble, I might have all. Curse on my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, and the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortune!"

Still musing on his future lot, Vivian makes what he believes to be "the Grand Discovery." "'Riches are power,' says the economist, 'And is not Intellect?' asks the philosopher." There is a strange familiarity about this train of thought. It brings to mind



the famous memorandum made by a distinguished man in a far off country which ran somewhat in this form (I quote from memory, and do not attempt the peculiar orthography):—"Some people has plenty of brains and no money, and some people has plenty of money and no brains. Them as has brains and no money must get money from them as has money and no brains." But Vivian Grey continues his self-communing in a higher strain than the unfortunate nobleman who now languishes in prison was accustomed to. "Why," he goes on to ask, "have there been statesmen who have never ruled, and heroes who have never conquered? Why have glorious philosophers died in a garret? and why have there been poets whose only admirer has been Nature in her echoes? It must be that these beings have thought only of themselves, and, constant and elaborate students of their own glorious natures, have forgotten or disdained the study of all others. Yes! we must mix with the herd; we must enter into their feelings; we must humour their weaknesses; we must sympathise with the sorrows that we do not feel, and share the merriment of fools. Oh, yes! to rule men we must be men; to prove that we are strong, we must be weak; to prove that we are giants, we must be dwarfs, even as the Eastern Geni was hid in the charmed bottle. Our wisdom must be concealed under folly, and our constancy under caprice."

The Vivian Grey of fiction finally withdraws, as I have said, in a thunderstorm, and we do not know how far in later life he carried out the principles here enunciated. But if Mr. Disraeli had written this passage in the secret pages of his diary, and it were now come to light, how men would clap their hands and marvel at the constancy with which he had preserved the character laid down for himself when setting out on his career! There have been times when—as, for example, during his management of the Royal Titles Bill—the concealment of wisdom under folly and of constancy under caprice has been so successful as to deceive the keenest observer.

It would be interesting to follow Vivian Grey step by step through a career which has no parallel in romance, and only one in real life. But the task would be too long. We find written in the pages which it must always be remembered are not a diary that "it was one of the first principles of Mr. Vivian Grey that everything was possible. Men did fail in life, to be sure, and, after very little was done by the generality; but still all these, and all this inefficiency might be traced to a want of physical mental courage. Some men were bold in their con-

splendid heads of a grand system, but when the day of battle came they turned out very cowards, while others, who had nerve enough to stand the brunt of the hottest fire, were utterly ignorant of military tactics, and fell before the destroyer, like the brave untutored Indian before the civilised European. Now Vivian Grey was conscious that there was at least one person in the world who was no craven either in body or mind, and so had long come to the comfortable conclusion that it was impossible that his career could be anything but the most brilliant." And brilliant it proved beyond measure. On the Continent not less than at home did statesmen turn to Vivian, and not only ask his advice, but blindly follow it. English peers and German princes alike seek his counsel, and well may he, at the beginning of the seventh book, "when he called to mind the adventures of the last six days, wonder at his singular fate." In that short time he had saved the life of a powerful prince, and was immediately singled out, without any exertion on his part, as the object of this prince's friendship. The moment he arrives at his castle, by a wonderful contingency he becomes the depository of important State secrets, and assists in a consultation of the utmost importance with one of the most powerful Ministers in Europe."

"Wonderful" indeed; and rare good fortune for the student of character that "*Vivian Grey*" should have been written whilst the hot blood of youth coursed through the veins of Mr. Disraeli, and he wrote with the recklessness of a boy who takes no account of the legacy he may be leaving to the man. This "*Vivian Grey*" has been a terrible thorn in the side of Mr. Disraeli, and with what feelings it will be regarded by the Earl of Beaconsfield may be gathered from some of the extracts given above, pertaining more particularly to what in the House of Commons is called "another place." Mr. Disraeli has himself done all he could to suppress the inconveniently ingenuous book. "For more than a quarter of a century," as he states in a preface written in 1853, he refused to reprint it, and it was not to be had in England save in contraband form. But naturally these efforts only served to defeat their own purpose. The American and continental presses kept the book alive, and when, twenty-three years ago, Mr. Disraeli supervised a general edition of his works he reluctantly consented to include in it this prodigal son of his literary family, at the same time stigmatising it as "a kind of literary *lusus*," and snubbing it with the lofty remark that "books written by boys, which pretend to give a picture of manners and to deal in knowledge of human nature, must necessarily be founded on affectation."



"Vivian Grey" is an intensely interesting book, not because of its intrinsic merit—though that is very marked—but by reason of the insight it affords into the mind and ways of thought of a man then comparatively unknown, or at best notorious, who has since written his name in large letters over a long succession of pages of English history. To parody a well-known axiom, I should say that a man who would know Lord Beaconsfield should spend his nights and days with "Vivian Grey." In a passage in the real life of Mr. Disraeli, presently to be referred to, there is an animated controversy on the question of the then youthful politician's consistency. The evidence was rather against Mr. Disraeli on the particular point at issue. But one cannot read the novel without being struck by the singular consistency, not only of character but of mannerism, as between the living Vivian Grey and the flesh and blood Lord Beaconsfield. I will cite two instances: one showing how the use of a word clings to a man through half a century, and the second showing how the principle evolved from the inner consciousness of a boy just out of his teens can move the veteran statesman. In "Vivian Grey" a word which occurs several times, and often in strange company, is the adjective "eminent." For an example of its strange use take the description of Château Désir. We are told that it was situated "in the midst of a park of great extent and eminent for scenery." That is surely an unaccustomed use of a well-sounding adjective. But it is not less peculiar than the Prime Minister's use of it one night last session when he had occasion to refer to Henry VIII. There are historical reasons that make it difficult to hit upon a good round epithet with which to compliment this Sovereign. For the purpose of his argument it was necessary that Mr. Disraeli should raise the adoption of a new title in the estimation of his audience, and the difficulty of praising this particular adoption evidently had not occurred to him till as he spoke he mentally searched for a safe and yet resonant adjective. He hummed and ha'ed, shrugged his shoulders, put his hands in his coat-tail pockets, drew them out again, placed them on the despatch-box on the table before him, and then, all else failing, his familiar friend came to his aid, and the House of Commons, with ill-suppressed laughter, heard the Defender of the Faith referred to "as that EMINENT monarch Henry VIII." "Eminent," as those accustomed to hear the Prime Minister will upon reflection call to mind, is to this day a favourite word of Lord Beaconsfield's, is always much mouthed in the utterance, frequently put to strange uses.

As to the principle, Vivian Grey always made a point of ingratiating himself with persons with whom he came in contact by confidentially uttering dicta on subjects in which they were specially interested, and in which he himself was absolutely ignorant. Thus, when he desired to win the favour of Lady Courtown, who was a good whip, "he entrusted her in confidence with some ideas of his own about martingales, a subject which he assured her ladyship had been the object of his mature consideration." When a little later Vivian meets Mrs. Felix Lorraine, he remarked "How pleasant Lady Courtown and I used to discourse about martingales. I think I invented one, did not I? Pray, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, can you tell me what a martingale is, for upon my honour I have forgotten or never knew." In later life, when Vivian Grey became one of Her Majesty's Ministers, we know he was wont to discourse with the pleasant electors of Bucks upon shorthorns and the mysteries of cross-breeding. What remark he made to confidential friends after the discourse was over we perhaps shall never know.

Laying down the novel, and regarding Vivian Grey as he appeared in actual life more than fifty years ago, we shall find fact scarcely less moving than fiction. The son of a man whose view of the universe was bounded by the walls of his library, and who asked for nothing better than that he should be left alone with his books, Benjamin Disraeli was originally destined for the law. He was placed in the office of a firm of attorneys in Old Jewry, but does not appear to have stayed there long, and was soon heard of in the literary world. In 1826, the author being then in his twenty-first year, the first volume of "Vivian Grey" appeared and created a great sensation. The subjective character of the work was at once recognised, and the future Premier was as well known fifty years ago by the *alias* of Vivian Grey as he was by the name he at that time desired to be spoken of—to wit, Disraeli the Younger. He was well received in good society, and was a favourite visitor at the Countess of Blessington's. Here is a picture of him, drawn by a chance visitor at the Countess of Blessington's. "D'Israeli," as the name was spelt in those days, "had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gilt of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, a conspicuous object. D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and, but for the energy of his action and the



strength of his lungs, would seem to be a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a perfectly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to a collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously 'with thy incomparable oil, Macassar!'

It was not only in dress that the young Disraeli sparkled. "He talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out into every burst. Victor Hugo and his extraordinary novels came under discussion, and D'Israeli, who was fired by his own eloquence, started off, *à propos des bottles*, with a long story of impalement he had seen in Upper Egypt"—a subject which of itself fixes the date of this conversation many years back, for, as we have heard from Mr. Disraeli in one of the last speeches delivered by him in the House of Commons, in the East people "generally terminate their connection with culprits in a more expeditious manner."

Mr. Disraeli made his first attempt to enter Parliament through the borough of High Wycombe. It was the memorable year 1832, and the Tory Leader of the days-to-be presented himself before the electors as a good Radical, carrying the recommendations of Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, whose "Eugene Aram" had been a year published, and who was then the untitled member for St. Ives. He also bore the stamp of the approval of Daniel O'Connell, Sir Francis Burdett, and Joseph Hume. A book is now issuing from the press in the modest form of sixpenny numbers\* which affords a vivid picture, drawn from contemporaneous records, of the scenes attendant upon this election, and is in other respects a most valuable contribution to a biography of the Prime Minister. The author, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, quotes from the *Bucks Herald* of the day an account describing Mr. Disraeli's public entry into the town, an entry accomplished in an open carriage drawn by four horses. "The candidate," writes the observant reporter, "kissed his hand, or blew kisses—we cannot say which—to all the females that were at the windows, bowing profoundly at times to his

\* "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." London: Goubaud & Son.

friends." He lost no time in proceeding to business, and climbing upon the porch before the door of the Red Lion, he addressed the crowd in a speech which even the *Bucks Herald*, shocked by the frivolities recorded and distressed by its own inability to decide whether Mr. Disraeli kissed his hand or blew kisses, admits was "of some ability." Strange to say, whilst the Tory journal is thus unfriendly towards the candidate, the organ of the Liberal party, the *Bucks Gazette*, is positively withering. It stigmatises the young candidate as an "Adonis of the sable cheek," though why sable is not clear, seeing that according to another contemporary authority the hue of Mr. Disraeli's countenance was "lividly white." It contemns the cambric on his wrists, the lace on his bosom, the blue band round his hat, the black cane with the gold head, the coat lined with pink silk, and the glossy ringlets,—“the luxuriant curls” with which Mrs. Felix Lorraine’s “small white hand played like lightning.” “Such a man, we had almost said such a popinjay,” the *Bucks Gazette* observes in its uncontrollable scorn, “appears to say, ‘Look on my antagonist and look on me. See him, plain in his attire, plain in his speech. Behold me; will you not vote for a person of my blandishments? and the author of the novel?’”

But the blandishments failed, and the electors of High Wycombe were proof against the pink silk lining, the blue band on the hat, the gold-knobbed stick, and the locks elsewhere found irresistible. At this epoch, the Reform Bill being yet before the House, it appeared that after an exhaustive polling a total of thirty-five electors were brought up to decide the part that High Wycombe should take in controlling the destinies of the British Empire. “At five o’clock in the afternoon Mr. D’Israeli retired, when the numbers were, for Grey twenty-three, D’Israeli twelve.” It is interesting to know, on the authority of the *Bucks Gazette*, that even at this late stage of the day, and after the determined efforts of the canvassers, “there were two more to poll in the Grey interest.” I suppose they had been holding out for an additional five-pound note, and even at this long distance of time, and whilst engaged upon the consideration of so momentous a career as that of Mr. Disraeli, one cannot look back without satisfaction upon the fate which befell that grasping couple of free and independent electors of High Wycombe. The far-reaching stretch of forty-four years placed between us and them may not dim the lines and colours of the picture mentally conjured of their despair when “at five o’clock Mr. D’Israeli retired,” and instead of the extra five pounds they got nothing at all.



In August of the same year Parliament was dissolved, and Wycombe was once more appealed to by Mr. Disraeli in an address which, if it were not too long to quote, I should like to give in support of the assertion already hazarded of the singular manner in which the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Her Majesty's Minister of State, preserves the mannerisms, even of phrase, which marked Disraeli the Younger. "And now," he says in this address, which bears date the 1st of October, 1832—"And now I call upon every man who values the independence of our borough, upon every man who desires the good government of this once great and happy country, to support me in this struggle against that rapacious, tyrannical, and incapable faction who, having knavishly obtained power by false pretences, sillily suppose that they will be permitted to retain it by half measures, and who, in the course of their brief but disastrous career, have contrived to shake every great interest of the empire to its centre." A more famous address of modern date, in which people who differ from Mr. Disraeli were described as having harassed every trade and worried every interest, is obviously but an echo of this burst of youthful thunder.

It was not till the year 1837 that Mr. Disraeli reached the goal of his ambition and took his seat in the House of Commons. It is the borough of Maidstone that has the honour of having first returned him. But between 1832 and 1837 he was by no means idle, having *pour passer le temps* twice contested High Wycombe, offered himself as candidate for the representation of the county, issued an address to the electors of Marylebone, and fought a pitched battle with Mr. Henry Labouchere for the representation of Taunton. It was during his canvass at Taunton, in the year 1835, that he came in contact with Daniel O'Connell, and gave rise to a passage of arms between himself and the Liberator which, apart from its personal bearing, is interesting as affording a glimpse of the political manners of forty years ago. At Taunton Mr. Disraeli had, according to the newspaper reports, branded O'Connell as "a traitor and an incendiary." Mr. O'Connell, speaking a few days later in Dublin, referred to this attack, and after giving a rapid sketch of Mr. Disraeli's political career since the time when, armed with a letter from the man he now assailed, he first offered himself as a candidate for High Wycombe, the Liberator proceeds:—

Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is—he is a liar. He is a liar in action and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species.

What state of society must that be that could tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse? His life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her society a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. My language is harsh, and I owe an apology for it, but I will tell you why I owe that apology. It is for this reason, that if there be harsher terms in the British language I should use them, because it is the harshest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of his species. He is just the fellow for the Conservative Club. I suppose if Sir Robert Peel had been out of the way when he was called upon to take office, this fellow would have undertaken to supply his place. He has falsehood enough, depravity enough, and selfishness enough, to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives. He is Conservatism personified. His name shows he is by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is the better for that in this world, and I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great nation—the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians—but no person ever yet was a Christian who persecuted. The cruellest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the foul names which their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecution of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual force and the tyranny of actual torture. I have the happiness of being acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and among them, more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better educated gentlemen I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of D'Israeli as the descendant of a Jew that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them, however, also, and it must have certainly been from one of those that D'Israeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the Cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been D'Israeli. For aught I know the present D'Israeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the Cross.

On the report of this speech reaching London, Mr. Disraeli challenged Mr. O'Connell's son to fight a duel, O'Connell himself having, since he shot D'Esterre, publicly vowed that he would never more accept a challenge. The duel was not arranged, but Mr. Disraeli fired off a letter addressed to O'Connell, which he commenced thus:—"Mr. O'Connell,—Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilisation, still I am one who will not be insulted even by a yahoo without chastising it." The concluding passage is worth giving as being as effective and more intelligible than the ejaculatory rejoinder Mr. O'Connell drew from the old Dublin apple woman with whom he in a manner similarly heartily engaged in a scolding match:—

*"I admire your scurrilous allusion to my origin," Mr. Disraeli continues. "It*



is clear that the 'hereditary bondsman' has already forgotten the clank of his fetters. I know the tactics of your Church—it clamours for toleration, and it labours for supremacy. I see that you are quite prepared to persecute. With regard to your taunts as to my want of success in my election contests, permit me to remind you that I had nothing to appeal to but the good sense of the people. No threatening skeletons canvassed for me. A death's-head and cross-bones were not blazoned on my banners. My pecuniary resources, too, were limited. I am not one of those public beggars that we see swarming with their obtrusive boxes in the chapels of your creed; nor am I in possession of a princely revenue arising from a starving race of fanatical slaves."

This is a hit at the national subscription which the Irish people laid at the feet of the Liberator.

Nevertheless, I have a deep conviction that the hour is at hand when I shall be more successful, and take my place in that proud assembly of which Mr. O'Connell avows his wish to be no longer a member. I expect to be a representative of the people before the repeal of the Union. We shall meet at Philippi; and rest assured that, confident in a good cause and in some energies which have been not altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you at the same time remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon—BENJAMIN DISRAELI."

This, in respect alike of attack and rejoinder, is very vigorous, and Mr. Disraeli's share in it suggests one reason why Mr. Kenealy should have dedicated to him that charming production entitled "A New Pantomime." A stanza from the poetical work of the Member for Stoke will show how that great master of abuse disports himself upon occasion. It is one of the leading characters in the Pantomime who speaks :—

Shatter-pate, swing-buckler, boggler,  
Chatterpil, bamboozler, dodger;  
Meacock, buzzer, poor fop-doodle,  
You're a pretty first floor lodger!  
Snuffler, loggerhead, and splutterer,  
Beetlebrow, gull-catcher, viper,  
Hiccius-docius, bull-eyed stutterer,  
I will make you pay the piper.

One can imagine how deeply Mr. Disraeli, when he read the "New Pantomime," may have repented that it had not appeared thirty years earlier. Even O'Connell, with his rich and carefully cultivated vocabulary of vituperation, must have succumbed had his antagonist been in a position to quote in reply to him the full roll of the thirty-two lines from Mr. Kenealy's poem of which I give the concluding eight.

That this correspondence with O'Connell was not a spasmodic

and exceptional effort will appear from the following extract published in the *Times* of the 9th of January, 1836. It should be premised that the editor of the *Globe* had been "saying things" about the circumstances under which Mr. Disraeli, at this epoch a Tory, had sought the suffrages of Wycombe as a Radical. Mr. Disraeli writes to the *Times* :—

Like the man who left off fighting because he could not keep his wife from supper, the editor of the *Globe* has been pleased to say that he is disinclined to continue this controversy because it gratifies my "passion for notoriety." The editor of the *Globe* must have a more contracted mind, and a paltrier spirit, than even I imagined, if he can suppose for a moment that an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like himself can gratify the passion for notoriety of one whose works, at least, have been translated into the languages of polished Europe, and circulate by thousands in the New World. It is not, then, my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the *Globe* by the nose, and to inflict sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body; to make him eat dirt, and his own words, fouller than any filth; but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a niere thing, stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the *soi-disant* director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics.

It is thirty-nine years ago, this very month of December, that Mr. Disraeli made his first speech in the House of Commons. He had scarcely become familiar with the look of the place; but it was part of his creed that he was at home anywhere and that circumstances were to be controlled by him, and not he by circumstances. His *débüt* was a matter of mark even in the House of Commons. A young man, he had succeeded in getting himself talked about from the highest circle to the lowest. He had written the most popular novel of the day. He had, single-handed, fought half a dozen elections. He had entered worthily into the lists of vituperation with the illustrious O'Connell. He had challenged to a duel the Liberator's son. He had dared everybody, had delighted in defiance, and had revelled in revilings. Nor in personal appearance was he a man who might rise in a popular assembly without attracting attention. The "popinjay" of High Wycombe, with his pink tails, his ruffled lace, and his dash of blue on the crest, had toned down to the quieter colours of "a bottle-green frock coat" and a "white waistcoat." But what he lacked in varied hues as compared with his High Wycombe garb he made up by the display of a collection of gold chains hung like trellis-work about his waistcoat, whilst "large fancy pattern pantaloons and a black tie, above which no



shirt-collar was visible," completed his attire. "A countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustered ringlets of black hair, which, combed away from the right temples, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek."

"Mr. Disraeli's appearance and manner," writes Mr. Jan Grant, an eye-witness of the scene, "were very singular. His dress also had much of a theatrical aspect. His black hair was long and flowing, and he had a most ample crop of it. His gestures were abundant—he even appeared as if trying with swiftness he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again. At other times he flourished one hand before his face and then the other. His voice, too, is of a very unusual kind. It is powerful, should it ever have justice done to it by practice; but there is something peculiar in it which I am at a loss to characterise. His utterance is rapid and he never seemed at a loss for words." Through forty years Mr. Disraeli has preserved the gestures here described, and when he finds occasion to be righteously indignant with honourable or right honourable gentlemen opposite, you may see this vigorous action of the opened hands thrown outward and drawn back, and though less frequently, the other gesture noted, of the hands alternately flourished before his face.

The occasion of his maiden speech, made on the 7th of December 1837, was a motion relating to Sir Francis Burdett's share in furnishing the famous Spottiswoode Subscription, the object of which was to supply the sinews of war to Protestant candidates for Irish seats. Mr. O'Connell had been drawn into the debate, and as the Liberator sat down Mr. Disraeli rose from the Conservative side where he had taken his seat on entering the House. It was reasonably expected that the House was about to enjoy a treat from this audacious young member, who had already taken a masterly degree in the art of vituperation. But inasmuch as it was an attack upon O'Connell, the speech was weak and vague, and the House speedily began to manifest its impatience. Mr. Disraeli, as is clear from a careful study of the address, had come down primed with a few keen sayings, and till these were reeled off he had no intention of resuming his seat. The House laughed, cried "Oh!" and "Question!" but Mr. Disraeli, though evidently floundering, was plucky to the last. "I wish I really could induce the House to give me five minutes more," he plaintively said, after battling for some moments with the storm of interruption. The House

answered with a roar of laughter, and finding it thus in good humour Mr. Disraeli started off once more. But it was no use. After various efforts to gain a hearing, and after making some points, the brilliant wit of which would not disgrace his later fame, the ambitious young member was obliged to confess himself beaten. Let us take the concluding sentences of the speech as they appear in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 8th of December, 1837, with their graphic marks of interruption. "I think, sir—('Hear! hear!' and repeated cries of 'Question! question!') I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception I have received. (Continued laughter.) I have begun several times many things—(laughter)—and I have often succeeded at last. (Fresh cries of 'Question!') Ay, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me."

The time came, as we all know, and it was improved till the youth in the bottle-green coat has lived to be Lord Beaconsfield, Prime Minister of England, and leader of a party which can never fully acknowledge, even were it generously inclined, the debt it owes to him who forty years ago ambled down the floor of the House of Commons to bend his scented locks over the roll of Parliament, the while he wrote with many flourishes the signature "B. D'Israeli." An American writer, moralising on the unexpected and profoundly-to-be-regretted stooping of this great man to the height marked by a coronet, observes:—"All that can now be said of the Earl of Beaconsfield in the splendid exile of the Upper Chamber is that the old man under the Beaconsfield coronet, the peer without ancestry and without descendants, was once Benjamin Disraeli." A great deal more, nevertheless, will be said when the history of the last quarter of a century comes to be written. But to my mind, taking up the first novel written by Mr. Disraeli, and looking through the thin disguise of the fiction upon the vain, restless, clever, self-reliant, unbefriended adventurer who wrote it, language has no power to tell in briefer form, nor may thought cast in sharper outline, the wonderful history, the proud achievements of Benjamin Disraeli, than will result from the mere combination of his earliest and his latest names—Vivian Grey, Lord Beaconsfield!



# CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS LETTERS

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## PART I.

**B**EAMING in look, alert in manner, radiant with good humour, genial-voiced, gay, the very soul of enjoyment, fun, good taste, and good spirits, admirable in organising details and suggesting novelty of entertainment, Charles Dickens was of all beings the very man for holiday season, and in singularly exceptional holiday fashion was it my good hap to pass almost every hour that I spent in his society; for I was with him during one of the most festive period of the famous series of amateur theatrical performances; I formed one of the party in the delightful journeys to the various places where we were to act; I had the privilege to be present at the hilarious suppers after the acting; I was among the guests at two or three choice little dinner parties at his house, and attended some brilliant assemblies at which art, music, and literature were nobly represented; I took part in a dress rehearsal at Devonshire House when Bulwer's drama "Not so Bad as We Seem" was played by Dickens and some of his friends; and I had a character to sustain in a performance at Tavistock House of a piece called "The Lighthouse," expressly written to display the fine points of Dickens's and Mark Lemon's supremely good powers of acting.

It has been before mentioned\* that when I first offered Charles Dickens to join his company in 1848 to enact *Dame Quickly* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which he was then proposing, he did not at first comprehend that my offer was made in earnest; but on my writing to assure him that I was serious he sent me the following letter, which I must confess threw me into strange raptures; for, apart from the proud gratification it afforded me to be associated with Charles Dickens in so notable an enterprise, I was possessed with a strong taste for acting, a taste which I never dared hope to gratify, and this was a mode of gratifying it beyond anything I could have dreamed of. I ran with the letter to my

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\* See page 217 *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1876.

another, who never failed to sympathise with me in my wildest fits of gladness, and read and re-read the letter to her:—

Devonshire Terrace, 14th April, 1848.

DEAR MRS. COWDEN CLARKE,—I did not understand, when I had the pleasure of conversing with you the other evening, that you had really considered the subject and desired to play. But I am very glad to understand it now; and I am sure there will be a universal sense among us of the grace and appropriateness of such a proceeding. Falstaff (who depends very much on Mrs. Quickly) may have, in his modesty, some timidity about acting with an amateur actress. But I have no question, as you have studied the part and long wished to play it, that you will put him completely at his ease on the first night of your rehearsal. Will you, towards that end, receive this as a solemn "call" to rehearsal of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" at Miss Kelly's theatre, to-morrow, Saturday, *week*, at 7 in the evening?

And will you let me suggest another point for your consideration: on the night when the "*Merry Wives*" will *not* be played, and when "*Every Man in his Humour*" *will* be, Kenny's farce of "*Love, Law, and Physic*" will be acted. In that farce there is a very good character (one Mrs. Hilary, which I have seen Mrs. Orger, I think, act to admiration) that would have been played by Mrs. C. Jones if she had acted Dame Quickly, as we at first intended. If you find yourself quite comfortable and at ease among us, in Mrs. Quickly, would you like to take this other part too? It is an excellent farce, and is safe, I hope, to be very well done.

We do not play to purchase the house\* (which may be positively considered as paid for), but towards endowing a perpetual curatorship of it, for some eminent literary veteran. And I think you will recognise in this even a higher and more gracious object than the securing even of the debt incurred for the house itself.—Believe me very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Amid my transport of excitement there mingled some natural trepidation when the evening of the "first rehearsal" arrived and I repaired with my sister Emma, who accompanied me throughout my "*Splendid Strolling*," to the appointed spot, and found myself among the brilliant group assembled on the stage of the miniature theatre in Dean Street, Soho: men whom I had long known by reputation as distinguished artists and journalists. John Forster, editor of the *Examiner*; two of the mainstays of *Punch*—Mark Lemon, its editor, and John Leech, its inimitable illustrator; Augustus Egg and Frank Stone—whose charming pictures floated before my vision while I looked at the artists for the first time: all turned their eyes upon the "amateur actress" as she entered the foot-lighted circle and joined their company. But the friend-

\* The house in which Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon.



liness of their reception, as Charles Dickens, with his own ready grace and alacrity, successively presented me to them, soon relieved timidity on my part. Forster's somewhat stately bow was accompanied by an affable smile and a marked courtesy that were very winning, while Mark Lemon's fine open countenance, sweet-tempered look, and frank shake of the hand at once placed Falstaff and Mistress Quickly "at ease" with each other.

There was one thing that helped me well throughout the evening. I had previously resolved that I would "speak out," and not rehearse in half voice, as many amateur performers invariably do who are suffering from shyness. Though I did not feel shy in acting, I felt a good deal of awe at my brother actors' presence but I took refuge in my predetermination to maintain as steady and duly raised a tone of voice as I could possibly muster. This stood me in doubly good stead: it proved to them that I was not liable to "stage fright;" for the amateur performer who can face the small select audience of a few whom he knows (which is so infinitely more really trying to courage than the assembled sea of unknown faces in a theatre) runs little risk of failure in performance after success in rehearsal; and it tested to myself my own powers of self-possession and capability of making myself heard in a public and larger assemblage. I was rewarded by being told that in next Monday morning's *Times*, which gave an amiable paragraph about the rehearsal at Miss Kelly's, there were a few words to the effect that the Dame Quickly, who was the only lady amateur among the troupe, promised to be an acquisition to the company. Other rehearsals followed, delightful in the extreme. Charles Dickens was ever present, superintending, directing, suggesting, with sleepless activity and vigilance: the essence of punctuality and methodical precision himself, he kept incessant watch that others should be unfailingly attentive and careful throughout. Unlike most professional rehearsals—where waiting about, dawdling, and losing time seem to be the order of the day—the rehearsals under Charles Dickens's stage-managership were strictly devoted to work—serious, earnest work. The consequence was that when the evening of performance came the pieces went off with a smoothness and polish that belong only to finished stage-business and practised performers. He was always there among the first arrivals at rehearsal, and remained in a conspicuous position during their progress till the very last moment. He had a small table placed rather to one side of the stage, at which he generally sat as the scenes went on in which he himself took no part. On this table

rested a moderately-sized box, its interior divided into convenient compartments for holding papers, letters, &c.; and this interior was always the very pink of neatness and orderly arrangement. Occasionally he would leave his seat at the managerial table, stand with his back to the footlights, in the very centre of the front of the stage, and view the whole effect of the rehearsed performance as it proceeded, observing the attitudes and positions of those engaged in the dialogue, their mode of entrance, exit, &c. He never seemed to overlook anything, but noted the very slightest point that conduced to the "going well" of the whole performance. With all this supervision, however, it was pleasant to remark the utter absence of dictatorialness or arrogation of superiority that distinguished his mode of ruling his troupe. He exerted his authority firmly and perpetually, but in such a manner as to make it universally felt to be for no purpose of self-assertion or self-importance, but, on the contrary, to be for the sole purpose of ensuring general success to their united efforts.

Some of these rehearsals were productive of incidents that gave additional zest to their intrinsic interest. One evening Miss Kelly—Charles Lamb's admired Fanny Kelly—was standing at "the wing" while I went through my first scene with Falstaff, watching it keenly; and afterwards, coming up to me, she uttered many kind words of encouragement, approval, and suggestion, ending with:—"Mind you stand well forward on the stage while you speak to Sir John, and don't let that great big burly man hide you from the audience; you generally place yourself too near him, and rather in the rear of his elbow." I explained that my motive had been to denote the deference paid by the messenger of the "Merry Wives" to the fat knight. She laughed, and gave me another good stage hint, saying:—"Always keep your eyes looking well up, and try to fix them on the higher range of boxes, otherwise they are lost to the audience: and much depends on the audience getting a good sight of the eyes and their expression." I told her that I dreaded the glare of the chandelier and lights, as my eyes were not strong. She replied, "Look well *up*, and you'll find that the under eyelids will quite protect you from the glare of the footlights, the dazzle of which is the chief thing that perplexes the sight."

On the night of the dress rehearsal at Miss Kelly's theatre of the "Merry Wives" William Macready came to see us play, and during one of the intervals between the acts Charles Dickens



brought him on to the stage and introduced him to me. The reader may imagine what a flutter of pleasure stirred my heart as I stood with apparent calmness talking to the great tragedian; at length plucking up sufficient bravery to tell him how much I admired his late enacting of Benedick, and the artistic mode in which he held up the muscles of his face, so as to give a light-comedy look to the visage accustomed to wear a stern aspect in Coriolanus, a sad one in Hamlet, a serious one in Macbeth, a worn one in Lear, &c. As I spoke the "muscles of his face" relaxed into the smile that so well became his countenance of rugged strength and firmness; and he looked thoroughly amused, and not ungratified by my boldness.

Then there were rehearsals on the Haymarket stage itself, that we might become acquainted with the exact locality on which we were to give the two nights of London public performance. The time fixed for one of these rehearsals was early in the afternoon of a day when there had been a morning rehearsal of the Haymarket company themselves, and I was diverted to notice that several of its members remained lingering about the side-scenes, the professionals interested to see how the amateurs would act. Among them was William Farren, who, when a young man of little more than twenty, was so excellent an impersonator of old men, and whose Lord Ogleby, Sir Peter Teazle, and other old gentlemanly characters will not readily be forgotten by those who saw him play them. There, too, that afternoon, with the daylight streaming through an upper window upon her surpassingly beautiful face, was Mrs. Nisbett, and—to the dismay of one who knew herself to be well-nigh as plain and quiet-looking as Mrs. Nisbett was handsome and brilliant—we both chanced to wear on that occasion precisely the same kind of grey-chip bonnet, with pale pink tulle veil and trimmings, which was at that time "*the* fashion." This was a bit of secret feminine consciousness which it seems strange to be now revealing; but it occurred in that bright keenly-felt time when everything seemed especially vivid to its enjoyer, and is therefore worth while recording as lending vividness and reality to the impressions sought to be conveyed by the present writer in her fast advancing old age.

Besides a list of rehearsals and a copy of the "Rules for Rehearsals" (extracts from which are given in a note at pp. 363-4 Vol. II. of Forster's "*Life of Charles Dickens*"), signed by his own hand, I had received the following notelet in reply to my inquiry of what edition of Shakespeare's "*Merry Wives*" would

be used; all giving token of his promptitude and business-like attention to the enterprise in hand. The "family usage" alluded to was that of always calling him at home by the familiar loving appellation of "Dear Dickens" or "Darling Dickens." So scrupulously has been treasured every scrap of his writing addressed or penned for me that the very brown paper cover in which the copy of "Love, Law, and Physic" was sent is still in existence; as is the card bearing the words "Pass to the stage—Charles Dickens," with the emphatic scribble beneath the name—which formed the magic order for entrance through the stage door of the Haymarket Theatre:—

Devonshire Terrace, Sunday morning, 16th April, 1848.

DEAR MRS. COWDEN CLARKE,—As I am the stage manager you could not have addressed your inquiry to a more fit and proper person. The *mode* of address would be unobjectionable but for the knowledge you give me of that family usage, which I think preferable and indeed quite perfect.

Enclosed is Knight's cabinet edition of the "Merry Wives," from which the company study. I also send you a copy of "Love, Law, and Physic."—Believe me always very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

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# A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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*God dwells about us like the very air  
And finds sweet inlets on us everywhere.*

## I.

**A**S by apparent chance, with easy pace  
You saunter down the street, you meet a face  
Which comes upon you with a silent sense  
Of Sabbath music ; or your soul at large  
Breaks at a bound beyond the fleshly fence,  
And stands agaze on Fancy's ocean marge  
Because with lifted eyes a sudden look  
Has touched the heaven with all its wealth of cloud,  
And thought runs freer than a happy brook  
And bears you leagues away from all the crowd  
And all the crowd's sad cares. Perhaps a scent  
From some hay-waggon jolted down the ways  
Has for a moment changed the heart's whole bent  
And turned you back to homely country days.  
Perhaps the noise of some street-minstrel, blown  
Through London's strident murmur, till the tone,  
At first so harsh, is mellow, takes the ear  
As with the music of another sphere,  
And on a sudden, past the dusky walls  
Of London's streets, a tranquil glory falls  
On that dear space where many a grass-grown mound  
Proclaims the village church's holy ground,  
And the sweet voices of the village choir  
Through summer's open windows sweetly rise,  
Till the quaint music breeds a new desire  
Deep as the sea, untroubled as the skies.

*These powers are multiplied on him who loves,  
And in them all God's spirit lives and moves.*

## II.

Once on a day when all the fields were fair,  
When the skies laughed in one unclouded blue ;  
When spring's first fragrance dwelt within the air,  
And spring's keen longing pricked all nature through,  
Giving the fruit trees promise of their fruit,  
And stirring little grasses at the root,  
And setting birds a-singing on the trees,  
Came one poor pair of mortals from the town  
Into the country, where they roamed at ease  
And sat them in a pleasant leasome down,  
And gave their souls full breath and soothed their eyes  
With country sights, and fed their souls with fantasies.

## III.

How poor in purse they were 'twere hard to tell,  
How rich they were in love as hard to say ;  
Yet she denied him, though she loved him well,  
Nor ever spoke till that delicious day  
The little words "I love you." He had strolled  
Alone, a stone's-throw off, to where the heath  
In one broad glory to the heaven uprolled,  
And, barred there by a hedgerow, saw beneath  
A modest primrose with a crest of gold,  
And, stooping down to pluck it, caught the face  
Of one sweet violet in its hiding place.  
There, with a sort of tender rapture filled,  
He knelt above them, though so little skilled  
In rural lore he did not know their names.  
Yet, at the thought of so much beauty, passed  
Through all his blood a thousand quickening flames,  
And both his eyes with tears were overcast ;  
And somehow—as I think—as he knelt there  
So joyed to find a work of God's so fair,  
The bliss of that poor heart might reach God like a prayer!

## IV.

Gathering the flowers he turned, and as he went,  
Gazing about him with a still content  
Which grew of very wonder, added more  
Of Nature's treasures to his tiny store,  
Until he reached her presence that he loved



And gave the flowers, and she, a little moved  
 By something in his face or in his voice,  
 Gave such a look in answer that his heart  
 Leapt suddenly as though it cried "Rejoice!"  
 And all the coquetry of soul and art  
 Slipped from her like a garment, and he threw  
 His arms about her.

Oh! the fields were green,  
 The skies were fair, the woods with song were ringing,  
 And such a world of music passed between  
 Those beating hearts as outdid Nature's singing.

## V.

There before heaven in some rude fashion paid  
 This pair of lovers their true lovers' vows.

\* \* \* \* \*

## VI.

Could you know how they lived, perchance 'twould melt  
 Your heart to think that one whose claim on men  
 Might have been equal with your own should be  
 Wrapt in such miseries of poverty.

## VII.

The man's heart failed him, for the times were hard;  
 And spite of Love's protecting influence  
 He strayed beyond his consort's tender guard  
 Until at last to his besotted sense  
 His love itself lost all its sacredness,  
 And being from all just employment barred,  
 And all the hopes that once had seemed to bless,  
 Though used to misery from his early years,  
 His soul was quelled by countless gathering fears.

## VIII.

When Love no longer loves—when Youth's keen heart  
 Is nipped before its time with Age's frost—  
 When man in men's concerns can find no part—  
 When every promise of the soul is crossed—  
 When every hope has dropped away for  
 When bitter Fortune, never over  
 Holds back the striver from th

And heaps him with disaster huge and blind,  
When God Himself seems blotted out by cares,  
And Hunger with a visage chill and thin  
Upon the soul's dismantled ruin stares,  
A fiend may lift the latch and enter in.

## IX.

The low wind had a thousand wailing cries,  
The low clouds sent a dreary drizzle down;  
The waving lights, bleared like a drunkard's eyes,  
Scarce lit the squalid horrors of the town.  
But gay with gold and brazen glitter flared  
A palace on the street—dry warmth within,  
And from its chambers came a jovial din,  
And in its windows many a gas lamp glared—  
—A deeper darkness in the depth of night,  
Tricked, by Hell's magic, in the mask of light.

## X.

A meagre smile agleam on his thin face,  
He stood before the door of this sad place—  
When close beneath his feet a something dropped  
By careless hands met just as loose a gaze.  
He stood a moment, for a moment stopped,  
And lifted from its place in those foul ways  
A little bunch of wild flowers, all besoiled  
With mud and rain, as like his rootless heart,  
Could he have known it, as a thing might be.  
There they lay drooping, with their heads apart  
From beauty, and their native sweets despoiled  
And alien from their ancient woodland glee.

## XI.

Yet a frail scent about the blossoms clung,  
As something in a fallen creature's face  
Which dimly hints a time when life was young,  
And leaves her yet one poor pathetic grace.  
And at the scent the garish gaslight died,  
The foul street vanished, and the murky air!  
Before him lay a landscape sweet and wide,  
And once again the rolling heath was fair,  
The birds were singing and the red gorse bowed



Before the breezes, and the skies were blue ;  
A little runnel near him laughed aloud,  
Threading its way the nodding sedges through ;  
And in one pair of lucent earnest eyes  
He saw a sudden look of love arise,  
And in another hand than his was held  
A little bunch of wild flowers newly blown,  
And then, as by a flash, the dream dispelled,  
Left him once more in London's streets alone.

## XII.

Yet by that scent Love wrought a miracle,  
And from his arid heart a stream of tears  
Rose to his eyes, and as they trickling fell  
Unheeded down his face, the bygone years  
Were heavy on him, and Love rose anew,  
And all the man was purified with love,  
And ever after strove to keep Love true,  
And justified the hope for which he strove.

*God's spirit dwells about us like the air,  
And finds sweet inlets on us everywhere ;  
His powers are multiplied on him who loves,  
And in them all His spirit lives and moves !*



## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

### XII.—HAFET MERAM.

15th March, 1856.

**H**MET the other day, at the house of my excellent friend General Briggs, a young man of prepossessing countenance and manner who is, I believe, one of the first of his race that have been induced to come to England for the sake of studying the law. He is by birth an East Indian and by faith a Mussulman. In former years his family occupied a position of considerable influence and lived in the luxury which moderate wealth is now no longer able to secure in the Deccan. His grandsire had fought on the Company's side in the war with Tippoo, whom he, in common with many of his creed, regarded somewhat as French or Belgian nobles regarded Bonaparte, simply as a daring usurper who might honourably be opposed in arms in concert with heretical and anti-Gallican allies. It did not enter their heads that a little gentleman from the other side of the globe, not himself a soldier, or having as yet anything of a name in the world, presiding over the foreign merchants at the mouth of the Hoogley, could entertain designs for the subjugation of the vast provinces and numerous principalities that acknowledged the Moslem sovereignty of Delhi.

The father of the young man whom my friend the general introduced to me had been personally known to him during his sojourn in the East. He was a person of more than ordinary intelligence and attainments, uncontentious in his disposition, and rather given to despond than to dispute. He had in youth made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and in later years had visited Cairo and Stamboul. Sensible of the faults and ready to own the ignorance and semi-barbarism of many of the rulers of the East, his studies in the comparative anatomy of creeds served but to confirm his preference for his own. He talked like a philosopher of the paganism of the Hindoos and what he called the polytheism of the Greeks. The



degradation of the bulk of a community disfranchised hopelessly by the rules of caste, and the demoralisation of a people given up wholly to the pursuit of worldly gain by all expedients, whether false or true, filled him alternately with pity and disdain. He was not unacquainted with the history of the original dissemination of Islam, and he knew how its votaries of various races and in various climes had attained to a high degree of civilisation, cultivating the arts of peace and turning the waste into a garden. Abdul Meram lived, in the hill country, some two or three days' ride from Octo-comund, the easy and unambitious life of a country noble: hospitable to the stranger who sought his roof, frugal in his personal expenditure but generous to the poor; content with one wife, though ready to defend the conjugal economy sanctioned by Moses and the Prophet; contemptuous of jewels, but very proud of his Arab stud; careful to keep the old tanks on his possessions in repair, and ready to help the indigent ryot with seed grain for his field, or succour in time of sickness, and to lend without usury enough to enable the small dealer of the village to replenish his stock when low.

Sometimes a Parsee from Bombay, or a Ulema from Hyderabad, or a shooting party of English officers from Madras would pay him a visit; each and all were sure of welcome, and certain to depart with pleasant impressions of the urbanity and good sense of their host. His chief disappointment in life was that he had no son, and though a good father to his daughters he feared for their sakes to die without leaving a protector and representative who should bear his name. Accordingly, when his beard grew grey, he chose the youthful son of a deceased kinsman, and in conformity with established usage formally adopted him as his heir. The fact was duly recorded and publicly announced at the time; and though unwilling to acknowledge any obligation on his part to apprise the Government of the Presidency that he had thought fit to exercise his undoubted right in the matter, he found means to have the circumstance brought to the knowledge of the Supreme Court at Madras incidentally and in a way capable of proof in case of need.

His foresight was not unnecessary. Some time after the collector of the adjacent district, an upright man, whom Lord William Bentinck had first brought into official life before the days of the Mutiny at Valore, came, as was usual, to spend a few days with him at Chiravelly. They talked with more than usual freedom of the modifications recently introduced by Lord Dalhousie in dealing

with native chiefs and nobles. Trevor, the collector, who was an amiable and a just man, avoided as much as possible the topic on which evidently his friend entertained special misgivings. Threats of annexation, founded on the new-fangled excuse of failure in the direct line of heirship, already darkened many a native palace and embittered the closing days of many a brave man who had in doubtful days been faithful to the English interest. All the collector could do was honestly to hold out a hope that Chiravelly might escape the covetous eye of centralising rapine when so many prizes more glittering were in sight. There was not, indeed, much comfort here; and when taking his leave for what he knew to be the last time, as he was soon to return to England, he bade the young man, should he ever think of visiting Europe, to be sure to seek him out that he might repay in some degree to him the hospitalities received from his adoptive father.

The words sounded ominously in the Mussulman's ear; and lest unhappily the day should ever come when his heritage should be taken away from those he loved he resolved to induce his son Hafet to qualify himself by study for the practice of some profession. Without imparting to him the cause and nature of his fears this would have been difficult. The youth, though not wholly destitute of education, had grown up in the expectation of more than affluence; and amid the enervating influences that encompass persons in his position in Asiatic life he was in danger of becoming daily less capable of fighting his own way in the world should the necessity for doing so befall him unawares. Abdul Meram wisely determined to take him into unreserved confidence, and betimes to warn him of the danger lowering over him in common with every indirect heir in India: and while adjuring him on no account to divulge his fears to those around him, he advised him to prepare while he had time and opportunity for the worst that could happen.

It was a sad trial for the nerves and spirits of a lad of nineteen. He did not doubt the reality of the possible peril thus revealed to him; but its imminency seemed indefinitely remote. Why should his good father die? He was strong and hale, and might outlive him. And wherefore, then, should he give up all the enjoyments for which at his age zest is so keen, and devote himself to the drudgery and imprisonment of study in order to acquire the means of making another fortune which he might never want? In answer to his inquiries about Government and Governors he was able to learn little that to him was clear or comprehensible; but he did make out in some sort of way that there had been just and



merciful despots at Calcutta who let all quietly disposed persons live in peace and security. Others, indeed, were overbearing and pitiless; but none of them were allowed to remain in office very long; and who could tell whether the next Governor-General might not be one of the good kind, such as he had heard his father say were Minto Sahib and Bentinck Sahib?

After awhile he began to think anxiously about the matter, and it was at this time that occurred one of the contingencies in which he had so fondly disbelieved. Abdul Meram died after a few hours' illness, and official notice was in due time given that the young man's claim of succession was disallowed.

In vain he appealed through some English friends at Madras against the summary decree; six months only were allowed to the widow and her daughters to tarry in their old home. Small pensions were assigned them during their lives; and he was told that if he proved himself deserving and loyal some useful employment might possibly be found for him in another part of the Company's dominions.

How much or how little this meant he knew not and had no means of ascertaining. In the first flush of desperation he felt inclined to take rash counsel from those dependants who were driven mad with rage at finding themselves unexpectedly cut adrift from the only occupations and employments they had ever known. Happily for him, some alleviation of his misfortune had been thoughtfully provided by the kindly and frugal kinsman who was gone. A venerable Ulema whom he had seen but once as a visitor at Chiravelly and almost forgotten sent to bid him come quickly that he might see him before he died, for he had a message worth much fine gold to give him. Taking a fleet horse, the lad hastened to the bedside of the dying man, who had barely strength enough to give him a casket, in which were securities of value sufficient to afford him a small income—on which he had since contrived to live.

I listened to his narrative without interrupting him, and at its conclusion felt only one sense of curiosity unsatisfied—namely, what must be the feeling wherewith a power calling itself Christian, and professing to diffuse the benefits of civilisation and enlightenment, is regarded by the Mussulman community whom it has displaced? No wonder, I thought, that after a century of what is called the evangelisation of the East, Christianity has made no real way from the banks of the Indus to those of the Irrewaddy.

I did not utter such thoughts as these when talking to my young

acquaintance. If his wounds were gradually closing I was not at liberty to bid them bleed afresh. I sought, however, in an opportunity thus rarely afforded, to gain some insight into a state of things about which I had often dreamed conjecturally. But what I had frequently longed to learn was why, notwithstanding the unparalleled inducements to conversion, so few comparatively were to be found in the vast regions subject to our sway. I asked Hafet to explain to me what persons of his own condition in life thought of the two religions, and if he had ever heard his adopted father say why he had never known a Mussulman turn Christian.

He said the question recalled to his mind conversations with Trevor, in which Abdul Meram pointed to the many instances within the knowledge of both in which grievous wrong had been inflicted with impunity on natives who possessed no practical means of redress; and how utterly indifferent persons of the dominant creed engaged in the civil administration generally were to the hardship and misery caused by their acts. The peasantry, chiefly Hindoos, being ignorant and superstitious, would under any circumstances be difficult to free from the thralldom of terror in which they had been brought up. When Mahomedanism was supreme they had not turned Mahomedans, and he did not believe the primary schools, where they only acquired secular knowledge, would make them Christians, though he thought it very likely to make them more restless subjects. Among the wealthy and enlightened Hindoos and Parsees a greater number every year were, he understood, becoming unbelievers in any of the established creeds; and his own conviction was that the same must be true of many of the ruling race. "Indeed," he added in a lower tone, as if deprecating any idea that he wished to offend, "as far as I am able to understand the meaning of your sacred book, I think it less disparaging to believe that men like Clive and Hastings and Dalhousie did not feel bound by the rules of the Gospel, than that, believing it to be true, they acted as they did."

The subject seemed to interest him more deeply than I had anticipated. He offered to bring with him one day a fellow student of law who had come from Lahore, and with whom he had been comparing notes and impressions of what they saw and heard in England. I invited them to pipes and coffee several times; and wishing them to understand the meaning and worth of our university system, I induced them to spend with me a couple of days at Oxford, with which they were much pleased.



Of the two the Sheikh seemed to me the quicker of apprehension, more elastic in spirit, and less gloomily disposed with regard to the political future. He, too, looked down upon Brahminical superstitions with monotheistic contempt, and evidently regarded Islam as the next best religion to his own. But to every suggestion that Christianity would sooner or later take the place of both he replied, with a smile not meant to be discourteous but which had in it an unmistakable dash of sarcasm, "Well, when you do in the Punjaub to us as you would like us to do in England by you, we shall begin to think you believe in the English religion."

In answer to an inquiry whether the same species of confiscation as his friend Hafet had suffered from took place in the country of the Five Rivers, he said "No; so long as we cultivate the lands and pay our rent tax to the Government you let us alone; but to keep alive the sense of fear whereby alone the country is held, your generals, who say they are Christians, do not hesitate about taking any number of lives without trial upon mere suspicion. We do not know much in detail of the manner in which the other States that have been longer reduced to subjugation are treated; and we are often told that the people of the Punjaub have least cause to complain. We do not complain; we think it would be useless; but we would not be men if we did not remember we were once a nation ruled by our own chiefs, and that we are now tributaries ruled by strangers who come to make their fortunes out of our subjection. Some of those you send us are fine men—very brave, and don't take bribes—but they never let us forget that they are our masters and can do as they please. We hate the Affghans, with whom we have always been fighting, and they hate us. They and we can never be one; and we know that England trusts to mutual hatreds of this kind to keep the upper hand. Very well; but then, if you would make us begin to be content, you must let us have promotion, judge quarrels as we used to do, and command troops of horse. You leave us no career. In the worst governed native State a clever man may rise to power and wealth and honour; under your government a native of birth and education can do nothing worth doing. How would you feel if the Emperor Napoleon or the Emperor Nicholas governed you in this way?"

I tried to plead the advantages of having a supreme Government strong enough to interdict local wars such as formerly prevailed, and asked whether it was not better for the cultivators and the townspeople in Scinde, Cashmere, and Beloochistan that Sikh and Affghan armies no longer threatened to overrun the country. He

replied that he had read the other day in one of our leading journals a saying of some great writer—he forgot the name—that “Nobody cares for the opinions of a man’s feet:” and that “Wars are never made by the poor and hard-working people.” Still he thought many persons would be more inclined to value permanent peace if the price were not made so humiliating. If Sikh officers were trusted by English generals, and rewarded when they deserved it, they might be trusted to fight the Affghans or the Russians, whom they did not want to see in their country. But now, well, he must not say; it would be wrong and no use; and I did not press him further.

When Yacoob Khan ceased talking, I turned to Hafet and inquired if he agreed in the views of his friend. He said every Mussulman in India thought and felt the same. They knew that by degrees all the States where they once had power had been absorbed; the latest annexation was that of Oude; and the only Mussulman State of consequence remaining which had a treasury and army of its own was that of the Nizam. No young Mahomedan of spirit had anything to look to or anything to hope for; the whole race was distrusted by the English Government, and shut out of power. They might be employed in the police, or as tax-gatherers, or in native schools, and in the army they might serve as common soldiers or rise to be habildars (non-commissioned officers)—nothing higher. “Suppose there was a great war or a great mutiny, what could you expect? You pluck Islam by the beard every day, and every hour of every day. Do you think we will get fond of it? Is this to do unto others as you would have them do unto you?”

When they were gone I felt very sad as I ruminated all they told me, and I was not comforted by subsequent conversations with the general, who confirmed as to matters of fact all they had stated, and added many illustrations of the hardships and affronts put upon the subjugated by the dominant races. So long as the spell of our irresistibility lasts, no logic of abstract justice, no argument of policy, and no invocations of the principles of the Gospel will be needed. The monopoly of the business of governing a continent without the semblance of responsibility to its inhabitants is too great a temptation to be withstood. Crown, Parliament, and Church in England care for none of these things.

The taking in and doing for 150,000,000 of people who are as voiceless in remonstrance as if they were dumb is a joint-stock



enterprise carried on with great pecuniary advantage to thousands of families in this country who have long regarded it as a safe and respectable provision for younger sons or penniless dependants, and it is besides a rich mine of patronage in the hands of the Administration of the day. The political, social, and moral anomaly will probably last until some international earthquake comes and wakens Governors and Government from the trance of apathy in which they lie.



# FLEEING FROM FATE: A TALE.

BY MRS. PARR.

## I.

**M**R. BRIMMINGTON SLACK was a bachelor who, in the enjoyment of good means and an assured position, would have lived very much at his ease in the comfortable chambers he inhabited, had it not been for the constant insinuations of all his friends that it was high time he got married.

Now had Mr. Slack's friends merely introduced to him some suitable aspirant, and then (the opportunity given for further meetings) taken no more concern, but allowed matters to pursue an ordinary course, long before this the bachelor's habits would have been abandoned, the chambers exchanged for a suitable villa-residence, and a notice sent forth that on a certain day Mr. and Mrs. Slack would be at home to receive their friends. But Mr. Slack's friends laid schemes, spread nets, and wrote letters—one of which was at this moment in his hand—until he felt himself a hawked-about article which nobody would buy, and a puffed up commodity against which before seeing it a prejudice was taken.

Really Mr. Slack had thought he knew his friend Price better than to suppose he would turn upon him, so as to spoil his visit just when he had meant to enjoy a little fresh country air; for he had promised to spend a week at Ongar with the Prices. Mr. Price was an old school chum of his, and though he had not seen much of Mrs. Price, what he had seen had impressed him favourably; therefore it was too bad to be disappointed in people, and to have his plans upset by their falling into the common idea that he was dying to marry but could not find a wife for himself.

"Maria and I have hit upon the very girl to suit you," read Mr. Slack, quoting from the letter, which he folded and unfolded with nervous irritability. "Very kind of them, I'm sure," he said, snappishly; "I wonder how the deuce it is my friends can't let me choose for myself. I never interfered with their choice, and if I wanted a wife—which I'm quite sure I *don't*—I certainly could find one without their assistance. I've not reached the age of



Methuselah yet, and there's nothing very peculiar in my appearance."

Mr. Slack leaned on one side to assure himself that there was nothing in his face and figure of which with reason he need be ashamed.

Without laying any claim to good looks, Mr. Slack's face was by no means an unpleasing one, and though on the wrong side of forty his hair was still thick and his whiskers were but slightly grey therefore with a reassured feeling as to looks his eyes returned to the letter, and this time dropped upon a more aggravating passage.

"Maria has told the lady in question to come prepared with all the charms at her command, as you are a most desirable match for a most agreeable man, and on the look out for a wife."

A nice flourish of trumpets that, to have one's advent announced by, dangled like bait before the eyes of any designing woman determined to marry the first man she comes in contact with. No after this should any inducement on earth get him within twenty miles of Ongar. No, no; the Prices had shown their hand too plainly. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird," said Mr. Brimington Slack, pluming himself on being a trifle too far sighted to walk into the enemy's quarters with his eyes open; and as the conviction of his ill-treatment came more strongly before him he crumpled up the unfortunate letter, thrust it into his pocket and set himself to butter his toast and decapitate his egg with vigour which showed he was a man not to be trifled with.

But in the very midst of this determination a feeling of insecurity seemed again to rush over him, in the hope of dispelling which he seized the morning paper, trusting that the briskness of the money market, or some utterly wrong view taken in the leading articles might help to calm this fit of annoyance, which was quite upsetting his usual tranquillity. But, bless my heart, how insufferably dull are certain newspapers on certain mornings! And on this particular Monday in July there was positively nothing to read—"Science at South Kensington"—"Model-house Association"—"American Politics." Mr. Slack turned the paper inside out and outside in, but not a word of interest could he find, until with a gesture of disgust he threw it aside, caught up the teapot and poured out for himself another cup of tea, which, being, in accordance with his mood and the temperature, very hot, he was reduced to the necessity of sipping.

But while he sipped his eyes looked over his cup and fell on

the despised newspaper and on the words—"Rotterdam and the Rhine." "St. Malo, *via* Southampton." "Brussels Exhibition—Antwerp, Brussels." "Cologne."

Mr. Slack's face brightened. Why not go off to the Continent at once? He wanted a change, had arranged his plans for one, and what better opportunity could he have for putting off his visit than the plea of a friend going abroad whom he had promised to join? He had already decided that no entreaty should get him to Ongar, but still he did not want to hurt or offend his friend Price, who was really a good fellow at heart—if it was not for his confounded love of meddling and match making.

Mr. Slack turned the idea over in his mind, and as it took a more decided shape his heart seemed to grow lighter, his composure began to return, until he grew positively cheerful and gave vent to an audible chuckle as he contemplated the dismay caused to this candidate for favour and her backers when the news of his flight should fall like a thunderbolt among them.

But where should he go? He did not care. Wherever the steamer started for first. Again he turned to consult the paper. "Tuesday—Rotterdam." Then Rotterdam it should be, and as he jumped up to ring the bell he hummed gaily—

And oh that a Dutchman's draught should be  
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

"Mrs. Jones," he began, as his landlady, in answer to the summons, made her appearance, "I find that I am obliged to make some alteration in my plans, and instead of going into Essex I have to go abroad, so that instead of leaving on Thursday I shall start to-morrow."

"Then I'm afraid, Mr. Slack, you'll have to go without shirts, sir," said Mrs. Jones, "for knowing you was going from home on Thursday and would want your things then, Mrs. Williamson says on Saturday 'I haven't brought no body-linen,' she says, 'but you shall have all the last week's with what I'm taking now on Wednesday evening.'"

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Slack, "that's very tiresome. But of course you know where she lives? Can't you send to her and say I want it to-night?"

"Send to her!" repeated Mrs. Jones, with a smile of respectful pity at the innocence of single gentlemen. "Why, yes, sir, of course I could, but whatever would be the good of it? 'tis only Monday, and I'll lay my life there ain't a bit of it out o' soak yet, and if there is, whatever would be the use of such a particular



gentleman as you carrying about a portmanteau full of rough shirts—to say nothing of other articles o' wear, which though not of the same value as regards starch don't look at all the thing when dabbed up anyhow?"

"It's really very annoying," said Mr. Slack.

Mrs. Jones, who regarded Mr. Slack in the light of a perfect gentleman in no manner tied to time, condescended to agree to this statement, adding—"Still if I was you, sir, I'd certainly put off—a day sooner or later can't make no difference where a month's comfort is concerned."

Mr. Slack, notwithstanding his impatience to be gone, felt the force of this argument and succumbed to Mrs. Jones's reasoning and said in a tone of forced resignation—

"Well, I suppose one cannot do impossibilities, Mrs. Jones—only I really do hope the things will be here in time for Thursday."

"Wednesday evening, sir, I'd answer for it with my life," replied Mrs. Jones solemnly.

"Let me see," said Mr. Slack, "what goes on Thursday? New Zealand—Norway—Hamburg—the Elbe—Antwerp—*Baron Osen*—Thursday—*Earl of Aberdeen*. Oh, that will do—yes. Very well, Mrs. Jones, it's fixed I start on Thursday then, about eleven o'clock."

And so it happened that on Thursday morning, instead of the letter previously arranged upon which was to announce to Mr. and Mrs. Price the train their friend intended coming by, the missive received by them contained the most elaborate apology for the abrupt postponement of his visit, as circumstances over which he had no control necessitated Mr. Slack's keeping the promise he was under to join a friend who had already started for the Continent.

"Bother the fellow," said Mr. Price; "why couldn't he have remembered that before?"

"Yes, he might just as well," put in his wife; "but there," she added, "I'm not so very sorry after all, for as Anne Crampton is not able to come either, they may now perhaps meet another time."

## II.

Thursday morning promised a lovely day, a fair wind, and a smooth passage, and other hearts besides the one which beat under Mr. Slack's grey coat rejoiced in the cheering anticipation of a favourable voyage. A lady, one of three passengers who had arrived on board just before Mr. Slack, stood watching the river bank as the steamer slowly began to move away, and as she felt the

movement and knew they were really off, a little sigh arose, which she smothered down by the determination to make the best of matters, although it was very tiresome of her cousin Matilda to fix upon this time for going abroad, just when Maria Price had asked her on a visit for the first time. She had no doubt that Maria would be vexed at her not coming, because of Mr. Price's friend, who was going there to stay; and though she wondered what he was like and whether he was at all what they said, she wished that people would not always speak as if she was ready to say "yes" to any man who asked her. Of course she knew she was not as young as she was ten years ago, and a sigh of regret sounded the dirge of departed youth; still it was not so very impossible but that she might meet some one who might care for her and for whom she could care. The one idea which seemed impressed upon all her married friends was that to prevent being kept single she would gladly accept the first man who offered himself.

"Pray allow me," said a voice at her elbow, and the next moment Mr. Brimington Slack and Miss Anne Crampton stood face to face.

Lost in her reverie, Miss Crampton had allowed the cloak she had hung over her arm to slip down and sweep off the newspaper and a couple of books she had placed on a coil of ropes near.

"Oh, thank you. Pray don't trouble; you are very kind," she stammered, thrown off her usual composure by this slight accident, which had put to sudden flight all her meditations.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Slack, who was always delighted to be of service to any lady not thrust by his officious friends down his throat: "but wouldn't you like to sit rather than stand?" And before there was time to receive his answer he had darted off to where a heap of stools lay, had brought a couple over, and arranged them with the solicitude of a devoted cavalier.

"Oh, you really must not give yourself so much trouble," remonstrated Miss Crampton, as taking her cloak Mr. Slack folded it up to form a cushion. Seeing the other stool remaining unused he put it to the purpose for which he must have seemingly brought it, and remarking that he did not think he could find a better situation, sat down upon it himself.

The little feeling of excitement which usually attends the holiday departure from home was kept at a pleasurable height by the cheerful aspect which the sun's bright rays gave all around. The fresh breeze toned the heat down to proper subjection, and Mr. Slack, finding himself next to a pleasant companion, who seemed



ready to listen and to enter upon the ordinary chit-chat with which newly met people generally indulge, could only congratulate himself on the wisdom which had led to such a happy resolution. This prompted him to venture on a more decided look at his companion's face, for hitherto Mr. Slack's attentions had been more a tribute to the sex than to the individual. His glance showed him that he had no reason to repent of his chivalry. Without being pretty, the lady was decidedly pleasant-looking, and though her years had outstepped the boundary of girlhood, her face was fresh and its expression varied and youthful.

"I wonder whether she can be travelling alone," thought Mr. Slack; and at that moment, as if she read the inquiry, Miss Crampton said—

"I have my mother and my cousin with me, but they have gone below to try and secure a cabin to ourselves. They told me to remain here and keep this place, but really they have stayed so long, I think I had better go and see what has become of them."

"If so, I'll remain here until you return," said Mr. Slack, occupying himself by spreading her small stock of impedimenta over the two vacant stools; "so make your mind perfectly easy. You shall find your seat all right when you come back."

Thus assured, Miss Crampton turned smilingly away.

We will not censure Mr. Slack's curiosity too severely if he indulged it so far as to turn back the cover of the book she had left behind, with the possible hope of discovering a name. But no, nothing was to be found, and thinking it high time he pitched upon some more settled plan of route, he took from out of one pocket a "Bradshaw," and out of another a "Baedeker," and commenced consulting them as to the merits and mode of getting to various places he had in his mind.

He was still deep in this study when his newly made acquaintance returned, this time accompanied by her companions, for whom she had gone in search. She was murmuring something about this being the gentleman who had been kind enough to assist her, when the lady to whom she seemed more especially to recommend him stepped forward and in a firm, decided tone interrupted her by saying—

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir, for the trouble you have been kind enough to take, not so much on my own account—for I am accustomed to look after myself, and am impervious to such trifles as the loss of a seat may seem—but my cousin," and she

turned to a lachrymose looking lady near, "is less fortunately constituted, and things which seem insignificant to us are matters of necessarily grave import to her."

Mr. Slack bowed with the most profound respect, and seeing that the less fortunate individual had sunk down on one stool, and the orator had taken possession of the other, he, like a gallant man as he was, rushed off in search of a third for the benefit of her who had been the primary object of his attentions.

"Oh!" he said, as he returned with a seat in each hand, "I brought this for the young lady. I thought she would like perhaps to sit near you."

"I am sure she will be much indebted to you for such thoughtful consideration of her creature comforts," said the elderly lady, with a pomposity of speech which never permitted her to descend from the platform of oratory.

Following the direction of her eyes, Mr. Slack caught sight of his original friend staggering along under the weight of a black bag, a roll of shawls, and a parcel of umbrellas. Of course he was at her side in an instant, and had made a clutch at her burden, allowing each one to slip as he impatiently caught sight and caught hold of the other, so that before Miss Crampton had time to realise her position everything was seemingly entangled in the most dire confusion.

"Oh, but I have half a dozen more than these," she said, in smiling contradiction of his assurance that she really must permit him to relieve her of such a heavy weight. "You must remember that three ladies cannot travel without a great deal of luggage."

"But where do you wish them taken?" said Mr. Slack.

"My cousin likes them to be close by where she is sitting," said Miss Crampton; "she is always rather afraid of trusting any one but herself to take care of the luggage."

In a moment Mr. Slack had deposited the bag, the shawls, and the umbrellas at, as he conjectured, the all important cousin's side. She had listened to her instructions, and carried out her wishes as to their position with an alacrity which would have done credit to a youth of twenty; then he flew back to where Miss Crampton stood and relieved her of a second heap of packages.

"Thank you so very much," she said; "now I have only what belongs to myself remaining, and I can certainly manage to carry them."

But Mr. Slack was firm in his resolution not to listen to such a proposition. He insisted that she should follow him to the



place where he had provided a seat for her, and then he would return and take back anything that remained. And if Mr. Slack as with a mild pretence of force he drove the lady before him allowed the suggestion to arise that by such means he could obtain the opportunity of seeing her name, is he to be blamed? Most decidedly not; nothing is more natural than the desire to know the name of a pleasant individual. Were it otherwise Miss Crampton would not at the very same moment be hastily turning the cover of the "Baedeker" to see written within "B. J. Slack July, 1876."

"Evidently a most superior, gentlemanly man," murmured Mrs. Crampton, the lachrymose lady, who was Anne's mother, casting an appealing look towards her cousin, Miss Matilda Nettleton, as if without the sanction of her approval she dare not put much confidence in her own opinion.

"Far above the ordinary standard of this degenerate age. Augusta," replied Miss Matilda with emphasis. "Anne," she added, turning, "move your seat a little more on this side." And thus saying she pushed the stool she was seated upon round, so that when Mr. Slack arrived her conversation should engage his attention.

Miss Anne Crampton had complied with this request, and Mr. Slack, apparently quite indifferent to the change, had just seated himself, when the clanging of a bell announced that dinner was on the table in the cabin.

Up jumped Mr. Slack. Already he had made a heap of the books, which he laid on the top of their united newspapers, and now under the supervision of Cousin Matilda he was preparing to guide the steps of Mrs. Crampton.

A prey to nervous fancies, poor Mrs. Crampton felt somewhat helpless, and was only too thankful to accept Mr. Slack's proffered arm.

"I'm sure, my dear sir," she said, as Miss Matilda trotted off to see there was no mistake about the places, "I look upon it as quite overruling Providence that we should have been thrown in the path of one so evidently acquainted with the needs of our frail sex as yourself."

It certainly was very strange how much more at his ease Mr. Slack felt when no officious friend was egging him on with such promptings as "Just the very girl for you." The only fear was that this feeling of security might lead Mr. Slack to pay attentions overstepping the boundaries of recent acquaintanceship and casual

politeness, for it certainly did seem strange to hear him calling upon the steward to change the place he had given him at the other end of the table to the side of these ladies, whose comfort he was anxious to see after, and to hear Miss Nettleton aiding him by pointing out that the change could make no possible difference to the person who did not know whom he was sitting next, while to them it would be really a subject of very great annoyance to be separated one from the other.

So the alteration was effected. Mr. Slack took his seat next to Anne Crampton, and as the dinner progressed, so evident did his attentions become that two young girls opposite to them, who looked upon Mr. Slack as a sort of grandfather and Anne as an old maid, were kept continually amused at the flirtation going on between them. Covertly they nudged each other every now and again to draw notice to attentions which might otherwise have escaped notice; but fortunately their observations and their criticisms were alike lost upon Anne, who, now that no one had damped her natural gaiety or embarrassed her conversation by telling her to make the most of her opportunity to secure this chance, talked and laughed with a light-heartedness that her pretty neighbours might have rejoiced in could they have realised the fact that thirty-five has its pleasures, and the power of enjoyment does not entirely depend on the bloom of youth and the possession of a pretty face.

But while Mr. Slack was enjoying the society of Anne he was by no means forgetful of the wants of his other companions. He called for the vegetables, asked for the sauce, insisted on a more tempting slice of mutton being carved, with a temerity which filled him with positive astonishment, and Mrs. Crampton, for whom these efforts were made, with a gratitude entirely beyond expression.

Now, thanks to one of those happy circumstances which sometimes serve to colour all our after life, Miss Matilda Nettleton was not a particularly good sailor. Strong-minded woman that she was, she would have rather died than admitted that she felt seasick, still her *amis de voyage* could not but perceive that as the day wore on and the land grew more distant, so did Miss Matilda's activity of motion and energy of speech decline. She sat composed, she became contemplative, admitting as the cause a certain influence which, when on the mighty ocean, prompted her to retire, as it were, more entirely within herself. Mrs. Crampton, who seldom moved when she could sit still, and never if Miss Matilda considered repose the wiser alternative, comfortably wrapped up by



Anne and placed in a sheltered spot by Mr. Slack's care, felt more than usually happy; and if a little sigh now and then escaped her it was not at this time for herself, but rather that no man yet had seemed to see Anne's value. And yet how pleasantly she talked and how young she looked—"really for Anne quite pretty"—thought Mrs. Crampton, as every now and again she caught sight of her daughter's face.

Anne was walking up and down the deck, and by her side walked Mr. Slack. They were talking sensibly and unrestrainedly whatever came uppermost, and without at the time realising the fact, were enjoying to the full the properly adjusted balance of companionship. Sometimes Mr. Slack questioned, and Anne replied. Sometimes she asked, and he gave the information. Mrs. Crampton had to call "Anne! Anne!" several times before Anne heard her; and then when she came and was told that Cousin Matilda had already gone down to her cabin, and that Mrs. Crampton really thought they must go now, although she seemed to readily acquiesce, she inwardly sighed to think that the pleasant evening had come to an end. To-morrow they would part, very likely never to see each other again; for though Anne—after the fashion of women—had said that they lived at Twickenham, she and her mother lived together, and Cousin Matilda at a little distance away from them, Mr. Slack had not even dropped a hint of his whereabouts, who he was, or what he did. He had casually mentioned that he lived alone, but that was all the information she had gained of him.

"Good night," said Mr. Slack, as, having guided Mrs. Crampton down the ladder, he stood in the saloon and watched them disappear into the cabin they had secured. "Good night!" Then he thought he would have another turn on deck. But somehow the deck was not as cheerful as he had found it before, so he very quickly decided upon going below and getting into his berth. He was soon fast asleep, dreaming that he had started upon a tour with his newly found friends, but owing to his landlady not having obtained his clothes from the laundress he was undergoing a series of the most embarrassing situations.

### III.

By six o'clock the next morning the *Earl of Aberdeen* had made her voyage and lay alongside Antwerp Quay. Singly and in groups the passengers had struggled up on deck, and now stood together, either keeping guard over such boxes as bore the

mystic chalk-mark, or presenting those which had not been searched to the amiable scrutiny of the polite little Custom House officers. Mr. Slack's three friends were among the crowd, and Mr. Slack himself stood by their side: at their feet lay the umbrellas, the shawls, and three black bags, each adorned with a tied knot composed of red and blue ribbon. Conversation was impossible, for between the hubbub of voices on board, the shouting on shore, and the heavy thuds of the hammers with which the stolid Flemings knocked together their time-honoured landing-stage, not a word could be heard.

Still Mr. Slack found it impossible to stand and say nothing. All the morning he had been filled by a spirit of nervous excitement which made him fidgety and restless. He had been up and on deck since four o'clock, and now to have looked at him you would have said he was longing and impatient to be gone—such was Miss Anne Crampton's opinion—and so resolved was she to keep down a slight feeling of disappointment which this observation somehow brought to her that she assumed an air of unwonted alacrity, and seemed to have eyes for nothing else but the anticipation of setting her feet on foreign soil. Somewhat in advance of the little party stood Miss Matilda Nettleton. She was nearest to Mr. Slack, who, for want of doing anything rather than stand silent and still, made a pantomimic movement to direct her attention to the resemblance between her bags and the one he held in his hand. Miss Matilda smiled her approval, and then pointed with an inquiring look to the knot of ribbon which distinguished each of the articles under her charge. No, Mr. Slack's bag had no ribbon, and he tried to convey to Miss Matilda's mind his sense of this want of forethought.

A look of pity which melted into triumph was his answer, as, turning hastily round and depositing the things she had on her arm on one of the boxes near, Miss Matilda dived through her outer garment into some mysterious inner pocket, from which after a few moments' search she produced a similar knot of ribbon, which she displayed with such satisfaction that, unwilling as Mr. Slack was to accept the distinction, he had not the courage to deny her the gratification of tying it on his bag.

He had only time to assume the expression of gratitude which seemed to befit the occasion when there came a surge backwards and forwards; a scrambling of porters jumping in and travellers forcing their way out: everybody was in motion. The barrier was down, the moment of landing had arrived, and Mr. Slack, having



laid hands on a sturdy porter to convey the trunks, true to allegiance, himself seized the bags and bore them to the carriage which, as the three ladies were going on to Cologne, was convey them at once to the station.

"And you still don't know where you are going?" said Miss Anne, as, her mother already seated and Miss Matilda busily superintending the arrangement of the luggage, she, with Mr. Slack, stood at a little distance aside. "You have not yet made up your mind?"

"Not in the least," said Mr. Slack; "but I don't much care," he added, "I shall be sure to turn up somewhere, you know; I am certain to be all right somehow."

Mr. Slack had not the slightest idea of what he was saying. At the time, unknown to himself, he was possessed by the wish that Miss Anne would ask him to go on with them, and his fear that he might betray this desire, and so appear to be forcing himself where he was not wanted.

Anne on her part fancied she saw the least possible dread that they would press him to join their party. Therefore, just at the moment of saying good-bye, the manner of each was more serious and reserved than it had been during the whole journey. Each thought the other might have expressed a regret at parting and a hope of meeting again—yet neither found courage to put their own feelings into words. Mrs. Crampton murmured a great deal of unintelligible gratitude. Miss Matilda delivered herself of a farewell oration. Anne simply said "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Mr. Slack, and then slam went the carriage door, plunge went the horses—bumping the ladies forward into what seemed a farewell bow. Involuntarily Mr. Slack raised his hand to lift his hat, and the movement brought to him the knowledge that his hands were empty—his bag was—why, on the carriage, snugly reposing with the other bags!

"Hi, hi!" shouted Mr. Slack.

"Hi, hi!" echoed the driver, flourishing his whip with a tremendous crack.

But Mr. Slack's "hi's" were repeated until they arrested the attention of the ladies, who saw, to their dismay, Mr. Slack running at full speed, gesticulating violently, and pointing to the luggage on top.

"Why, it's his bag," cried Anne, comprehending the loss by the pantomimic movement of Mr. Slack's hands, and she tried to ask the coachman, while Miss Matilda, declaring that if

bag he must have put it in himself, saw to her astonishment that they actually had four bags with them.

"It is that you have the luggage of the gentleman," said a compatriot of the coachman's, who, comprehending what had occurred and that Mr. Slack's breath did not equal his energy, had volunteered to overtake the carriage.

"Tell him we are at a loss to understand how such a mistake could have happened," said Miss Matilda, handing out the bag.

Mrs. Crampton, as they drove on, directed Miss Matilda's attention to some of the old houses they were passing, while Anne, with her neck craned out of the window, continued to try and catch glimpses of Mr. Slack until a sudden bend in the street brought them to a corner, which when turned shut all further view of him from her sight.

Up to this moment Mr. Slack had been standing watching the departing carriage. Now when it was no longer in view a sudden feeling of regret came over him. He felt solitary, deserted, lonely—without a fellow—one too many in the world. As he caught up the bag at his feet and turned away, he nearly snapped off the head of a friendly touter who had been meekly waiting for the opportunity to recommend the merits of the hotel in which he was interested; and when a bland looking *valet de place* suggested the Cathedral—would he not like to look over it? the "Nong" he hurled at him was worthy of John Bull himself out for the enjoyment of a continental holiday.

Grimly Mr. Slack went through the market-place, and on until he marched into the Hotel Grand Laboureur, with such an angry scowl and defiant air that every one about decided him to be an American millionaire or an English milord at the least, and consequently treated him with such obsequious respect that Mr. Slack was fain to order an unusually good breakfast, which, with the appetite of a son of Britain just come off the sea, he enjoyed so thoroughly that gradually his vexation gave way, his disappointment toned down, and he began to regain the usual tranquillity of his well-balanced mind.

And now, breakfast over and his last cup of coffee sipped to its end, Mr. Slack felt it was time to come to a decision as to what he was to do and where he was to go. Holland? too flat. Brussels? too hot. Cologne? No, that would seem like following his late companions. They had gone there to do Switzerland and the Rhine.

Mr. Slack came to a perplexed pause—and as he made it, a voice within seemed to set up a derisive "Ho, ho! So because



one meets people who are going to the place *we* meant to go, *we* must straightway change our plans and alter our direction. Now for certain Mr. Slack had no more decided upon Switzerland and the Rhine than he had upon Vienna and the Danube, but at this moment he seemed utterly to ignore that fact and to take it into his head that, from the first minute of starting, to go down the Rhine had been the primary object of his journey. If it were so, why should he tilt himself back in his chair, and with his hands thrown up soliloquise that positively the thing was too absurd, that the ludicrous side of his objections had not struck him before; but now, when he thought that because some one else happened to be going to the same place he wished to go to, he must fancy it necessary to go somewhere else? Well, it was certainly good to laugh, for if such ridiculous scruples came to force there would be an end put to travelling altogether.

Strong in his conclusions and prompt in his actions, Mr. Slack pulled the bell. When did the next train start for Cologne? Twelve o'clock. Mr. Slack determined to go. But the Cathedral! Oh! never mind the Cathedral. He could see that another time, and as for the pictures, it was far too hot for galleries. Besides, he could stop at Antwerp on his return home, and this thought effectually silenced his remaining scruples that in his anxiety to get off he reached the railway station a good half-hour before his train, and, not being able to get his ticket or secure his place, had to saunter up and down before the neighbouring houses, reading the announcements of the fresh boiled mussels, which at a certain hour would be ready for all who came to eat them.

But long before the mussel-eating hour arrived Mr. Slack was whirling on towards Cologne in possession of a carriage to himself and the enjoyment of the mildest of havanas, while a smile played round his mouth as every now and then, catching sight of the only luggage he troubled himself with, his one black bag, his eye fell on the knot of parti-coloured ribbon which Miss Maud Nettleton had tied round it. Watching the wreaths of smoke as they came slowly puffing out and in tiny curls were blown away, Mr. Slack was losing himself in several pleasant dreams—dreams in which, strangely enough, the late companion of his waking moments was continually reappearing. Already he had decided that she was one of the most agreeable women he had met for a very long time, a pleasant companion, and had, as he had seen in her devotion to her mother, a most affectionate disposition. Here Mr. Slack's reverie seemed either to come to a standstill or

was lost among its mazes, for when the guard's head appeared, and he announced "Aix la Chapelle," he started up like a person roused from a heavy sleep, and it was some few moments before he was sufficiently wide awake to grasp the fact that at Aix every one must leave his carriage and have his luggage examined. If that was all, his luggage was a very easy matter, and though not an over fluent German scholar he pointed to his bag and managed to say with confident assurance "*Alles hier.*"

"So," said the guard, stepping on to the next carriage and leaving Mr. Slack to search for his key, which he placed ready in his waistcoat pocket, and then by dint of great trouble got off the knot of ribbon, which he feigned to cast out of the window; but for some reason he changed his mind and put it into his pocket by the side of the key; and then, as if to avoid self-observation, he thrust out his head and stood watching as the train slowly approached and entered the station.

And now behold our friend—who, in company with the rest of the travellers, has entered the room and placed his bag on the table—vainly endeavouring, under the merciless gaze of a Prussian official, to unlock it. What can it be that ails the lock? Mr. Slack shakes it, humours it, thumps it—of no avail. Perhaps he has the wrong key? Out of his pockets everything is bundled, but with no satisfactory result, and baffled and worn out Mr. Slack, who by this time could not to save a kingdom remember a word of what he wants to say in German, endeavours by a series of pantomimic gesticulations to convey to the military Prussian his utter inability to fulfil the conditions required of him. He tries not to quail under the eyes of suspicion cast down upon him from the heights of military discipline; then away walks the official, and Mr. Slack is left to calmly consider what evil spirit has taken possession of his bag. He turns it up, he flops it down, and then stands back a pace, trying with critical eyes to master its peculiarities. Surely it never looked so small before—his bag was long, and this seems to have grown square.

With a hasty push he sets it first this side and then that, but all to no purpose: the bag, as if bewitched, had suddenly dropped its heretofore familiar guise, and stands confessed a strange one. A hot flush spreads over Mr. Slack's face as the terrible truth began to dawn before him.

In desperation again he seized the key, and this time with such strenuous effect that the lock turned, it gave way, and a yawning gulf of white lay open to his eyes.



Well might Mr. Slack wipe his brow—a stranger in a foreign land, with no more clothes than those he had on his back and a lady's bag in his possession, the mysterious contents of which he must be answerable for.

Merciful heaven! what was to become of him? A step drawing near arouses him to renewed action, but only to bring with it fresh misery; for what can he say, how explain to this person the unlucky catastrophe which has befallen him.

"*Die damen*," he exclaimed, emphasising his words with an energy to be envied by an orator.

"So," and in plunged the official hand, laying before Mr. Slack's bewildered gaze a heap of etceteras which it seemed perfectly sacrilegious for the eyes of man to dwell upon.

"*Nicht mein*," vociferated Mr. Slack, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head; "*die damen, die damen*, Cologne, Cologne." And he waved his hand in the direction he supposed Cologne to be with a conviction that nothing but downright German pigheadedness could help understanding what he was making so evident and so intelligible.

"Ah, so, *gut*," said the official, unwilling to commit himself further than these monosyllables might pledge him to. And then, having no further interest in Mr. Slack, he left to him the pleasure of rearranging the tumbled out odds and ends, and made a sign to a subordinate near by, who forthwith unlocked the door and began howling out an announcement of which Mr. Slack did not understand a syllable. But inasmuch as at its sound everybody began fastening his trunk and hurrying out of the building, he could do nothing but stuff in the things, close the unfortunate bag, and hurry off.

Seated once more in the train, sole occupant of the carriage, with his eyes fixed on that abominable bag, Mr. Slack wished the whole party of ladies at Jericho, and Miss Matilda and her confounded bit of ribbon still further, before he had been made such a spectacle of. He was eminently alive to awkward situations, and here was a nice one to be placed in: his bag, containing all his store of clothing, exchanged away and left among a parcel of women who no doubt would sit and make merry over its contents. In the bitterness of his heart Mr. Slack was ready to give credit to anything against the sex, and the recollection of their confounded curiosity aggravated him beyond endurance.

However, fret and fume as he might, nothing was to be done, and Mr. Slack had to allow himself by degrees to take common

sense into his counsels, by whose advice he determined to seek the hotel he had fixed upon, rest that night at Cologne, as his former companions were in all probability doing, and endeavour, by going on board the Rhine boat the next morning, to intercept the ladies and reclaim his lost luggage.

"Things always look better after being slept on," sighed Mr. Slack, preparing to lay his head on his pillow. "But, not after being slept in," whispered a spiteful demon in his ear. Influenced by this new sense of his misfortune, Mr. Slack's dreams were haunted by a disreputable spectre in a crumpled shirt, who, with no collar and a week-old beard, vainly protested to his recent friends that he was the heretofore clean-shaven and spotless Mr. Brimington Slack.

#### IV.

But while following the movements of Mr. Slack, we, like him, have lost sight of the ladies, who, notwithstanding the examination at Aix, arrived in due time at Cologne, reached their hotel, and retired to their respective rooms without being in any way cognisant of the fact that of the three bags which they carried with them, one was an interloper and an innocent intruder. The bag in question had been claimed and carried off by Miss Matilda Nettleton herself, and now stood propped up between a bundle of shawls and a roll of umbrellas in a far-off corner of the very room in which that strong-minded lady, having gone through the business of disrobing, was engaged in the mysteries of taking down her back hair, in the midst of which she was startled by a tapping at her door.

She listened. The sound was repeated, accompanied this time by a voice which said, "It's only I, Cousin Matilda—Anne."

"You must wait for a moment," replied Miss Nettleton; and after a little pause the door was cautiously opened, so as to admit Anne without discovering the figure of Miss Matilda, whose height, considerably increased by her long white garment and now be-nightcapped head, stood, until all was made safe from outside, screened behind the door, with her back placed flat against the wall.

"I am so sorry to have to disturb you, Cousin Matilda"—Anne began trying to overcome her sense of the ridiculous by the earnestness of her apology, an apology which Miss Matilda, by a wave of the hand, graciously deigned to accept—"but we have made a mistake in the bags; this is your bag, I think; so the one you took must be mine."



"I take *your* bag!" exclaimed Miss Matilda. "Oh dear, no! not at all probable; if there is any mistake, depend upon it it does not lay with me." And not deigning to cast a second look at the black burden which Anne had deposited by her side, she took up a key and, walking across to where the unlucky impostor had been set down, applied it to the lock, which at once gave way and opened.

"There, my dear," said Miss Matilda, turning towards Anne with a look which combined in it pity and regret for any young person who should have the assurance to doubt the invariable recititude of such a relative as herself.

Anne felt staggered.

"Although I wished to convince you for yourself," continued Miss Matilda, "I was perfectly sure that I had made no mistake."

And raising herself from her stooping posture, she moved away from the dimly lighted corner without having perceived any incongruity in the interior arrangements of the disputed bag.

"Would you mind seeing if your key will fit this one, then, Cousin Matilda?" said Anne, fairly perplexed; at the same time lifting the bag she had brought in on her knee for, Miss Matilda's greater convenience.

Miss Matilda never objected to anything which acknowledged her superiority. So into the keyhole she placed her key; it turned, and open flew the lock.

"But, Cousin Matilda, *this* is yours," cried Anne, as the slowly extending jaws displayed some familiar articles of wear.

Miss Matilda's usually sallow face turned purple. With the swiftness of an arrow she darted across to where the fellow bag lay, and plunging in her hand she drew out at hap-hazard the first thing which came under her clutch, which was—oh, horror!—nothing less than Mr. Brimmington Slack's best pair of striped grey inexpressibles.

Had they been a ton in weight Miss Matilda could not have staggered more helplessly under the load, nor have finally sunk back more exhausted against the wall, than when, speechless and aghast, she stood holding at arm's length away from her averted eyes the forbidden and obnoxious garment.

"Oh, Cousin Matilda!" slowly ejaculated Anne, fright and amazement swallowing for a moment all her other senses. "Oh!"

But before the second prolonged "Oh—h!" had well come to an end

the ludicrous aspect of Miss Matilda's appearance entirely overcame her, and catching another glance at the figure before her, Anne's gravity gave way and she burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, Anne, don't—pray don't laugh," groaned Miss Matilda, with harrowing entreaty. "What shall we do? Can it be—do you think—is it possible that these belong to the gentleman we parted with this morning?"

"Why, of course they do, Matilda," said Anne, her own face growing serious at the recollection of the gentleman into whose possession her own particular etceteras had fallen. "Whose else could they be? When he ran after us for his bag we must have given him the wrong one."

"Don't say *we*!" ejaculated Miss Matilda, in a voice of the most abject self-reproach. "It was *I* gave that bag; *I* am the sole cause of this catastrophe."

"It really is dreadfully awkward," said Anne, casting over in her mind the various items her bag contained. "I wonder what he'll do without his bag—and I wonder what he'll do with mine."

"Oh, never mind that," said Miss Matilda, "all you had can be easily replaced, Anne. But such things as these"—(And the movement she gave seemed to send a shiver through the unlucky pantaloons)—"are not the work of a moment. What is the man to do without them—and what are we to do with them?"

And the look of appealing entreaty she turned towards Anne was so unlike that of the self-reliant Cousin Matilda that Anne's sympathy was aroused, and she immediately began to consider how best she could hit upon some scheme which would open a way to free them from their difficulties.

"If we only knew how long he intended staying at Antwerp, what hotel he was going to put up at, and where he was going afterwards," said Miss Matilda; while Anne tried to consider what was the most likely thing for a man to do in such a dilemma. Men were always so sensible, so full of resources, so certain to do the right thing.

Anne had all the veneration for the opposite sex a woman brought up among women is safe to possess.

"He would be certain to find out the mistake before he left Antwerp."

"Matilda," she said at length, "don't you think so?"

"It is most probable—that is if he decides to remain the night," replied Miss Matilda. "I only wonder," she added, "that he did not notice it the moment the man gave the bag to him."



"I don't think he looked at it until we were out of sight," said Anne, a faint blush mounting to her cheek at the recollection of that farewell moment; for as her head alone was out of the window, there was no doubt that it was she who had absorbed their companion's interest and led to the further complication of this misfortune.

"If he had but followed us straight to the railway station," said Miss Matilda.

"Well, perhaps he did," said Anne, "though he could not possibly have been in time; for don't you remember, Matilda, that we had not a moment to spare? Still, I don't think he found it out so soon as that; because, if so, he could have sent a telegram, you know."

"Who knows," exclaimed Miss Matilda, catching at the slightest straw of comfort, "but there may be a telegram yet waiting for us; and though he does not know our names, what is easier than to describe us as 'three ladies who have taken a bag by mistake.' Anne, my dear, you have removed a weight from my mind; I feel confident that to-morrow all will be put straight. So go to bed now, for in the morning, as soon as we think any one is stirring, we must be up and off to the station."

But, alas for the uncertainty of human wishes when hope alone gives them strength! Notwithstanding that Miss Matilda Nettleton and her Cousin Anne arose betimes and proceeded with all despatch to the railway station, not a syllable could they learn of their missing friend nor of their missing bag. No message had been received, no telegram sent, no inquiries made; and, baffled and disheartened, the two ladies had to return to their hotel to concoct fresh plans for getting rid of this unfortunate encumbrance and placing it once more in the possession of its lawful owner.

A second suggestion was made by Anne, and this was that their recent companion would perhaps go to the office of the steamer and there lodge his inquiries, together with a message indicating his whereabouts and how he might best be found. What did Cousin Matilda think of this, and of sending the bag at once back to Antwerp by the guard of the train? But impressed by the sense of responsibility her mistake had imposed upon her, Miss Matilda, although approving the plan, would listen to no counsel which involved parting with the bag. Honourable lady as she was, she could give credit to no compromise on this point, and she remained firm to her resolution that if the bag had to be lodged in other hands, into that safe custody it should be transmitted by her own, without incurring the risk of any medium or go-between.

In vain Anne begged to be allowed to undertake the journey. Miss Matilda was unflinching: she seemed bent on punishing herself to the utmost, and leaving Anne and Mrs. Crampton to spend the day at Cologne. So Miss Matilda, together with her waterproof cloak, her umbrella, and Mr. Slack's bag, set off for Antwerp, where, after a vain search, unable to discover so much as a trace of their recent companion, she unwillingly entrusted the bag to the agent's care, and, reassured by his confident assertion that the owner was certain to apply for it, retraced her way back to Cologne, and, in company with Anne and Mrs. Crampton, started the next morning for Bonn, from which place, after a short stay, during which not a word had been heard of Mr. Slack, nor any tidings of the missing bag, they set off on their already arranged journey. Time and change work wonders, and busy with what she was doing, and pleased with all she was seeing, it is not to be wondered at if the keenness of Miss Matilda's self-reproach gradually wore away until the circumstances of the unlucky exchange, swallowed up in passing events, was all but forgotten, save by Anne, who filled many an idle half-hour with conjectures as to what had become of the two black bags, and whether there was any probability of their respective owners ever meeting again. Very likely, long before this, a man so evidently used to ladies' society had forgotten all about her; or if she still chanced to abide in his remembrance it was only to be connected with a circumstance which had doubtless been attended by some annoyance and much inconvenience. Anne seldom recalled the many inconveniences she had been and still would be subjected to through the absence of all those numerous cuffs, collars, frills, and habit-shirts which, with bewildered curiosity, Mr. Slack had gazed upon and mentally wondered over.

Poor Mr. Slack! A whole week had elapsed since, brisk and gay, he set his foot on foreign shores, every minute of which served but to increase his perplexities and add to his annoyances. Was ever man, as represented by a scrupulously neat and particularly sensitive bachelor of forty-seven, placed in a more awkward predicament than that in which Mr. Slack found himself—a stranger in a far-off land, condemned to encase his well cared for body in linen the fashion and pattern of which his eyes loathed and his flesh abominated? Mr. Slack was a Briton to his backbone, a backbone covered at this particular moment by a shirt the stripes of which were lively, the collar limp, the front ample, and the sleeves short. Fifty times a day did Mr. Slack see this disreputable caricature of his once respectable self reflected—before, behind, sideways, and full-



faced, yet with no better result than disgust at the spectacle he presented—his shirt ill-fitting, his necktie shabby, his hair rough, and his clothes dusty.

No wonder people eyed him with suspicion, as they certainly did each time he began his confused inquiries about the ladies whom he described as "*Dames Anglaises*," and whose distinctive mark he gave as carrying with them three black bags "*Comme ça*."

Seen them! Who hadn't seen them? Not an hotel did he put up at, not a person did he meet, but they had just parted with the three veritable ladies, each holding in her hand a bag which the one Mr. Slack was possessed of might have claimed for its twin brother. They had been met at Bingen, at Coblenz, at Frankfort, at Manheim, had started for Switzerland—the Tyrol, for Milan, for Vienna; until Mr. Slack, fairly worn out and distracted, came to the conclusion that the Continent must be overrun with ladies each one of whom had registered a vow to carry about with her a similar black bag. Never again would he run the risk of being placed in the predicament to which this spirit of female unanimity had subjected him. For, strange as it may appear, every one seemed attracted by the bag. Men eyed it, women claimed it, porters looked suspiciously at it; he never carried it without feeling conscious of being stared at, and never left it behind without feeling certain its contents would be stared into. The agony he underwent through detecting a smile on a chambermaid's face or a snigger in a waiter's manner was only known to Mr. Slack himself, the climax being reached by the lock giving way and the contents being sent fluttering down and about the stairs.

He no longer hesitated, but the next day set off for Rotterdam, and before another week had elapsed was once more back in his native land, buoyed up with the certainty that by the aid of an advertisement in the *Times* and inquiries at Twickenham he should be able to restore the unfortunate bag once more into the custody of its lawful owner.

An unexpected return is seldom successful, and poor Mr. Slack had to drain to its dregs the cup of discomfort attendant on such a bold venture. The rooms were dismantled, the carpets up, the bed was taken down, and the maid was away. Impressed by a sense of her injuries, Mrs. Jones could find no better outlet for her indignation than the constantly repeated "Good gracious on me, Mr. Slack, whatever has happened to you, sir, that you should come back in this wise, looking no more like the gentleman that started off a fortnight since come Thursday next than I don't know what, nor couldn't say to save my life?"

"Happened, Mrs. Jones?" laughed Mr. Slack. "Why, nothing. I'm dirty, and perhaps a trifle tired, but a good wash and some breakfast will put all that straight."

"I'm sure I'm glad to hear you say so," sighed Mrs. Jones. Then her quick eye catching sight of the strange bag, she added, "But lor, Mr. Slack, that ain't your bag, sir? Why, you've never gone and lost your luggage, to be sure?"

"Lost my luggage, Mrs. Jones? Oh, dear, no," said Mr. Slack. Then seeing it was of no use trying to pass off the impostor on Mrs. Jones, he added—

"The reason of my having this is that some friends are bringing my bag with them, and this bag belongs to them, only I brought it on because it was more convenient, you know."

"Oh, indeed, sir," snorted Mrs. Jones, ever alive to the terrible fear that some demon in female form might be going to snatch from her the lodger who, of all others, suited her most completely.

At the tone of Mrs. Jones's voice and the accompanying look in Mrs. Jones's eye, Mr. Slack's heart sank within him. Why had he made this wretched evasion, spoken by him without thought and in order to overcome the momentary embarrassment occasioned by the fear of his landlady's inquiries? For him to tell the truth now would but confirm the suspicions he saw his statement had awakened. So, assuming the most devil-me-care air at his command, he begged Mrs. Jones to get breakfast ready as soon as she could manage it; and humming as he went "*La donna e mobile*," he ran upstairs and disappeared inside the bedroom.

Slam went the door, and off fell the mask of unconcern under which Mr. Slack had concealed his real trepidation while, bag in hand, he had stood confessed the greatest coward over whom a landlady had ever played the tyrant. Long years of experience had taught him that in vain might he try to keep any possession of *his* secret from the eyes of Mrs. Jones, whose penetration could pick locks, empty drawers, and turn cupboards inside out. Given, by Mr. Slack's absence, five minutes of opportunity, and when he returned he knew that imprinted on Mrs. Jones's vinegar visage he should see the whole list of fine clothes contained within that disastrous counterfeit. No, he could never leave it and the house together. Whither he went the bag must go: when he sat it must stand within his sight—when he slept it must repose under his bed. Until he got it to Twickenham he and it must never be parted; and the question now to be answered was, how soon could *he arrive within the precincts of that suburban locality and enter*



upon a series of fresh inquiries concerning three ladies whose description he must furnish.

While Mr. Slack's mind had been arriving at these conclusions, his bodily activity had been directed towards changing his travel-stained garments, putting on one of his own peculiar shirts, indulging in the luxury of a good brush at his hair, and effecting the hundred and one niceties of the toilet which loss of apparatus had hitherto condemned him to neglect.

The ceremony finished, once more he stood Mr. Brimington Slack, with an appearance so irreproachable that had he carried about the black bags of a whole harem of spinsters not a ruffle would have stirred the ocean of either public or private confidence. Catching sight of him as he took his seat at the breakfast table on which, in spite of her indignation, Mrs. Jones had just set a perfectly cooked chop, the arrows of sarcasm with which that wrathful landlady had filled her quiver became suddenly blunted, and in place of the nettle she had ready on the tip of her tongue, she merely said, in a tone of lachrymose satisfaction—

"I'm glad to see you looking a little more like your usual self again, sir."

"Oh, I'm perfectly right now, Mrs. Jones, and shall be equal to anything by the time I've done justice to your good cooking."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Jones, descending to a sniff, "if I don't do my best 'tain't for want o' trying, Mr. Slack."

"But you always *do* do your best, Mrs. Jones. Why, I haven't seen a chop cooked like that since I left home. Talk about going abroad and foreign dishes," continued Mr. Slack, tickling his nose with the goodly scent of the full-flavoured mutton. "Give me old England, say I. Take my word for it, Mrs. Jones, one good chop is worth a whole sheep of their fricaseed *cotelette de mouton*."

Mrs. Jones's spirits began to rise. If this was not the most decided "put on" she had ever seen, there was no cause for further fear. "Only do their cooking well," she mused, pluming herself on the art in which she excelled, "and it's little chance the most designing female of all the upper classes has got against one who knows her business."

"Can you get me the *Times*, Mrs. Jones?" said the voice of Mr. Slack, breaking in on his landlady's reverie. "I have hardly seen a paper since I left. What has happened while I've been away? Any news, eh?"

"Not nothing that will interest you, sir," replied Mrs. Jones, trying to recall some of the contents of the weekly paper from which

her stock of news was derived. "There's been two or three most awful fires in the City, and a woman died through being starved to a skeleton at Bermondsey, and nine men was thrown down off a scaffold in Islington, and a boat upset and all hands lost on the river; but I can't call to mind nothing more much, excepting 'tis that the bloodthirsty villain who did that cold-blooded murder in Spitalfields hasn't been taken, though he's known to be about somewhere in London, for after changing his clothes he stopped in King William Street and bought a black bag and in it put all the things he'd worn before."

"A black bag!" repeated Mr. Slack.

Mrs. Jones gave a nod of assent.

"Just such a one," she said, "as that you've got with you upstairs, may be, sir."

"The bag I've got upstairs!" exclaimed Mr. Slack, sharply. "Pack of stuff and nonsense! That bag is—a—foreign bag—a very uncommon bag; not at all like anything any one would buy here, Mrs. Jones."

Mr. Slack imparted this imaginary information with a decision intended to quash at once any pretence of curiosity on the score of similarity that Mrs. Jones might indulge in.

"Oh, indeed, is it, sir?" said Mrs. Jones, huffed at Mr. Slack's sharp speech. "I've hardly cast my eye towards it myself; but if it's what you say, I daresay many 'ull be for wishing their bags was of the same fanciful pattern; for it is reported, though I won't be the one to vouch for it, that the police has their strict orders to stop and open any bag they feel disposed to, which—as this has been always looked on as a free country—ain't at all a pleasant look out for some folks."

Now, monstrous, absurd, and impossible as he knew the silly tittle-tattle of this woman's foolish talk to be, in an instant Mr. Slack's nervous impatience to be rid of the bag returned upon him with redoubled force. Bolting the remains of his chop, and gulping down his tea, to Mrs. Jones's unbounded surprise, he jumped up from the table, and muttering something about an important engagement which would take him away for the best part of the day, vanished upstairs, was gone for a moment, when down he ran again; so that before Mrs. Jones could get to the landing, she heard the street door slam behind him, and by the time she reached the window a cab had been hailed, into which Mr. Slack jumped, and holding tight hold of the black bag, in another moment was driven from her sight.



## V.

To follow the complication of circumstances, the entanglement of situations, the unhappy events, the untoward mistakes by which Mr. Slack was harassed and worried for the next few weeks would tax the powers of the biographer and weary the patience of the reader. Suffice it to say that though the year was now fast coming to a close, not a word had been heard nor a line interchanged between Mr. Brimmington Slack and the three ladies with whom in July last he made his short and ill-starred journey. Of the two unlucky bags, the one, unclaimed and forgotten, lies still in the office on the Antwerp Quay; the other, miserable to relate, hangs an incubus still, and is still in the possession of Mr. Slack, who, after searching Twickenham in vain, being sent from pillar to post on fool's errands without number—after advertising in the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and—happy thought!—the *Queen*, “the ladies’ newspaper,” has been forced to succumb to Fate’s iron sway. Seizing the occasion of a day at Margate, suggested by himself and accepted by Mrs. Jones, he has at last managed to bring away the unfortunate bag from the Waterloo waiting-room, where in safety it had for weeks lain deposited, and unobserved and unsuspected, smuggle it into the house, and with the utmost care and caution secrete it in a trunk, the former contents of which he had covertly abstracted to make room for its reception.

In his own mind Mr. Slack had no doubt that the ladies were still abroad, carrying out a wish Anne had expressed to him that their stay might be prolonged beyond the originally intended month. So long as they returned before Christmas Miss Matilda had said she did not see any great obstacle to their remaining; and acting on this supposition, as Christmas drew near, Mr. Slack began again to occupy himself with the composition of advertisements so mysterious, and descriptions so complicated, that certainly, had they “met the eye” of either of our three friends, they would have been passed over without the slightest idea that they in any way concerned them.

Arrived at Antwerp on their journey back Miss Nettleton and Anne made it their first care to call at the office and make anxious inquiries about the fate of the bag they had left, when great was their concern to hear that it still remained there, unowned and unclaimed. Yet the clerk was as confident as ever that it would be all right. “The gentleman,” he said, “would be certain to ask for it whenever he came back, which they might rest

assured he had not yet done, as the circumstance had been mentioned to the various stewards on the line, and up to that time not an inquiry had been made of one of them."

With their minds made thus far easy the ladies had returned to England; but, it being now the end of August, in place of going to their respective homes Anne and Mrs. Crampton had set off to visit some friends in Bedfordshire, while Miss Nettleton had gone to Broadstairs, with which place she continued to be so charmed that a proposition had now come from her saying that if her cousins would join her she should decide to remain until the winter had passed and the fogs were over.

Mrs. Crampton was delighted. She enjoyed being with Matilda, felt certain the sea air was the very thing to restore her, and, moreover, if Anne was released from the task of attending on her she would be able to pay that long-deferred visit to her friend and schoolfellow, Maria Price, who, tired of being refused, had at length said she should leave Anne to fix her own time and come when she could.

Anne hesitated. Most people, she argued, had made engagements for Christmas, so that she hardly liked to volunteer such a proposition; still if Maria had other people coming, or should be going away herself, she could but say no; and they had hitherto always been such good friends that to allow the shadow of ceremony to rest between them now seemed absurd. So with many a doubting *if* and trembling *but* Anne plucked up her courage, sent off the letter, and before two days had elapsed received her answer, which said:—

"DEAR ANNE,—You are the very person of all others we wanted most, but, fearing you could not be spared, I did not like to put you to the pain of sending another refusal. We are going to have Mr. and Mrs. Foster, whom you know, and a friend of John's whom we want you to like, so come as soon as you can. You will find us both ready to welcome you."

And now the clear-sighted reader requires to be told no more: the thing is plain before him. Of course the friend is Mr. Brimington Slack, who, under Mr. Price's hospitable roof—whether he will or no—is at length to meet the cause of his foreign journey, the cause of his return, and the owner of that distracting incubus—the black bag.

So, passing over the invitation which he received, and after many



a groan and grumble accepted, we will suppose the decision made, the letter written, the matter settled; and Mr. Slack, this time accompanied by a brand-new leather portmanteau, set down at the Liverpool Street station just in time to rush to the office, get his ticket, fly along the platform, and be shot into a carriage, when off goes the train. What a close shave! How did he come to be so late? Mr. Slack's first effort with returning breath was to give a sigh of relief that he had not been left behind; his second, to stop and see was his luggage all right.

He bends, when suddenly his eyes fall upon a form—a female form—a form which has grown familiar to his thoughts by day and to his dreams by night.

"It is—*it is*," he cries. "It is—it is," comes echoing back, and in another instant Mr. Slack has seized in his excited grasp the outstretched hands of Miss Anne Crampton.

"To think that we should have met at last," exclaims Mr. Slack, who, overcome by the suddenness of this unexpected joy, can scarce keep his rapture within decent bounds.

"Yes, what a pleasure," murmured Anne; "but oh! Mr. ——" and here Anne, hesitating, grew confused.

"Slack!" cried the gentleman. "Mr. Brimington Slack; Miss ——"

"Anne Crampton," supplied the lady, after which they both shook hands again, seeming well pleased with their self-introduction.

"And have you had your bag yet, Mr. Slack?" said Miss Anne.

"No, but I have"——

"Mine?" broke in Miss Anne.

"Yours," cried Mr. Slack, laughing uproariously. "Yours—yes, of course it's yours. The moment I knew that bag did not belong to *me*, that instant I felt convinced it must belong to *you*."

"Oh, how kind it is of you to laugh like that," said Anne, relieved. "I can see now that you have been good enough to make nothing more than a joke of it."

"A *joke*!" echoed Mr. Slack, struck by the novelty of the idea. "Of course I did—the best joke I ever knew in all my life." And he cast at Anne a look which seemed to individually sum up the whole contents of the bag at a glance, and was so irresistibly comical that it set her laughing too.

"And you have kept it all this time?" she said.

"Kept it," exclaimed Mr. Slack, emphatically. "Kept it. I would not have parted with it for worlds. I carried it about with me everywhere, guarded it as a sacred trust, which had I died should have been buried with me."

Really this was getting more than serious. At the earnestness of Mr. Slack's tone and the fixedness of his look Anne felt her heart tremble. Surely no ordinary interest could inspire such feelings as these? What should she do? How should she act? In her perplexity she ventured such a tender look towards Mr. Slack that positively his own heart, which for years he had declared to himself was nothing but a disordered liver, began to palpitate with unmistakable emotion.

"I am afraid you are used to paying a great many compliments," said Anne.

"I?" exclaimed Mr. Slack. "No, believe me no." Happen what might, Mr. Slack could not allow a trusting being like this to regard him as a mere heartless, unfeeling profligate.

"Indeed I may say, my dear Miss Crampton, that so far from pleading guilty to any—soft impeachment of this kind—until it was my happiness to meet you I never"—What the deuce was he going to say? Lost in this labyrinth of words, Mr. Slack had not an idea, so he repeated "Never" with great emphasis, adding as a sequence "And not until after that little *contretemps*, when we were so unfortunately separated, did I ever realise how sad it is to seek for one—and seek in vain—for you have no idea how persistently I sought you from one town to the other. Here I was on your track: there I had lost all clue. Oh," sighed Mr. Slack, "what a weary time that was, till, sick with hope deferred, worn out, and spiritless, I returned within a fortnight to my home, a thoroughly disappointed man."

"Oh, Mr. Slack!" said Anne, for the pathos of Mr. Slack's words had all but melted her to tears. "Oh, Mr. Slack, what can I say? I really feel I am not worthy of so much devotion, although," she added, faintly blushing, "I must confess I never before felt so drawn towards one I knew so little of, and after you had left I often had to take myself to task, little dreaming I had awakened a feeling similar in you."

For a moment such a rush of conflicting emotion overpowered Mr. Slack that Miss Anne, the carriage, and all that it contained seemed to swim round and whirl before him; to hide his embarrassment he was forced to bend down and make a feint of seeking to salute the lady's hand. Here was a predicament to



find himself in: alone in a railway carriage who, influenced by something he seemed to led to expose the too great susceptibility of he What could he do? How should he act? admired, and did admire, the lady before him a serious subject like matrimony needed y hesitation, and here was he suddenly brought the dangerous plunge, and already growing affection he saw he had stirred within that ter

Terrible as the alternative seemed, unless forth to brand himself as a villain and a brute destiny which was opened thus before him, thoughts of self, offer at once his hand and Anne to be his wife.

The moment's pause seemed half a year. She does not speak, but, evidently waiting which linger yet in Mr. Slack's husky throa with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes.

"Miss Crampton," he managed to get c Crampton, words fail me to frame the requ make—your too feeling heart will suggest within mine. Could you forego the sweet co beloved mother and your very superior co guidance of your future life to one who feels unworthy substitute? In short, my dear M would consider my hand and heart and a worthy of your acceptance, allow me to lay the tion at your feet."

"Oh, Mr. Slack!" cried Anne—and now I fast—"You are too kind, too good; the con in making such an offer overpowers me—it d anything but rich, sir; my mother is a wid dependent on my cousin—then I am no longer that you care for me alone. Oh, you are too g but the whole of my grateful heart to give you

"And is not that an exchange worth a k Mr. Slack, all his former hesitation and e for Anne's tearful face and trembling words away regret and fear from his mind, and moment before had felt so heavy, now sat wit light as thistle-down.

"Too good?" said Mr. Slack, quoting Anne

"Why, Miss Anne, how do you know but I am the veriest impostor that ever trod the earth?"

"No, you are not that," laughed Anne. "I know all about you and who you are." And answering Mr. Slack's inquiring gaze, she added, "Mr. Brimington Slack, Mr. John Price of Ongar's great friend."

"Why, who told you? however did you know that?"

Stooping down, Anne made a pull at the portmanteau and pointed to the direction on it. "When the guard," she said, "whom I know, put it into the carriage, he told me that the gentleman who was going to Mr. Price's was coming, so as I was rather curious about John's friend, I sat expecting him, and when he came it turned out to be you."

"And you know the Prices?" exclaimed Mr. Slack.

"Yes. I'm going down now to stay with them."

"Never," cried Mr. Slack; "it can't be—the thing's not possible."

"Oh yes, but it is. I was asked to meet you before, only as Cousin Matilda wished to go abroad I could not go."

Mr. Slack's astonishment became so overpowering that he was obliged to take off his hat and relieve his feelings by a long-drawn sigh.

"What!" he exclaimed; "do you mean to tell me that you are the lady asked by the Prices last July?"

"Yes; the very same."

"Why, bless my soul, I ran away from *you*. I went abroad for no other reason than that I would not meet *you* and be made to marry a woman I felt I should detest."

"Ah, then I see they talked of me, as they did of you," said Anne slyly. "Oh, I fancied you must be such a different man from what you are."

Not at all clever, nor a bit good looking. What a charming companion she was to be sure! So unaffected, and frank and sensible. Mr. Slack's spirits rose every moment. His only regret was that they could not be married at once and start off on their honeymoon.

"You may be sure," he said laughing, "I never knew from whom I was running away, but I did know whom I was running *after*." For by this time, having ignored the bag, Mr. Slack felt fully convinced that the aim and object of his search had all along been Anne, and Anne alone. "And when Price asked me down," he added, "I only hesitated because—of what I was leaving *behind*."



"What will the Prices say?" said Anne. "How shall we tell them?"

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Slack, growing bold as a lion, "I will give them a surprise."

"Why, how?" But before Mr. Slack could tell the stationer came in sight—in went the train, and up to the door of the carriage ran a lady followed by a gentleman, who cried "There's Slack—all right! How d'ye do, old fellow? Why, Anne, is that you Maria—here's Anne and Slack come in the same carriage together."

"I hope you've been talking," said Mrs. Price, when Anne, who had by this time been helped out and duly welcomed, stood by her side. "I want you to be great friends, you know, so let me introduce you."

"Stay," said Mr. Slack, seizing the opportunity. "First let me introduce *you*. Your old friend Miss Anne Crampton--the future Mrs. Brimington Slack."

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# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

WHAT can be a more fitting topic of literary Table Talk than the following communication, which has within these few days reached me from my contributor "Fin Bec"?—"From across the Atlantic that dainty *fourchette*—one of the most erudite and genial of our American Cousins, to whom all Shakespeare's lines are 'household words,'—Horace Howard Furness; sends me this year's bill of fare of the Shakspeare Society of Philadelphia—valiant trenchermen who never fail to foregather reverently on pleasant Will's birthday—having garnered from his immortal pages mottoes and quips and conceits as proper sauce to their meats and pasties. And to whom, save to SYLVANUS URBAN, should 'Fin Bec' send the latest of these quaint *menus*?"

MDCCCLXXVI.

1564 APRIL 26 GULIELMUS FILIUS JOHANNES SHAKSPERE.

1616 APRIL 25 WILL SHAKSPERE GENT.

*Prologue.* To his bones sweet sleep!

*Palamon.* Ev'n he that led you to this banquet.—V. iv. 22.

## TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SHAKSPERE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

*Theseus.* Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!—I. i. 219.

*Theseus.* They have a noble work in hand, will honour  
The very powers that love 'em.—V. i. 6.

*Woover.* Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner.—V. ii. 89.

### AT THE MERCHANTS' CLUB,

SATURDAY, APRIL 22. At 7 O'CLOCK.

*Theseus.* good cheer,

Now turn we towards your comforts.—I. i. 233.

*1st Queen.* Thou shalt remember nothing more than what  
That banquet bids thee to!—I. i. 185.

### MEMBERS PRESENT.

Richard L. Ashurst  
A. Sydney Biddle  
Henry Armitt Brown  
J. M. Da Costa

Samuel Dickson  
Asa I. Fish  
Horace Howard Furness  
Victor Guillo

Francis Macauley  
John G. R. McElroy  
Alfred Vezin  
Henry Galbraith Ward

*Theseus.* The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry such a business, forth and levy  
Our worthiest instruments.—I. i. 161.



- Arcite.* Hark, sir! they call  
The scatter'd to the banquet.—III. i. 108.  
*Gerrold.* We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,  
Of company.—III. v. 106.  
*Theseus.* Are they all thus?  
*Pirithous.* They are all the sons of honour.  
*Theseus.* Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!—IV. ii. 139.

## MENU.

- Palamon.* You talk of feeding me to give me strength.—III. i. 119.  
*Palamon.* Our stars must glister with new fire, or be  
To-day extinct.—V. i. 69.  
*Gerrold.* Fie, fie!  
What tediousity and disensanity  
Is here among ye!—III. v. 1.

## LITTLE NECK CLAMS.

- Theseus.* This is a cold beginning.—III. v. 101.  
*Daughter.* I make  
A carrack of a cockle shell.—III. iv. 13.  
*Gerrold.* I first appear, though rude, and raw.—III. v. 122.

## LIEBFRAUENMILCH 1865.

- Arcite.* Do you not feel it thaw you?  
*Palamon.* Stay; I'll tell you  
After a draught or two more.  
*Arcite.* Spare it not.  
The Duke has more, coz.—III. iii. 17.

## POTAGE.

## Aux Asperges à la Royale.

- Emilia.* Constant qucen,  
Sweet, white as chaste, and pure.—V. i. 26.

## AMONTILLADO 1857.

- Palamon.* Give me more wine.—III. iii. 27.  
*Daughter.* Some two hundred bottles.—V. ii. 45.

## PRIMEURS VARIÉES.

- Merry spring time's harbinger.—I. i. 8. Song.  
All dear Nature's children sweet.—I. i. 13. Song.

## BOUCHÉES A LA REINE.

- Servant.* Dainty, madam.—II. i. 183.  
*Emilia.* She locks her beautie; in her bud.—II. i. 195.

## POISSON.

## Saumon Frais de Californie à la Hollandaise.

- Gaoler.* one salmon.—II. i. 4.  
*Hippolyta.* they have skippe'd  
Torrents,—I. iii. 37.

## STEINBERGER CABINET 1865.

- Daughter.* I loved my lips the better ten days after:—II. iii. 26.  
*1st Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' the world.—  
I. i. 226.

CONCOMBRES.

*Gaoler.* You are dangerous,—II. ii. 318.  
*Gaoler.* There is no remedy.—II. i. 322.

RELEVÉ.

Selle de Mouton à l'Anglaisc.  
*Palamon.* What is this ?  
 'Tis a lusty meat.—III. iii. 27.  
*Arcite.* I am glad  
 You have so good a stomach.  
*Palamon.* I am gladder  
 I have so good meat to 't.—III. iii. 20.

POMMERY SEC.

CREMANT D'AY BLANC.  
 out of two I should  
*Emilia.* Choose one,—V. i. 141.  
*Emilia.* What a mere child in fancy  
 That having two fair gowds of equal sweetness,  
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both !—IV. ii. 52.

LÉGUMES.

Petits Pois au Naturel.  
*Emilia.* (then but beginning  
 To swell about the blossom),—I. iii. 67.  
 Pommes de Terre des Bermudes.  
*3rd Queen.* Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,  
 You may behold 'em !—I. i. 112.

ENTRÉES.

Quenelles Bigarrées au Salpicon.  
 Artichauts à la Barigoule.  
*1st Queen.* shall their sweetness fall  
 Upon thy tasteful lips,—I. i. 178.  
 their sharp spines being gone—I. i. 1. Song.  
*Arcite.* Fresher than May, sweeter  
 Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all  
 Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden !—III. i.

PERRIER JOUET 1872.

*Emilia.* What a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness  
 Has this young prince !—IV. ii. 13.  
 Asperges en branches.  
 first born child of Ver,—I. i. 7. Song.

SORBET.

Grog Americain.  
*Palamon.* with ice to cool 'em.—I. ii. 34.  
*Palamon.* I feel myself,  
 With this refreshing, able once again  
 To out-dure danger.—III. vi. 8.

ROTI.

Bécassines sous Canapé.  
*Hippolyta.* babes broach'd on the lance,—I. iii. 20.



*1st Queen.* for our crowned heads we have no roof  
Save this,—I. i. 52.

Pommes de Terre à la Parisienne.

CHATEAU LAFITE 1868.

CLOS-VOUGEOT 1868.

*Theseus.* The very lees of such, millions of rates  
Exceed the wine of others ;—I. iv. 29.

*Palamon.* Well, sir, I'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*

*Arçite.* Drink a good hearty draught !  
it breeds good blood, man—III. iii. 16.

Salade de Laitue et Fromages Divers.

*Woer.* You must lose your head,—IV. i. 77.

*Theseus.* A love grows as you decay !—V. iii. 111.

*Palamon.* Many and stale ;—V. iv. ii.

MADÈRE 1829.

*Miss.* His age some six-and-thirty.—IV. ii. 137.

ENTREMETS.

Omelette Soufflée au Kirsch.

*All.* 'tis up,—IV. i. 136.

*Palamon.* 'Tis but a gaudy shadow,  
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.—II. i. 156.

MADÈRE 1818.

*Doctor.* How old is she ?

*Woer.* She is eighteen.—V. ii. 137.

DESSERT.

Glace "Centennial."

Fruits Assortis.

*Pirithous.* Pure red and white,—IV. ii. 107.

LACRYMA CHRISTI.

Sacred vials, fill'd with tears,—I. v. 5. Song.

CAFÉ NOIR.

*Messenger.* his complexion

Nearer a brown than black ;—IV. ii. 78.

*Pirithous.* as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean ;—IV. ii.

LIQUEURS FINES.

Cognac, Chartreuse, Aya Pana.

*Doctor.* What stuff's here !—IV. iii. 15.

*Palamon.* give us nectar with 'em,

For we are more clear spirits.—V. iv. 12.

*Gaoler.* altogether without appetite,

Save often drinking ;—IV. iii. 4.

CIGARES.

*Daughter.* 'Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely—V. ii. 68.

*Arcite.* whose breath blows down  
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dust pluck  
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds  
The mason'd turrets;—V. i. 53.

## ADJOURNMENT.

*Epilogue.* 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye:  
Have at the worst can come, then!  
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye,  
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye)  
We have our end;

*Theseus.* Once more, farewell all! [*Exeunt.*—I. i. 225.

*3rd Queen.* a city, full of straying streak;—I. v. 15.

The citations this year are from "The Two Noble Kinsmen," attributed to Shakspeare and Fletcher. The editions used are the "Works of Beaumont and Fletcher," by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. London, 1846; "Dyce's Shakspeare." 2nd Edition. London, 1864; Skeat's "Two Noble Kinsmen." Cambridge, 1875.

PHILADELPHIA.  
MDCCLXXVI.

As I expected, some communications have reached me touching that letter from Mr. Plummer which I printed last month on the subject of the curvature of the globe. Mr. Plummer, it will be remembered, stated that a contractor, having cut a canal two miles long with a straight bed, found the water, when it was let in, running eight inches deeper in the middle than at the ends, which Mr. Plummer submitted for Mr. Hampden's consideration as a fair demonstration of the curvature of the earth, the eight inches being a correct proportion in the distance. Here is Mr. Hampden's reply, which is characteristically forcible:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

22, Paternoster Row, Nov. 2, 1876.

I hereby promise and pledge myself to pay Mr. J. J. Plummer the sum of *fifty pounds* if he will prove that there is *one* truthful statement in his letter to you touching the curvature of the bed of the canal.

The form of the challenge strikes me as somewhat strange, seeing that Mr. Plummer said nothing about the "curvature of the bed of the canal," but declared the bed to be straight and the surface of the water curved. I, however, forwarded a copy of Mr. Hampden's note to Mr. Plummer, who, in the following letter, replies at once to that and to my observations of last month:—

Orwell Dene, Nacton, Ipswich, November 5th, 1876.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your queries in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I may remark that a practical surveyor would more readily and authoritatively resolve your doubts regarding the methods whereby a perfectly straight bed would be



a canal than I. Necessarily, if the plan adopted had been to level from point to point along its course, he must insensibly have "followed the earth's curvature," but my correspondent implied that there is a simpler if less accurate method of surveying in use, which serves very well in ordinary cases, where only short distances are passed over, nor could I be at a loss to know what this method would be. Let us assume that two staves are erected at either end of the canal, their upper extremities being at a conveniently assumed height above the level of the water or the canal bottom. Then placing a level at one end of the proposed canal and adjusting it upon the other staff, any number of points may be set off on perpendicular rods erected at suitable distances between the ends, all of which will (disregarding the slight effect of atmospheric refraction) be upon the same plane. It would be immaterial how tortuous the course of the canal. If he then shifted the level to the other end and, repeating the operation, arrived at the same system of points, he would be satisfied of the correctness of his work. The excavations would then be carried on to a depth below the fiducial points equal to the assumed distances at the ends.

I have further received your note of the 4th inst. containing copy of Mr. Hampden's challenge, of which I had already heard, directly from himself. He makes me the further offer of a wager for £100 that I cannot show a curve of four inches in twenty miles upon the Bedford Canal in Norfolk. I must confess these offers are exceedingly tempting; it is seldom one has the chance of so easily pocketing so considerable a sum. Unfortunately there is one point that makes me hesitate. I have simply expressed a contrary belief to that so well known as being entertained by Mr. Hampden, and he at once politely charges me with presumption, insanity, and falsehood, as well as with a deliberate attempt to impose upon the credulity of the public and of "Cockney Editors." Could I withstand the brunt of his terrible wrath if I were to become the fortunate possessor of his £150? You are at liberty to make whatever use you please of this communication.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

JOHN J. PLUMMER.

I wish Mr. Plummer's explanation of the method by which the bed of the canal in question was cut level from end to end through a distance of two miles had given the actual plan adopted instead of an hypothetical one. I cannot doubt, however, that it is quite practicable to make a straight canal bed two miles in length near the surface of the earth, in spite of the globular formation of our planet. I confess I am not surprised that Mr. Plummer should hesitate to accept the challenge thrown down, since Mr. Hampden does not conduct this controversy with the courtesy or tolerance necessary to the pleasant pursuit of the investigation. I have a second letter from him, in which he tells me he cannot imagine how I failed to perceive the "outrageous absurdity and palpable falsehood of every statement" in Mr. Plummer's first letter; and he calls upon me to expose the "insult upon the credulity" of my readers. "Have you really yet to learn," he asks, "that these so-called astronomers are the biggest impostors on the face of the

earth?" In the end he puts his name to the following general challenge:—

I am prepared to pay the sum of ten guineas per mile on any ten miles of land or water where the prescribed curvature can be practically exhibited, in the presence of honest and intelligent men.

ANOTHER correspondent criticises Mr. Plummer's canal theorem from a totally different point of view:—

TO SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

73, Leadenhall Street, London, Nov. 13th, 1876.

Sir,—*A propos* of "Table Talk" in your issue of this month on the subject of Mr. John Hampden's theory of the earth's form, I wish humbly to express my surprise that Mr. Plummer, in his letter to you, should designate the bed or bottom of the excavation of which he speaks as being "rigorously level."

If the contractor, after staking out his two miles of ground, had set in the middle an upright pole, and from that point had made the bed of his canal to proceed towards each end in a line that should be at a right angle to the perpendicular pole, he would then have just such a canal as Mr. Plummer describes, and sufficient water being let in, the depth of water at each end would of course be about eight inches shallower than at the middle, as marked by the pole.

But how can such a line as that of the surface of this bed be termed "level"? A builder's spirit-level applied as a test would indicate true level at no one point of the cutting except that where the pole stood. It would, in fact, be from the centre up to each end an incline at a gradient of eight inches per mile.

Mr. Plummer told the contractor he should not have executed his survey upon the assumption of a dead level—I think it was the contractor's misfortune that *that* was just what he failed to do.

The commonly accepted theory—held even, as I gather from Mr. Plummer's letter, by so learned a mathematician as that gentleman must be, he being a Professor of Astronomy—that a straight line drawn at a right angle to a perpendicular line is *level* must surely be erroneous; at least, and I state it with some diffidence, such is my clear conviction.

I cannot help thinking that throughout the whole of the "gossip" on this subject there has run one cardinal error—that is, the ignoring the fact that the line of the earth's rotundity is the only line on earth that *is flat*, assuming it to be conceded that the term *flat* signifies, as defined by most lexicographers, a state of levelness.

In all mundane things the terms *flat* and *round* have a widely different meaning, but as applied to a line representing a segment of a circle the diameter of which is 8,000 miles the terms should be held as being synonymous, inasmuch as that line (such as exists on the surface of the ocean) indicates not only the curvature of the earth's rotundity, but also the only line that is truly flat and level. Consequently I think we may safely say (I believe it to be incontrovertible) that the earth may as properly be termed *flat* as *round*.

If Mr. Hampden would only admit that the earth is round, I, for one, would not be at issue with him, at least not on the score of its flatness.—Very respectfully,

SAMUEL T. ROBINSON.



Mr. Robinson is evidently a humourist in philology. I do not imagine that he is serious when he professes to have detected the cardinal error which has run through this gossip on the shape of our planet. It may be a convenient habit of engineers to use the terms "flat" and "level" to signify surfaces and lines which are at every point equidistant from the centre of gravity; but in ordinary language a level line is understood to be the same thing as a straight line in geometry, and flat is synonymous with a plane surface according to Euclid's definitions. Now a straight line in geometry does not correspond with the line of the curvature of the globe; neither does Euclid's plane surface lie parallel with the oval face of the ocean. Here, however, arises the curious question whether we follow Euclid or the earth's curvature in our ordinary mechanical operations. Is a billiard-table a plane as defined by Euclid, or is it what Mr. Robinson calls "level," corresponding with the globular face of the planet? If the billiard-table wore a hard and highly-polished face, and were made an absolute mathematical plane surface, I suppose the billiard-ball would rest nowhere except in the centre of the table, that point being nearer than any other to the centre of gravity.

A PHILOSOPHER, sitting apart and watching the doings of his fellow man, complains that the world continues to be ruled and in a manner swayed to and fro by the most absolute folly. The greatest events arise, he avers, out of the most utter nonsense. "What is it," he asks, "that is giving so much trouble to half a dozen of the principal nations of the earth at the present moment? It is a question of the sovereignty of a race of people whom we call Turks. Now Turkish rule in Europe, if it has a meaning, signifies that a person named Mahomet, who lived about thirteen hundred years ago, was commissioned by Heaven to make known a system of theology, and to establish a rule of life for mankind based upon that theology. But Mahomet never had any such commission. His Khoran was not dictated by the angel Gabriel. He had no more actual knowledge about Paradise, or immortality, or of the will of God as to the conduct of men, than the meanest of the millions of people who have accepted his doctrine or the most unintelligent of the myriads who by the accident of birth or place has not been one of his followers. This statement of fact sounds very trite, and because it is trite we forget how much it has to do with the great matters which occupy so much of the world's attention. When we come to reflect upon the subject it seems a

remarkable thing that millions of sensible people of various nations in these days should be on the point of actual warfare simply because the fact has not yet been recognised that the man Mahomet said and wrote a good many things without having any warrant whatever for his words. If anybody disputes my position, and attempts to trace the present troubles in Europe to more rational causes, I ask What would become of the Eastern question if every man and woman now living in Europe were to-day to open their eyes to the fact that Mahomet knew none of the things that he professed to know, and that there never was any decent show of reason for putting faith in Mahomet's professions?" I will not attempt to measure logic with my friend the philosopher. If his view of the situation does not embrace all that is to be said on this curious topic, there is something in what he says that is calculated to take some of the pride out of us as a portion of the brotherhood of so-called intelligent beings.

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WE ought not to have been told, as the result of the latest Arctic expedition, that to reach the North Pole is "impracticable." That word, unfortunately, appeared in the first telegrams which announced the return of the vessels and summarised into a sentence or two the results of the voyage. The explorers did all that it was possible for them to do, and could not penetrate beyond a certain point. It was a most interesting and important exploration, and the men deserve unbounded credit. But it does not follow that we shall never reach the Pole. It is purely a question of means and contrivances. The great service of the expedition is the knowledge it has given us of the fact that, until some new expedient has been thought of and perfected, any further attempt would be a waste of noble energy and endurance. We shall, however, know all about the Pole some day; and perhaps there is a process of arithmetic, conceivable though not practicable, which would tell us the date on which the flag of civilised adventure will be planted there. For if Mr. Buckle is right, and the human mind works by forces and processes potentially though not actually, in the present state of things, measurable, there must be figures somewhere which would show how, when, and by whom the point of earth farthest distant from the equator will be reached.

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THE old question of the abstract merits and demerits of war as an agency in human affairs has been naturally revived by Mr. Bright at

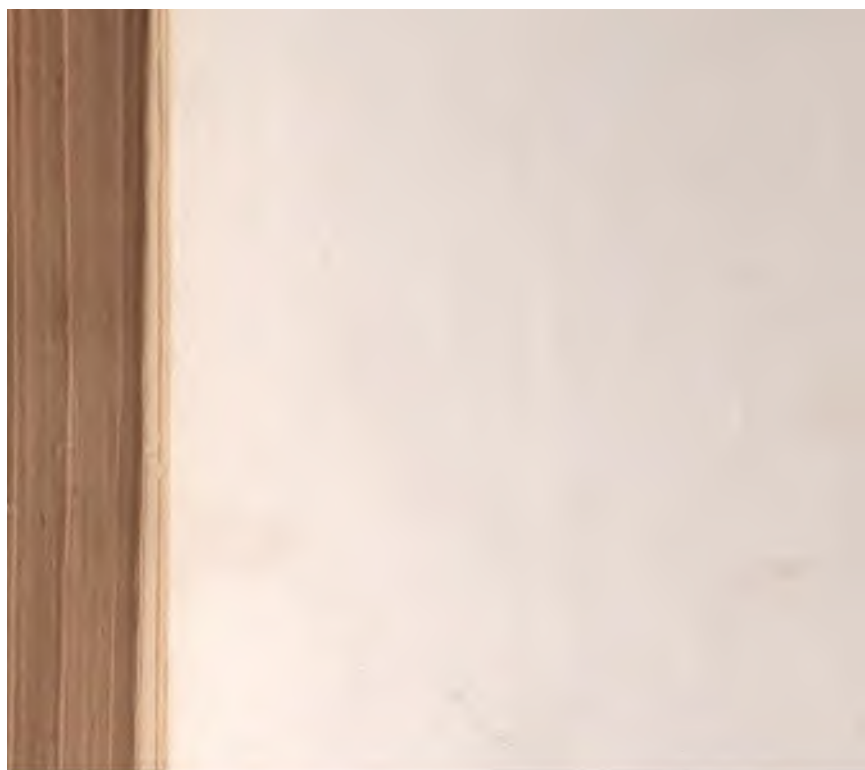


this crisis, and the eloquent Radical statesman has been called once more to account in many quarters for the heterodoxy of his point of view. I will let that question rest where it is. It is a good subject to speculate upon if the speculation could be carried on upon its merits, apart from party predilections; and there is this advantage in "table talk," that it often offers a better opportunity for considering a point of controversy apart from allegiance to any section of thinkers than any other field of discussion. I will not attempt to lead the conversation, but I will offer a little item or two of material. Some considerable time ago an arithmetician made a careful estimate of the number of persons who have probably been killed in battle since the beginning of history, and his sum total ran up to 6,860,000,000. If he was anywhere near the mark the figure has probably by this time run up to seven thousand millions. That is equal to full seven times the present population of the earth. The period which this estimate covers is not much more than four thousand years, which gives a slaughter of more than fifteen hundred millions to each thousand years. Now, as the present population of our planet is put down at one thousand millions it would follow that, speaking roughly, it takes about six hundred years to sweep off the face of the earth by battle a number of persons equal to the entire population at any given time; and in every hundred years one-sixth of the human race is destroyed in fight. These facts form points of interest in the problem which Mr. Bright attempts to solve by contending that as a general rule these many battles have not conferred any material and lasting advantages either on the survivors or their posterity.

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